

AFGHAN POETRY

OF THE

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY:

BEING

SELECTIONS FROM

THE POEMS OF KHUSH HAL KHAN KHATAK.

WITH

TRANSLATIONS AND GRAMMATICAL INTRODUCTION.



EDITED AND COMPILED BY

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GEORGE ANDERSON, ESQ.,

FORMERLY OF KUMTOUL INDIGO FACTORY, DURBANGAH, TIRhoot;

IN GRATEFUL RECOLLECTION OF

KINDNESS RECEIVED ON MY ARRIVAL IN INDIA.

INTRODUCTION.

It is with some diffidence that I venture to approach a subject which has already met with such able handling at the hands of others far more masters of the language and literature of which they were treating than myself, and I do not imagine that the present work will be found to contain anything that is not already known to the Pushtoo scholar. My only object in compiling it has been to facilitate a further study of the language on the part of such as may have only as yet commenced it, and to enlist generally the interest of those as yet unacquainted with it, whether in England or India, by a rendering, however bald and inadequate, of some of the more interesting pieces which its literature contains.

It is indeed strange to observe the apathy with which the study of the Pushtoo language is taken up even now-a-days, and that in spite of the daily increasing importance for professional purposes of a thorough acquaintance with this language to so many of our Anglo-Indian officials, whether of the Military or Civil Services, independently of the interest attaching to the study of this language, which is that of one of the most peculiar of the populations with which, in the course of the extension of our Oriental territories, we have ever been brought in contact, and of the fact of the length of our acquaintance and connection with the land of their homes and the stirring episodes in our national history which have occurred and may yet occur in the course of our intercourse with this country and its inhabitants ; and if this is true as regards the language itself, still more is it the case with regard to its literature, which could under any circumstances only be expected to come under the notice of such as had pursued their studies in Pushtoo to such an extent as to be able to appreciate the interest attaching to those of its productions which are still extant and available for their perusal ; there are indeed but comparatively few that appear to be acquainted hardly further than by name with the works of its most famous authors, such as whose names are household words in every Pathan home, and whose compositions are in the mouths of countless numbers of the Pathan population, many of them subjects

of our Government. That this neglect has been redeemed by brilliant exceptions in the case of those capable of an appreciation of the interest attaching to these works, and the beauties to be found in them, has been amply demonstrated by the valuable works of Dr. Bellew, Mr. Hughes and others, and lastly but by no means leastly those of Major Raverty. The latter may indeed be styled the Father of the study of the Afghan language and literature, for more than thirty years ago he devoted himself to placing at the disposal of the public the unique stores of information which he had in the course of years of study acquired upon the subject, and it is mainly owing to the facilities which he was thus able to afford that his successors in the task and the ordinary student of the present day is indebted for any proficiency which he may attain in his pursuit. "Raverty's Grammar," "Raverty's Dictionary," "Raverty's Gulshan-i-Roh" or Selections of the most interesting, characteristic and beautiful extracts from Pushtoo literature, will ever be lasting memorials of the conscientious and disinterested labour which this pioneer of the study of the Pushtoo language and its literature bestowed upon a subject the interest and importance of which was even less adequately understood at the time that he wrote than at the present time.

However much these works may be improved upon by a more extended acquaintance with this population and its language, they will ever remain the original foundation of whatever our further acquisitions in this respect may be. As regards the present work it is only to be regarded as being supplementary to them, and specially compiled for the benefit of the beginner in Pushtoo.

With this reservation the only merits which I claim for its production are that as regards the vernacular portion of the work the system of spelling adopted has been as far as possible based upon the latest devised rules of orthography and grammatical construction, such as a candidate for examination in Pushtoo would now-a-days be required to pay attention to in the composition of his theme. It must be remembered that the Pushtoo can hardly be called a written language to any appreciable extent; as in the case of Scotland, to which country its characteristics of population and national traits afford a remarkable analogy, its sole literature may almost be said to be such as has taken a poetical form more or less of the character of ballads; these poems moreover have been mostly handed down by oral tradition, and but in few cases committed to writing. Even where the latter has been the case, as might be expected amongst a rough and uneducated people who scorn such, as they consider them, effeminate accomplishments as reading and writing, but little attention has been paid by the various transcribers to any uniform system of spelling or of grammatical construction, the equivalents of the words recited having been probably as often as not committed to paper upon phonetic rather than upon any other principles.

It is only lately, since the introduction of the printing-press into Peshawar, that a demand for printed copies of these poems has arisen. This demand has of course been almost exclusively confined to the natives of the country, and the nature and quality of the article supplied has been such as would meet with their expectation and requirements, but to any European, except such as have made the reading of vernacular literature their special study, it must often have been a matter of experience how discouraging to the ordinary reader is the spectacle presented upon opening a book of this character in the usual type; so much so that in spite of his desire to penetrate its contents and make himself acquainted with the matters of interest which it contains, a perseverance in his object involves a hard struggle, the more so that, as is the case with most Anglo-Indians, his more immediate object in this study is the agreeable and profitable employment of such leisure as he is able to snatch from the more serious business of life upon which his maintenance depends, and this leads me to the only other merit which I claim for this work, which is that the printing is legible; there is no running of one word into another, or placing one portion of a word upon the line with the remainder in the interval above it, as is the distracting custom in most of the productions of the Vernacular Press. I should add that the brief Grammatical Introduction which I have prefixed to the accompanying Selections is a mere compilation of notes taken by myself whilst studying for examinations from the mouth of vernacular teachers and from the works of Major Raverty and Professor Trumpp. With this apology for the appearance of the work at all, I will proceed to add a few remarks for the benefit of the English reader or of such Europeans in India as have not been brought much in contact with a Pathan population.

Afghanistan has always been a country abounding in rustic poets, and amongst a people absolutely devoid of any other form of literature the poetic has, as amongst most free and mountain races, been ever the favourite mode of recording any forcible impression whether of a sentimental, historical or moralistic description which may have occurred to the composer; down to the present time there is no form of enjoyment more appreciated by even the most wild and barbarous of the tribes inhabiting these regions than that afforded by the recitation of their favourite ballads, or indeed of any such as relate in a sufficiently impressive manner any forcible incident of national or individual interest. Amongst all these productions of local talent the poems of Khush-hal Khan Khatak, the famous chief and warrior, and Abd-ul-Rahman, the philosopher and moralist, have ever held the foremost place in the affections of their fellow countrymen, so much so that many even of the most ignorant amongst them have in the course of listening to repeated recitations of them by professional bards acquired an acquaintance by rote with the best known of them, and there is no surer or readier mode of appealing to their sympathies or enlisting their

confidence than by the quotation of a few stanzas from the compositions of the one or the other poet.

This is but natural, for these poems breathe of the subjects in which every Pathan delights; they remind him of days of former grandeur and prowess and they talk to him alike of love and warfare, which are the themes which must ever appeal most readily to the untutored instincts of a brave though savage and independent people. As they tell of raid and foray and contest between clan and clan his eyes flash and his nostrils quiver with the passions they arouse; as they describe the softer emotions of love and sentiment his breast heaves with gentle sighs, for in spite of rugged and brutal bearing there is no people in which exists a deeper fund of latent tenderness and gallantry; again, little as he may probably care to carry into practice the moral teaching of the didactic portions, he can still fully appreciate the loftiness of the sentiments which they contain, and in this he is not singular amongst mankind.

The poems, as would be expected, bear throughout the impress of the natural influences by which the composers were surrounded. Afghanistan is a country where nature ever exhibits herself in the most conflicting aspects; it is a country of lofty mountains and deep ravines, of arid plains and fertile valleys, of bitter cold and scorching heat, for the seasons too share of the extremes visible in the physical characteristics of the country; in winter biting frost and heavy snow in parts, in summer scorching winds and fiery sunshine. The only period of the year on which the Afghan poet delights to dwell is that intervening between the freezing blasts of winter and the burning heats of the hot season, while the general barrenness and sterility of his native land is amply brought home by his repeated recurrence to the simile—as typical of everything that is charming and delightful, and which is one that he invariably makes use of when he wishes to bring in a comparison which shall touch the heart of his reader—of a “garden,” to walk in which on a hot summer’s day is the supremest of his delights.

What wonder then that, born and bred amongst these scenes of sterility and savage grandeur, the Pathan should breathe of the instincts with which his constant intercourse with them would inspire his nature. In the deadly struggle for existence which the barrenness of his native land involves, the strong hand has ever been the only law recognised or to which an appeal would be made, and “Thou shalt want ere I do” has been as much the motto of every Pathan tribe as it ever was of the border clans of Scotland in the good old days of yore. But deeply as in the case of the true Pathan the fiercer instincts of human nature seem affected by the scenes which Nature herself has spread around him, these are accompanied by a simple and poetical appreciation of the more beautiful and softer features of the landscape, and a healthy manliness of tone in his expression of the sentimental emotions, which afford a

refreshing contrast to the maudlin or voluptuous treatment which such subjects meet at the hands of most Oriental poets. It is this manliness of tone inherent in his nature which must on one point always appeal to the chivalrous feelings instinctive in every European and make the latter feel disposed to deal kindly with his other failings, objectionable and contemptible as they may appear in our eyes; and that is his treatment of the weaker sex, so different from the habits and customs of other Eastern nations with whom we have been brought in contact. It must, however, be understood that throughout these remarks I am speaking of the higher classes of Pathans; amongst the populace their women-kind probably meet with no better treatment than they do amongst the lower classes of Europeans. To Englishmen of all nations must this redeeming trait ever appeal with peculiar force, for from what other Asiatic people with whom we have been brought in contact could we have hoped for the treatment, rough as it was, which our fellow countrywomen met with at the hands of the savage and vindictive Pathans when they fell into their hands as prisoners at the time of the disastrous evacuation of Cabul in 1842, and that too at a time when the passions of their victors were at their fiercest pitch and they were flushed with victory and success; far different were the experiences of such as some years later fell into the hands of our own Sepoys and others, our only mistake in dealing with whom had been that we had treated them with too great confidence and generosity. Startling contrasts are, however, as much the characteristics of the nature of the Pathan as they are those of his country and its climate; he is capable of the most unexpected outbursts of generosity and sentiment as of the most cold-blooded and calculating acts of treachery and sordid greed and duplicity; of the deepest self-devotion to those to whom he is attached or whom he considers to have a claim upon his gratitude, in comparison to which life, or what perhaps is dearer to him than life, money, presents no value in his eyes; as of the most implacable resentment towards those at whose hands he imagines himself to have received any injury, more particularly it would almost seem if such should in any way be connected with him by blood.

It is with the expression of such manly sentiments as were exemplified on the occasion to which I have above referred that the Pathan love-songs are replete; portions indeed of the sentimental poetry are of that type so peculiar to Mahomedan compositions of this nature, in which the expression of the sentiments of human love and passion are so inextricably mingled with those of devotion to the Deity that in many cases it is almost impossible to distinguish the one from the other, or separate the outpourings of the love-sick poet from the mystic yearnings of the devout mind for absorption in or union with the Divine Being. The special distinction of the Pathan poetry in this respect, as contrasted with the current poetry of the East, is that—intermingled as are the expressions of these sentiments in the poems of this description—

there is nothing about them that need shock the ear of the refined lover or offend the sense of propriety of the devout reader, as is too frequently the case with the gross and material allusions commonly indulged in by most Oriental poets. If the sonnets are read as simple love-songs they are full of beautiful and picturesque comparisons such as would naturally occur to the rustic poet pouring forth his feelings of sentiment towards his mistress amidst the recesses of his native mountains; if they be regarded as the expression of the cravings of the devout soul for a closer union with its Creator, there is nothing in them that need prevent their perusal by a reverent mind. The similes introduced in these love-songs are in many cases as wild and fanciful as the scenes which must have met the eyes of the composer. The lover is compared to the breeze which is fancifully supposed to be distractedly wandering about in pursuit of the perfume of the rose; he is drawn towards his mistress as the sun in its mid-day heat draws up the dew; again, like the dew which, glittering in the rays of the sun, is fancifully compared to countless eyes, he is all eyes for the approach of his mistress; as the sun derives its light from some supernatural source, so the fulgence of her beauty is reflected upon him; the snow upon the mountain tops melts upon the approach of spring into sympathetic torrents of tears over the woes of separated lovers; the mountain slopes covered with the smoke of burning prairies are typical of the sighs and lamentations of the same; again, the wounded heron, separated from and left behind by its companions in their flight, lends itself by its distress and the agitation which it exhibits to the same purpose; his mistress is compared to a cypress, to a pine, in her stateliness of figure and graceful carriage, her face to a tulip, in which the red and white are cunningly mingled, her locks are like hyacinth, etc., etc. The appreciation of scenery and the beauties of nature which finds such a frequent expression in these poems is a sentiment with which we Europeans must sympathize most strongly, all the more so that a capacity for such æsthetic enjoyment is not by any means widely spread amongst Asiatics.

To understand appropriately the spirit and character of the patriotic and historical portions of this poetry it would be necessary to review briefly the special characteristics of the people amongst which their authors took their origin and the scenes and conditions of society amongst which they were born and brought up.

As has been before remarked the country of Afghanistan affords in its social aspects a remarkable analogy to that of Scotland, particularly as regards its political condition and the national traits of its inhabitants; that is, if regard be had to the Scotland of the Middle Ages. As in Scotland the Highland portion of the population is found divided into various clans, distinguished by patronymics denoting the ancestors from which they respectively claim their origin, each of which, in former ages, under the feudal authority of its own tribal chief, whose

personal influence was the only rule that its members recognized for their guidance, led a distinct and semi-independent political existence, neither recognizing nor deferring to any claims on the part of other clans of a collateral origin, or indeed of any supreme power except in so far as the head of the clan found it expedient or necessary to do so,—in the same way each Afghan tribe constitutes a separate political unit bound to its individual chief by strictly feudal ties, and recognizing no authority beyond him except under compulsion by superior force.

The tribes, however, of Afghan origin, by no means form the exclusive population of these regions; for, intermingled amongst them, is found a considerable sprinkling of tribes of Persian and Moghal descent, introduced into the country in the train of various Moghal and Persian invaders, their relations with whom are, as it may be imagined, none of the most cordial; for the latter are evidently a comparatively recent accession to the population, and the tribes of Afghan origin, who are the oldest inhabitants of the country of whom we have any record, could thus hardly be expected to look on them with other than feelings of jealousy and dislike as intruders and interlopers. There is strong reason to believe that the Afghans themselves are a tribe of Western origin, who have taken refuge in the regions in which they are now found from the successful invasions of their own homes; but their descent is lost in obscurity, and it is difficult even to make a suggestion as to the immediate cause of their immigration into these regions. Curiously enough, they themselves claim to be of Jewish extraction, and there is no doubt that this strange traditional belief in their descent is firmly implanted in their breasts; it is no weaker now than it was more than two centuries ago, the poetry of which period abounds in allusions to the same. Certain of the words, moreover, found in their language, are by some supposed to be remotely connected with the Hebrew, and thus to give some shadow of reason to the advancement of this strange claim on their part; all, however, that is certain about them is, that at present they constitute the majority of the inhabitants and speak a variety of dialects of a common language. This similarity of language, however, appears to constitute locally no bond of union between the members of the various tribes into which this population is divided, which each exist apart with entirely distinct customs and interests, and on terms of mutual distrust and suspicion, if not of actual open hostility.

Following out, then, the analogy that has been suggested to the condition of Scotland in the Middle Ages, we must endeavour to imagine the Highland and Lowland sections of the population inextricably intermingled as regards their local position in adjacent counties, as it were, instead of inhabiting perfectly distinct tracts of country, though equally distinct from one another in all their social relations. The Afghan would thus sufficiently and adequately represent the Highlanders, or the more ancient inhabitants of the country, while the Lowlanders, or the mixed and alien races, comprised of the relics of successive

invading elements from the South, would be represented by the various races of a distinct extraction from the Afghans, which are found scattered amongst them, but the difference of whose origin is immediately proclaimed by their appearance, language, and manners.

As then in Scotland the Highland portion of the population, whilst living on terms of perpetual hostility with its Lowland neighbours, was itself divided into clans constituting different communities which, though regarding one another with a jealous distrust, were bound internally with the closest ties,—so in the case of the tribes of Afghan origin are their respective members equally jealous of their tribal rights and privileges, while at the same time living collectively upon terms of the bitterest hostility with the races of a different extraction residing in their midst. If this latter be the case now-a-days, after years and years of intercourse, or at any rate of contact, how much more must it have been so two centuries ago, when the Moghals were supreme in Hindustan and the dominant race in Afghanistan itself, and that in spite of the most determined and obstinate resistance on the part of its Afghan inhabitants! Of the bitterness of the feeling towards them on the part of the latter there is abundant evidence in their poetry of that period, which abounds with descriptions of sanguinary conflicts between the rival races and bloodthirsty paeans over hecatombs of slaughtered Moghals. Such portions of this poetry are full of peculiar interest to us in the present state of our relations with the country as denoting the terms upon which our predecessors in the sovereignty of Hindustan were upon with these savage and determined opposers to their rule, and the means which they eventually adopted to overcome this opposition and introduce distrust and disunion among the confederate tribes. It must be remembered that at the time these poems were written no such a personage as an Amir of Cabul existed, neither had Cabul itself ever been the seat of a national or other dynasty; up till then, and indeed for many years subsequently, it never formed more than the headquarters of the Government of a local Satrapy, according as the province of which it was the chief town happened to constitute for the time being a dependency of some Central Asian Dynasty or of the throne of Delhi. Though under these circumstances this province nominally stretched as far as Ghazni on the south and to the confines of the present district of Peshawar on the east, the actual rule of the Governor of Cabul does not appear to have extended beyond the Cabul valley itself and those immediately accessible from it. In the same way the district of Peshawar was a remote dependency of the throne of Delhi, and its chief town the headquarters of another provincial Governor, whose nominal sway extended over all the tribes scattered throughout the surrounding country. The degree of recognition, however, accorded to the rule of these respective governors by the tribes inhabiting the mountains extending from Jellalabad to the neighbourhood of Peshawar, such as the Afridis, Mohmunds, Shinwaris,

Khataks, etc., etc., appears to have been of almost as vague and shadowy a description as that now accorded by these same tribes to the Amir of Cabul. The Moghal Emperors appear to have tried every expedient that could possibly occur to them, whether through the medium of force or diplomacy, to reduce these tribes to a position of subordination to their rule, but equally without success. They remained a set of incorrigible and uncompromising robbers and banditti, only to be won over to an inoffensive attitude by a lavish expenditure of gold, whenever their neutrality or good services were required. Many years later the strength and independence of their position was demonstrated by the fact that Nadir Shah, the great conqueror, on his return from Hindustan, was compelled to submit to pay a heavy black mail to these predatory tribes to secure a safe passage through the Khaibar Pass for the treasure which he brought with him.

The poems of one of the authors of whom I am speaking date from the middle to the end of the seventeenth century, and so extend through the period during which the Emperor Aurangzeb—reversing the tolerant and temporizing policy initiated by his predecessor Akbar, and carried out by the latter's immediate successors Jehangir and Shah Jehan, which had done so much to extend and solidify the Moghal supremacy throughout the continent of Hindustan—was endeavouring, by a resort to violent and oppressive measures, to reduce the heterogeneous races comprised within his empire, over many of whom he held little but a nominal sway, to a condition of abject subjugation to his rule; an enterprise in which, after years and years of warfare, he not only failed himself most signally, but by his failure and the feelings of dissatisfaction and opposition which he aroused laid the seeds of the subsequent downfall of his dynasty.

Against no people did he make more strenuous and futile efforts than against the Afghan tribes inhabiting the regions adjoining the North-Western frontier of the Punjab.

The importance of keeping open a free current of communication between Hindustan and Central Asia had always been recognized by every Moghal Emperor of Delhi as being the only means by which fresh influxes of reinforcements of their countrymen could be obtained, and it was to the failure of this supply of fresh and renovating national material, in consequence of the closing of this means of access, that the gradually increasing weakness of the Moghal rule was subsequently due; but whereas previous Emperors had been content to secure the freedom of this means of communication with the homes of their race from the wild and warlike tribes, in whose hands the route by Cabul lay, by a mixture of force and cajolery and to purchase the immunity they required at the cheap expense of an occasional expedition against an individual offender and a few bribes and honorary titles bestowed upon such as submitted to their wishes, without, however, for a moment dreaming of any attempt upon the freedom

of the mass, it was one of Aurangzeb's ambitious schemes to reduce the entire inhabitants of these regions to a position of absolute submission to his rule. In this enterprise, however, he failed as signally as he did in his later undertakings against the Mahrattas. For two years were his armies encamped amongst these mountain fastnesses, and countless were the lives lost and treasures expended in the guerilla warfare with the fierce and hardy Afghans which ensued, the leader amongst whom was the famous chief, warrior and poet, Khushhal Khan Khatak, of whom Elphinstone in his History of India appropriately remarks, "This war derives additional interest from the picture of it preserved by one of the principal actors, Khushhal Khan, the Khan of the Khataks, who was a voluminous author and has left several poems written at this time for the purpose of exciting the national enthusiasm of his countrymen. They are remarkable for their high and ardent tone, and for their spirit of patriotism and independence, so unlike the usual character of Asiatics." It is from these amongst others that I now give a few selections, and feeble as will be my translations as compared with the fire and spirit and vigour of the originals, they may yet be of some interest to the general reader unable to peruse them in the original, if only on account of the matter which they contain.

Khushhal Khan was, as has been before remarked, the chief of the Khataks, a powerful and warlike tribe inhabiting the neighbourhood of the Khaibar Pass. He was born in the early part of the seventeenth century, and died in a ripe old age towards its close; he was thus the contemporary of Charles the First, Charles the Second and James the Second amongst our Sovereigns, and lived through a portion of the reign of the Emperor Jehangir, the whole of that of Shah Jehan, and the greater part of that of Aurangzeb, amongst the Moghal Emperors of Delhi. It was during the reign of the Emperor Shah Jehan that he arrived at the age of manhood, and his abilities and influence appear to have been fully recognized by this Sovereign, who, with the diplomacy which was then the policy of the Moghal Emperors, supported him in every way, and entrusted him with various responsible duties connected with the protection of the line of communication between Hindustan and Cabul. Wherever this Emperor's name is mentioned in his poems, he is spoken of by Khushhal Khan throughout in terms of the greatest esteem and respect, very different in their tone from those in which he refers to his successor Aurangzeb, who, as has been described, reversed the temporizing policy which had been that of his predecessors in their relations with these mountain tribes, and made a bitter enemy of Khushhal Khan by treacherously imprisoning him in Hindustan for many years in consequence of some supposed contempt of his authority. He escaped, however, from this imprisonment to his native country, where, as may be imagined, he became the rallying-point of the opposition offered by his fellow-countrymen

to the attempted aggressions of the Moghals. As is known from history, this opposition on the part of the Afghan tribes was of so determined a character that, though the Emperor Aurangzeb himself took command of the forces, he was unable to accomplish his object, and obliged, after several years of a disastrous and desultory warfare, carried on at the expense of many lives and much treasure, to withdraw his troops to Hindustan. Later on he succeeded in effecting by cajolery a great part of that which he had failed to do by force, and by a liberal expenditure in the way of bribes and douceurs to the leaders of other tribes, succeeded in detaching these from their confederation with the Khataks, a subject to which many are the bitter and contemptuous allusions made by Khushhal Khan, who appears never to have abated from the hostility of his demeanour towards the Moghals till, worn out and broken-spirited, betrayed into the hands of his enemies by his own son, he seems in his old age to have felt at times the hopelessness of contending against such influences, or of inducing the other tribes in the face of it to combine with him in the defence of the national independence. His feelings towards Aurangzeb, however, never changed, and he never alludes to him except in terms of the bitterest hatred and contempt, and never loses an opportunity of covering him with derision and obloquy. The poems of Khushhal Khan are of the most heterogeneous description as regards the subjects of which they treat, they deal with those of a patriotic nature, contests with the Moghals and tribal feuds, sports of various descriptions, especially that of hawking, which appears to have been the favourite amusement of this accomplished and versatile chief, conviviality, religion, morality, and sentiment. He appears to have been indeed a man of the most extraordinary vigour of mind and exceptional versatility of talent; there is no subject which could ordinarily occur to a human being, not a specialist, which he does not discuss. Such a development of intellect and power of observation and appreciation of the gravity and profoundness of the problems affecting human life as are exhibited in his works are all the more astonishing to us when we consider his career, the age he lived in, and the almost utter state of barbarism of the social surroundings amidst which he spent the best part of his life. It is true that the greater portion of his poems appears to have been written after he had passed the prime of his manhood, and subsequently to the period of his imprisonment in India by Aurangzeb, to which frequent references are made, though some of them were evidently written during the time of this confinement, for they contain the most pathetic lamentations over the restraint he was subjected to, and expressions of home-sickness and pinings after the free life and the mountains and streams of his native country. It is probable that it was in the course of this confinement, and in that of his previous intercourse with the Emperor Shah Jehan, with whom he appears to have been on the most friendly and confidential terms, that he acquired and developed the taste for refined

and literary pursuits and philosophical enquiries and reflections which was then the characteristic of the Moghal court, to which all the Oriental literati of the age had, since the time of the Emperor Akbar, been encouraged to resort. There is no question that he was a man of exceptional talents and energy both of mind and body, nor that, had his lot been placed in a wider field and in a more civilized sphere, he would have risen to a position of considerable celebrity. As it was, being only the chief of a comparatively insignificant mountain tribe of Afghanistan, his existence depended throughout on the most precarious circumstances, and he died in an obscure old age unnoticed and unconsidered by his fellow-countrymen and contemporaries.

His poems are characteristic of the national character and the circumstances of his life; they contain the most extraordinary mixture of warlike, not to say bloodthirsty sentiments, and those of a philosophical, religious, or sentimental nature. In the same poems almost one may find the simple and most charming expressions of his appreciation of the beauties of nature and the benefits of the Creator, the most sanguinary rejoicings over the discomfiture of his foes, even when these are of his own countrymen, and reflections of a moralizing description which show the amount of thought he had bestowed upon such subjects.

Such of these poems as relate to patriotic subjects, tribal encounters, the struggles between the Afghans and the Moghals, are those the recitation of which is most popular amongst his fellow-countrymen of the present day, as they are those of more special interest to ourselves; they are collectively far too numerous for reproduction in the present work, but it is hoped that the samples produced may be indicative of the interest attaching to the remainder. It should be noted that though, in speaking of this section of the population of Afghanistan, I have done so under the modern and conventional designation of Afghans, this term is rarely used in these works, in which Khushhal Khan almost invariably refers to his fellow countrymen of the various tribes under their common national designation in the East as Pathans. The term Afghan is, however, used occasionally, but then only as evidently synonymous with Pathan.

Some of the poems written during the period of Khushhal Khan's imprisonment in India are, as has been said, most touching in their nature and in the terms in which he gives vent to his pinings after his native country and the scenes amongst which his life had been spent. Their expression also is strikingly characteristic of the strange patriotism of the Afghan, which appears to attach itself to the inanimate surroundings of his home with feelings of the deepest devotion, such as resent, with sentiments of utter abhorrence and almost in the light of sacrilege, the intrusion amongst these of the stranger and infidel, while at the same time completely devoid apparently of any sentimental regard or even interest in his fellow-countrymen and neighbours harboured amongst these scenes beyond the narrow circle of his immediate relations and friends.

It will of course be remarked that many of the local references are to places in what is now the British district of Peshawar, within the limits of which a great part of the territories of the Khatak tribe lay. At that time, however, this district was merely a remote dependency of the throne of Delhi, whose rule was recognized but little more than in name by the presence of a Moghal Governor at Peshawar.

The translations are almost literal, and give but a very feeble idea of the fineness of conception and the spirit contained in the originals. Were the mode of expression of the latter ruder than is the case (and in many instances it is very far from being anything of the kind, though the metre is not of course such as would commend itself to or be appreciated by European readers unaccustomed to its rhythm), still the sentiments contained in these productions are thoroughly poetical. Whether War or the Emotions, Religion or Philosophy, be the subject treated of, its mode of handling is true poetry, and that of a simple and natural character, far different from the forced and artificial effusions of most Oriental poets when dealing with the same themes.

As regards the constitution of the language in which the poetry is written, it abounds, as might be expected, with Persian and Arabic words, the former language being considered amongst the Mahommedan populations of the East the special medium for the expression of the more refined sentiments, as the latter is that of terms of devotion and those relating to the arts and sciences. The framework, however, is pure Pushtoo, and its mode of expression is identical with that of the Pushtoo spoken in the present day. It may be of interest to remark that out of 2000 words taken consecutively from the pages of these poems there were found to be 500 whose origin could not apparently be traced to any Persian or Arabic source, and these, as might be expected, consisted, besides verbs, pronouns, particles, etc., principally of words expressive of primitive ideas, such as in every language form the most lasting traces of the original source from which it is derived; amongst these were many evidently of Sanskrit origin.

A number of the following poems have already been far more ably translated by Major Raverty in his "Selections from the Poetry of the Afghans," and are merely reproduced in their present form in this work for the assistance of the student.

C. E. B.

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ERRATA.

PAGE	LINE	FOR	READ
٤	٦	وراخت	راوخت
٣٩	٣	خفى	حنفى
٤١	٣	تقسیر	قصیر
٣٩	١٢	محبوبة	محبوبة

4, 5, 6, 7, 8 Omit "termination" at top of first columns.

GRAMMATICAL INTRODUCTION.

The Pushtoo Language is written in the Persian character, but contains, in addition to the letters comprised in the Persian Alphabet, several denoting sounds peculiar to itself or derived from the Sanscrit.

ا	ت	خ	ز	ص	ع	ک	ن
ب	ج	د	ژ	ض	غ	گ	,
پ	چ	ذ	س	ط	ف	ل	ـ
ت	ټ	ر	ش	ظ	ق	م	ي

Letters peculiar to Pushtoo.

ځ = "ts."

ڙ = "dz."

ړ = "gey" or "zhey."

ٻ = "khey" or "shey."

ڻ = "rūn" nasal "n."

Letters derived from Sanscrit.

ٿ=ڦ="ta."

ڏ=ڻ="da."

ڙ=ڻ="ra."

There are two principal Dialects in Pushtoo, viz. the Northern and the Southern. The former, which is spoken in the regions extending from Cabul to Ghuznee and Peshawar, is a rough and a harsh one; the latter, which is spoken in the districts of Herat, Candahar, and Quetta, is a soft one; this is probably owing to the proximity of these latter districts

to Persia, which has had the effect of softening the sounds, for the Pushtoo language is naturally a harsh and guttural one, for example, the letters **ځ** and **ښ** are pronounced hard in Northern Afghanistan, as "ghey" and "khey," while in Southern Afghanistan they are pronounced as "zhey" and "shey."

Though the sounds conveyed by the letter **ځ** are both represented by the same letter they must be carefully distinguished in practice. It will be noted that in such words as are incorporated in Pushtoo from Persian the sound "ts" represents the Persian **ت** and "dz" the Persian **ذ**, as :

Push. **څارډ** = tsūra = Pers. **چاره**.

Push. **څان** = dzān = Pers. **جان**.

There are three sounds of **و**:

1. "w" as **وړو**, **وړل** = wawra = Snow.

2. "u" as **وړل** = lūr = Daughter.

3. "o" as **وړو**, **وړوړ** = wror = Brother.

This latter sound is distinguished by the sign $\hat{\text{—}}$ placed over the vowel.

THE PARTS OF SPEECH.

The Article does not exist in Pushtoo, it is either expressed by the indefinite Numeral "one" or by the Demonstrative Pronouns.

The Noun is of two Numbers, Singular and Plural, and of two Genders, Masculine and Feminine.

The Cases are formed by the pre- or post-position to the Noun in its inflected state of the following particles :

Gen. "of" **و**. Dat. "to" **ا**, **و**, **و** . . . **و**, **و**. Abl. "from" **او** . . . **او**.

The Accus. and Agent are simply the inflected form of the Noun ; beyond this inflection there is no alteration in the termination of the Noun from that of the Nominative Case Singular or Plural as the case may be.

Adjectives always precede their Nouns and agree with them in Gender, Number, and Person.

The Genders and Inflexions of the Noun can only be learnt by a careful study of the termination of the Nominative Case Singular.

Feminine Nouns are formed from Masculine Nouns on the same principles as the Feminine of the Adjective is formed.

GENDERS AND INFLECTIONS OF NOUNS AND ADJECTIVES WITH
EXAMPLES OF EACH.

I.—MASCULINE TERMINATIONS.

TERMINATION.	NOM. SING.	INFLECT. SING.	NOM. PLUR.	FEM. NOM. SING.
I. Consonant.				
(a)		unchanged	adds ونه، ان	
	مار	مار	ماران	
	کور	کور	کورونه	
(b)		adds ئ	adds ئ	adds ئ
	دک	دکه	دکه	دکه
	غل	غله	غله	غله
(c)	adds ئ with vowel change	vowel lengthened	shortened	
	خُزُب	خاریه	خاریه	خریه
	شپون	شپانه	شپانه	شپنہ
2.	ي	changes	ي into ي	ي or ي
	سری	سری	سری	
	سپی	سپی	سپی	
	ستری	ستری	ستری	ستری
3.	ة			
(a)		unchanged	changes to ئ	
	وینته	وینته	وینته	
	گته	گته	گته	گته
(b)		unchanged	drop ئ and add ونه، انه، ان	changes to ئ
	ایوه	لیوه	لیوان	لیوه
	زده	زده	زدونه	
4.	ي	unchanged	ان adds ئ	adds ئ
	اشنای	اشنای	اشنایان	اشنایه
	سوی	سوی	سویان	سویه
	لوی	لوی	لوی	لویه
5.	ي	unchanged	ان adds ئ	
	بندي	بندي	بنديان	

6. ا و د و	unchanged	add ان
گدا	گدا	گدایان
میلو	میلو	میلوکان
پیشو	پیشو	پیشوکان

EXAMPLES.

1. Nouns terminating in a Consonant.

(c)	adds ا with vowel change	lengthened	shortened
Life	رَوْنَدُون	رَوْنَدَانَه	رَوْنَدَه
Pathan	پُنْتَون	پُنْتَانَه	پُنْتَه
Prayer	نَوْنَخ	نَمَانَشَه	نَمَانَه

Adjectives.

TERMINATION.	NOM. SING.	INFLECT. SING.	NOM. PLUR.	FEM. NOM. SING.
Fallen	پِرَوت	پِرَاتَه	پِرَاتَه	پِرَتَه
Ripe	پُونَخ	پَاخَه	پَاخَه	پَاخَه
Soft	پُوست	پَاسَتَه	پَاسَتَه	پَاسَتَه
Fat	خَوَرَب	خَارِبَه	خَارِبَه	خَارِبَه
Scattered	خَوَر	خَوَارَه	خَوَارَه	خَوَارَه
Heavy	دَرَونَد	دَرَانَه	دَرَانَه	دَرَانَه
Rotten	روَسَت	رَاسَتَه	رَاسَتَه	رَاسَتَه
Bright	رَوْنَه	رَانَزَه	رَانَزَه	رَانَزَه
Blind	رَوْنَد	رَانَدَه	رَانَدَه	رَانَدَه
Old	زَفَر	زَادَه	زَادَه	زَادَه
Mounted	سَوَر	سَوارَه	سَوارَه	سَوارَه
Cold	سَوَر	سَارَه	سَارَه	سَارَه
Crooked	کَوَبَر	کَارَه	کَارَه	کَارَه
Deaf	کَوَنَر	کَانَرَه	کَانَرَه	کَانَرَه
Damp	لَونَد	لَانَدَه	لَانَدَه	لَانَدَه
Sated	مَوَر	مَاءَه	مَاءَه	مَاءَه
Small	وَقَر	وَاهَه	وَاهَه	وَاهَه
Sweet	خَوَر	خَوارَه	خَوارَه	خَوارَه

Adjectives Irregular in Formation.

Red	سُور	سَرَه	سَرَه	سَرَه
Green	شَيَن	شَنَه	شَنَه	شَنَه
Dead	مَهَر	مَهَه	مَهَه	مَهَه

Tall	أَوْدٌ	لَوَدَةٌ	لَوَدَةٌ	لَوَدَةٌ
Bitter	تَرْبَحٌ	تَرْخَدٌ	تَرْخَدٌ	تَرْخَهٌ
Sour	تَرْبُوٌ	تَرْوَةٌ	تَرْوَةٌ	تَرْوَةٌ
Joined	مَلٌ	مَلَهٌ	مَلَهٌ	مَلَهٌ
Conquered	بَرٌ	بَرَهٌ	بَرَهٌ	بَرَهٌ
Hot	تَوَدٌ	تَوَدَّهٌ	تَوَدَّهٌ	تَوَدَّهٌ

2. Nouns terminating in يِ.

TERMINATION	NOM. SING.	INFLECT. SING.	NOM. PLUR.	FEM. NOM. SING.
Star	سَتَّورِي	سَتَّورِي	سَتَّورِي	
Cat	پِشَي	پِشِي	پِشِي	پِشِي
Summer	أَوْرِي	أَوْرِي	أَوْرِي	
Winter	ثُرَي	ثُرِي	ثُرِي	
Dish	لَوْبَي	لَوْبِي	لَوْبِي	
Slave	مَرِي	مَرِي	مَرِي	
Wood	لَرْكِي	لَرْكِي	لَرْكِي	
Youth	زَلَمِي	زَلَمِي	زَلَمِي	
Stone	كَانْزِي	كَانْزِي	كَانْزِي	

Adjectives.

Alive	رَوْنَدِي	رَوْنَدِي	رَوْنَدِي	رَوْنَدِي
Strange	پِرْدِي	پِرْدِي	پِرْدِي	پِرْدِي
First	وَرْنَبِي	وَرْنَبِي	وَرْنَبِي	وَرْنَبِي
Fast	گَرْنَدِي	گَرْنَدِي	گَرْنَدِي	گَرْنَدِي
Former	پَخْوَانِي	پَخْوَانِي	پَخْوَانِي	پَخْوَانِي
Recent	أَوْسَنِي	أَوْسَنِي	أَوْسَنِي	أَوْسَنِي
Last	وَرْسَتِي	وَرْسَتِي	وَرْسَتِي	وَرْسَتِي
Truthful	رَبْهَتِي	رَبْهَتِي	رَبْهَتِي	رَبْهَتِي

Irregular Adjectives forming Fem. in يِ.

Alone	يَاخِي	يَاخِي	يَاخِي	يَاخِي
On foot	پِلِي	پِلِي	پِلِي	پِلِي
Thirsty	تَرِي	تَرِي	تَرِي	تَرِي
Hungry	وَرِي	وَرِي	وَرِي	وَرِي
New	نَوِي	نَوِي	نَوِي	نَوِي
Crazy	خَوْشِي	خَوْشِي	خَوْشِي	خَوْشِي

3. Nouns terminating in ةِ.

Heat	غَارِمَه	غَارِمَه	غَارِمَه
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Adjectives.

Handsome	پنایسته	پنایسته	پنایسته	پنایسته
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So also—

Nouns.

Grass	وانہ	Marriage	وادہ	Flour	اورہ	Food	خوارہ
Villainy	دروہ	Bird	مرغہ	Breath	سآہ		

Adjectives.

Apparent	پنکارہ	Preferable	غورہ	Extraordinary	شندہ	Asleep	اویہ
Loose	ایله	Angry	خپہ	So much	دومرہ	As much	ہومرہ
Both	دوڑہ	All	واڑہ				

Masculine Abstract Suffixes.

TERMINATION.	ROOT.	ABSTRACT NOUN.	TERMINATION.	ROOT.	ABSTRACT NOUN.
ت	لوي	greatness	لویت	من	manliness
توں	بیل	separation	بیلٹون	سری	redness

II.—FEMININE TERMINATIONS.

TERMINATION.	MEANING.	SING. NOM.	INFLECT. SING.	PLUR. NOM.
1. Consonant			ي adds	

	Road	لار	لاري	لاري
	Day	ورخ	ورخي	ورخي

2.			ي changes into ي	
	Maid-servant	سہیلی	سہیلی	سہیلی

3.			unchanged throughout	
	Girl	جینی	جینی	جینی

4.			ي changes into ي	
	Word	خبرہ	خبری	خبری

5.			unchanged throughout	
	Weeping	ڑزا	ڑزا	ڑزا

6.			ي unchanged adds گان دان	
	Bride	ناوی	ناویان	ناویان

7.			ي unchanged adds گانی	
	Bear	میلو	میلو گانی	میلو گانی

EXAMPLES.

1. Consonant	Coverlet	برستن	Month	میاشت
	Doorway	دُرِشل	Work	چار
	Skin	خرمن	Regiment	پلقن

2.	ي	House	مانوي	Purse	هميانى
		Poverty	خواري	Cold	يختني
		Stumble	بُدرى	Treachery	درغلي
		Defeat	ماتي	Feud	بدى
3.	ن	Bread	دوودي	Boat	بيرثى
		Milk	بيئي	Tail	لكئي
		Storm	سيلىي	Mound	پيرثى
		Fireplace	دُوهنه	House	كوتنه
4.	ه	Valley	دره	Branch	خانگه
		Water	اوبه	Spring	چينه
		Fear	ویره	Dust	لوره
		Slave-girl	ولشنه	Bank	غاره
		Canal	واله	Earth	خاوره
5.	ت	Fort	قلا	Religious war	غزا
		Loins	ملا	Side	خوا
		Light	رنزا	Staff	همسا
		Back	شا	Speech	وتننا

Feminine Abstract Suffixes.

TERMINATION.	ROOT.	ABSTRACT NOUN.
1. ي	Pleasant	خَوْبِس
2. اى	Light	رُونْر
3. ه	Knowing	پُوه
4. تيا	Avaricious	شُوم
5. ولی	Tribe	قام
6. وي	Own	خِپل
7. گرہ	Good	پهہ
8. گلی	Knowing	پیژند

Declination of Masculine Nouns.

TERMINATION.	SINGULAR.	PLURAL.
1. Consonant	N. آس a horse	آسونه horses
(a)	G. د آس of a horse	د آسونو of horses
	و آس ته } to a horse	و آسونو ته } to horses
	D. آس ته } آس له، لره } a horse	آسونو ته } آسونو له، لره } horses
	Acc. آس a horse	آسونو horses

		Voc. آی آس	O! horse	آی آسونو	O! horses
		Abl. له آس نه		له آسونو نه	from horses
(b)	عَلَّ	N. عَلَّ	a thief	غَلَّهُ	thieves
		Infl. غَلَّهُ		غَلَّو	
(c)	شَبَّانَه	N. شَبَّانَه	a shepherd	شَبَّانَه	shepherds
		Infl. شَبَّانَه		شَبَّانَو	
2.	يَ	N. سَرِّي	a man	سَرِّي	men
		Infl. سَرِّي		سَرِّو = سَرِّي	
3.	زَ	N. وَيْبَنَتَه	a hair	وَيْبَنَتَه	hair
		Infl. وَيْبَنَتَه		وَيْبَنَتَو	
(b)	زَرَّة	N. زَرَّة	a heart	زَرَّونَه	hearts
		Infl. زَرَّة		زَرَّونَو	
4.	يَ	N. سَوِي	a hare	سَوِيَان	bares
		Infl. سَوِي		سَوِيَانُو	
5.	بَنْدِي	N. بَنْدِي	a prisoner	بَنْدِيَان	prisoners
		Infl. بَنْدِي		بَنْدِيَانُو	

Declination of Feminine Nouns.

TERMINATION.		SINGULAR.		PLURAL.	
1. Consonant	N.	لَار	a road	لَارِي	roads
	G.	نَ لَارِي	of a road	نَ لَارِو	of roads
	D.	لَارِي تَه	{ to a road	لَارِو تَه	{ to roads
		لَارِي لَه = لَرَه		لَارِو لَه = لَرَه	
	Acc.	لَارِي	a road	لَارِو	roads
	Voc.	آی لَارِي	O! road	آی لَارِو	O! roads
	Abl.	لَه لَارِي نَه	from a road	لَه لَارِو نَه	from roads
2.	يَ	مَانِزِي	a house	مَانِزِي	houses
	Infl.	مَانِزِي		مَانِزُو or مَانِزِيُو	
3.	ئَيْ	جَنِي	a girl	جَنِي	girls
	Infl.	جَنِي		جَنِيو	
4.	زَ	خَبْرَه	a word	خَبْرِي	words
	Infl.	خَبْرِي		خَبْرُو	
5.	ـَـَ	غَوا	a cow	غَوا	cows
	Infl.	غَوا		غَواو	
6.	يَ	نَاوِي	a bride	نَاوِيَان	brides
	Infl.	نَاوِي		نَاوِيَانُو	

Declination of Adjectives.

1. Consonant

	MASC. SING.	FEM. SING.	MASC. PLUR.	FEM. PLUR.
(a)	N. سم	سمه	سم	سمی
	Infl. سم or سَمَ	سمی	سمو	سمو
(b)	N. خُورب	خُربه	خاربه	خربي
	Infl. خاربه	خربي	خاربو	خربو
2. ي	N. پردي	پردي	پردي	پردي
	Infl. پردي	پردي	پردو	پردو = پرديو
(b)	N. تري	تري	تري	تري
	Infl. تري	تري	ترو	ترو = تريو
3. ا	N. عوره	عوره	عوره	عوري
	Infl. عوره	عوري	عورو	عورو
4. ي	N. لوي	لويه	لوي	لوي
	Infl. لوي	لوبي	لويو	لويو
5. ي				
6. آ				
7. و				

} indeclinable throughout.

Declination of Substantives with Adjectives.

	MASCULINE.	FEMININE.
SINGULAR.		
Nom.	سم لگي	a straight stick
Infl.	سمه لگي or سَمَ لَگِي	سمه لار
PLURAL.		
Nom.	سم لگي	straight sticks
Infl.	سمو لگو	سمي لاري
SINGULAR.		
Nom.	خُورب آس	a fat horse
Infl.	خاربه آس	خربي غوا
PLURAL.		
Nom.	خاربه آسونه	fat horses
Infl.	خاربو آسونو	خربي غوا
SINGULAR.		
Nom.	پردي سبي	a strange dog
Infl.	پردي سبي	پردي شخه
PLURAL.		
Nom.	پردي سبي	strange dogs
Infl.	پردو سبو	پردي شخي

SINGULAR.				
Nom.	غَوْرَةَ لُوشِي	a nice dish	غَوْرَةَ جَنْيِي	a charming girl
Infl.	غَوْرَةَ لُوشِي		غَوْرَةَ جَنْيِي	
PLURAL.				
Nom.	غَوْرَاتَ لُوشِي	nice dishes	غَوْرَاتَ جَنْيِي	charming girls
Infl.	غَوْرَوْ لُوشِي		غَوْرَوْ جَنْيِي	
SINGULAR.				
Nom.	لُوي سَرِي	a great man	لُويهَ چَارَه	a big knife
Infl.	لُوي سَرِي		لُوييَ چَارِي	
PLURAL.				
Nom.	لُوي سَرِي	great men	لُوييَ چَارِي	big knives
Infl.	لُويو سَرِي		لُويو چَارَه	

PERSONAL PRONOUNS.

SINGULAR.			PLURAL.		
Nom.	زَه	I	مُونِي	we	
Gen.	خَمَا	of me	خَمُونِي	of us	
Dat.	وَمَا تَه ما تَه ما لَه، لَه	{ to me	وَمُونِي تَه مُونِي تَه مُونِي لَه، لَه	{ to us	
Acc.	مَا	me	مُونِي	us	
Abl.	لَه مَا نَه	from me	لَه مُونِي نَه	from us	
Agent.	مَا	by me	مُونِي	by us	

Nom.	تَه	thou	تَاسُو	ye
Gen.	سَتا	of thee	سَتَاسُو	of you
Dat.	وَتَاه تَه	to thee	وَتَاسُو تَه	to you
Acc.	تَا	thee	تَاسُو	you
Abl.	لَه تَاه نَه	from thee	لَه تَاسُو نَه	from you
Agent.	تَاه	by thee	تَاسُو	by you

Nom.	هَغَه	he, it	هَغَه	they
Gen.	كَهَغَه	of him	كَهَغُو	of them
Dat. etc.	وَهَغَه	to him	وَهَغُو تَه	to them
Acc.	هَغَه	him	هَغُو	them
Abl.	لَه هَغَه نَه	from him	لَه هَغُو نَه	from them
Agent.	هَغَه	by him	هَغُو	by them

Feminine Form.

Nom.	هُنَّا	she	هُنْيَّا	they
Infl.	هُنْيِي	her	هُنْغُو	them
Nom.	دُخَّلَة	{	declined throughout as هُنَّا.	
Infl.	دُخَّلَة			

ABBREVIATED FORMS OF THE PERSONAL PRONOUNS.

No. 1. خما = م ستا = ب سهه = ي
خموز = مو ستاسو and سهه = ي

These forms also indicate the Agent and are equivalent respectively to ۱, ۲, ۳, etc. the Agent cases of ۴, ۵, ۶.

as	پلارم	=	خما پلار	= my father
	پلارِد	=	ستا پلار	= thy father
	پلاريي	=	د هغه پلار	= his father
and	ما وليدة	=	ما وليدة	= I saw
	تا وليدة	=	تا وليدة	= thou sawest
	هغه وليدة	=	هغه وليدة	= he saw
	موني تاسو وليدة	=	مو وليدة	= we saw
	هغه وليدة	=	هغه وليدة	= they saw.

No. 2. **إِلَى**, **إِلَّا**, **إِلَّا**, are inflected forms of **إِلَى**, **إِلَّا**, **إِلَّا** and are equivalent to **إِلَى**, **إِلَّا**, **إِلَّا** but are used only with prepositions signifying "to" "from" "upon"

په ما باندي = را باندي = upon me
 ما ته = را ته = to me
 له مانه = را نه = from me.

It will be observed that when these latter forms are coupled with Prepositions composed of two words, one preceding and the other succeeding the word governed, the preceding portion is invariably dropped; it would be impossible to say

لہ رانہ or وراتہ or پہ را باندی

No. 3. پری تری ; these forms are equivalent respectively to

from him = تری په هغه نه = ورنہ = په هغه باندی = ورباندی = پری
upon him as

تري و اخله = **take from him**
پري كيرده = **place on him.**

For **هـ** he, it, **هـ**=this, the forms **اـ** and **دـي** are frequently substituted respectively, the former is only used in the Nom. Sing.; the inflected form Sing. of the latter is **هـ**. The Plural of both forms is **دـوي** inflected **دـويـو**. There is also a form **دـيـهـ** used rarely as the inflected form of **اـ**. When it is intended to place special emphasis upon the Agent the forms **لـ، تـ، هـ** or more rarely **هـهـ** are used instead of **يـ، مـ**.

PRONOUNS.

Nom. Masc.	خـپـلـ	Fem. خـپـلـهـ	سـمـ
Inflect.	خـپـلـ	خـپـلـهـ	

{ = own, self

خـپـلـخـانـ is also used for "self" and frequently combined with **خـپـلـ** for emphasis, as **خـپـلـخـانـ** = his or my, etc., own self. From **خـپـلـ** is derived the Adv. **خـپـلـهـ**=of his, my, etc., own accord, spontaneously.

Nom.	خـوـكـ	{ for both genders = who? or someone, there is no Plur. for this form in the sense of "who?" but in the sense of someone the following Plural form is used.
Inflect.	جاـ	
Nom.	خـنـيـ	{ for both genders = "some ones" or "certain ones"
Inflect.	خـنـوـ	

خـنـيـ خـنـيـ = some others

This form must not be confounded with the preposition **خـنـيـ**="from" or "from, her, it," as
خـنـيـ پـيـسـتـهـ وـكـرـهـ = ask him, her, them

Nom.	کـوـمـ	Fem.	کـوـمـهـ	Plur.	کـوـمـ	Fem.	کـوـمـيـ
Inflect.	کـوـمـوـ		کـوـمـيـ		کـوـمـوـ		کـوـمـيـ

THE AUXILIARY VERB.

1. Infinitive Obsolete.

PRESENT.

SINGULAR.	PLURAL.
زـهـ يـمـ I am	مـونـبـيوـ We are
تـهـ بـيـ Thou.art	تـاسـوـيـ Ye are
هـغـهـ دـيـ، شـتـهـ He or it is	هـغـهـ { دـيـ، شـتـهـ } They are
هـغـهـ دـهـ، شـتـهـ She is	هـغـيـ { دـيـ، شـتـهـ } They are

The two forms of the 3rd Pers. Sing. and Plur. are sometimes combined for the sake of emphasis, as **دـيـهـ شـتـهـ هـغـهـ**=he (certainly) is.

PAST TENSE.

زـهـ وـمـ I was	مـونـبـوـوـ We were
تـهـ وـيـ Thou wast	تـاسـوـوـيـ Ye were
هـغـهـ وـهـ He or it was	هـغـهـ { وـهـ } They were
هـغـهـ وـهـ She was	هـغـيـ { وـهـ } They were

FUTURE.

زه به يم	I shall be	مونږ به يو	We will be
ته به يي	Thou shalt be	تاسو به يي	Ye will be
هغه به وي	He or she will be	هغه هغى { به وي	They will be

OPTATIVE.

كه زه، ته، هغه، وي = were I, thou, he, etc.

SUBJUNCTIVE.

زه به وم	I would be	مونږ به وو	We would be
ته به وي	Thou wouldst be	تاسو به وشي	Ye would be
هغه به ود	He would be	هغه به وو	They would be
هغه به واه	She would be	هغى به وي	

2. Infinitive.

شول to be or become

PRESENT.

زه شم	مونږ شو
ته شي	تاسو شئي
هغه شي	هغه { شي هغى

FUTURE.

زه به وشم I will be

AORIST.

زه وشم I may be
هغه د شي He, they may be

IMPERFECT.

زه شوم	مونږ شرو
ته شوي	تاسو شوي
هغه شه	هغه شول

زه كيرم	مونږ كيرم
ته كيري	تاسو كيري
هغه كيري	هغه كيري

زه به كيرم I will become

wanting

زه كيدم	مونږ كيدم
ته كيدي	تاسو كيدي
هغه كيدة	هغه كيدل

زه به كيدم I used to be

I used to become

HABITUAL IMPERFECT.

زه به شوم I used to be

زه به كيدم I used to become

CONDITIONAL IMPERFECT.

كه زه ته شوي Were I, thou to be

كه زه ته كيدي Were I to become

INFLECTED INFINITIVE,

شولو

كيدو

PRESENT PARTICIPLE.

شوني being

كيدونكى كيدونى becoming or one who becomes

PAST PARTICIPLE.

شَوْلَيٌ having been

کیدلَيٌ کیدلَيٌ having become

The following tenses are wanting in

PERFECT.

زه شوي يم = I have been

SUBJUNCTIVE PERFECT.

زه شوي به يم = I may or shall have been or become

PLUPERFECT.

زه شوي وم = I had been or become

SUBJUNCTIVE PLUPERFECT.

زه شوي به وم = I should have been or become

CONDITIONAL PLUPERFECT.

كَ زه ته شوي وي = Had I, thou, etc., been or become

IMPERATIVE.

وشه be thou

بشي be ye

هغه د وشي let him be

{ هغه
هغى د وشي

The Auxiliary Verb شَوْلَ when joined with the Past. Part. of another Verb has a twofold meaning.

1. It forms the Passive Voice of all tenses if the Verb be Intransitive, and of all but the Past Tenses if the Verb be Transitive.

2. It forms the Potential Mood of all Verbs, as زه تملَي شم would mean either (1) I am tied or (2) I can tie.

The Verb کيدل conveys the meaning of a more continuing state of things than شَوْلَ which means simply "to be."

4. Infinitive.

اوسيدل = to be or to exist, to remain.

PRESENT.

IMPERFECT

زه اوسم

زه اوسيدم

ته اوسي

ته اوسيدي

هغه اوسي

{ هغه اوسيده

هغى اوسي

{ هغه اوسيده له

مونر اوسيدو

تاسو اوسيدي

هغه اوسيدل

{ هغى اوسيدي لي

FUTURE.

زه به اوسم I will be

HABITUAL IMPERFECT.

زه به اوسيدم I used to be

IMPERATIVE.

CONDITIONAL IMPERFECT.

اوسم

اوسي

كه زه ته هغه

هغه د اوسي

{ د اوسي

اوسيدل لي

هغى د اوسي

{ د اوسي

etc., to be or remain

This verb conveys the idea of a continuous state of thing, consequently in its Past Tenses it is restricted to the meaning of "remain, exist."

PERFECT.

زه اوسيدي لي يم = I have remained, stayed, etc.

SUBJUNCTIVE PERFECT.

زه اوسیدلی به يم = I may or shall have remained

PLUPERFECT.

زه اوسيدلی وم = I had remained

SUBJUNCTIVE PLUPERFECT.

زه اوسيدلئي به وم = I would have remained

CONDITIONAL PLUPERFECT-

کہ زہ اوسیدلئی وی = Had I remained

ACTIVE PARTICIPLE.

باشندہ = remaining, one who remains an inhabitant = او سیدونکی

PAST PARTICIPLE.

او سیدلی = having remained.

THE VERB.

Observations on the construction of the Past Tenses of the Transitive Verb.

There are in reality *no* Past Tenses in the Active Voice of the Transitive Verb in Pushtoo, the Tenses which are usually denominated as such *are in fact* the Past Tenses of the Passive Voice.

In Pushtoo in consequence such a mode of expression as:

I beat him . }
You beat me } does not exist
He beat you }

the meaning is rendered by

He was beaten by me }
I was beaten by you } etc., etc.
You were beaten by him }

in which the Verb agrees with the Subject in Number and Person, while the Agent is put in the Instrumental Case, the above sentences being rendered thus :

وَلِيْلَهُ مَنْ دَاهَ = He by me was beaten

وَهُلْمَ زَهْرَةٌ = I by thee was beaten

تھے بیسے ہجھے، وہلی = Thou by him wast beaten

According to all analogy those sentences should mean respectively,

He me beat
I thou beat
Thou him beat }

The following is a good sentence to commit to memory with a view to mastering this peculiar idiom :

زه يي ونه ليدلم ولې ما هغه ولیده =
He did not see me but I saw him = کړل ګول = to do

PRESENT.

زه کرم، ګوم	مونږ کرو، کوو
ته کړي، کوي	تاسو کړي، کوي
هغه کړي، کوي	هغه کړي، کوي

FUTURE.

زه به وکړم

AORIST.

زه وکړم، کم
هغه وکړي، کاندي، کي

IMPERFECT.

کرم	کرو
کړي	کړئي
کړ، کړه، کاوه	کړل، ګول
کړلی، ګولی	کړه کړله، ګوله

HABITUAL IMPERFECT.

به کرم

CONDITIONAL IMPERFECT.

که ما، تا، هغه، کړي

IMPERATIVE.

کړه، ګړه، که
let him or them do

PRESENT PARTICIPLE.

کونکي

Remarks.

کړل or ګول is a Transitive Verb, consequently all its Past Tenses are Passive in their construction.

The subject is invariably in the Nom. Case. The Agent is in the Instrumental Case. The Verb agrees with the Subject in Number, Gender, and Person, as

زه يي تالا کرم	me
ته يي تالا کړي	thee
هغه يي تالا کرم	him
مونږ يي تالا کرو	= he plundered us
تاسو يي تالا کړئي	you
هغه يي تالا کړل	them
هغې يي تالا کړلي	

Where in any one of the persons for the Agent يي either one of the Agents م or د م may be substituted as

- زه د تلاکري به يم = You will have plundered me
 ته م تلاکري به يي = I will have plundered you
 هغه د تلاکري به وي = You will have plundered him
 مونبر د تلاکري به گيو = You will have plundered us
 تاسو م تلاکري به يئي = I will have plundered you
 هغه د تلاکري به وي = You will have plundered them
 or
 که هغه م تلاکري = Were I to plunder him
 که زه د تلاکري = Were you to plunder me
 or
 زه د تلاکري و م = You had plundered me
 ته م تلاکري وي = I had plundered you
 هغه يي تلاکري و ه = He had plundered him

تلل to go

{ راتلل = to come
 راغلل

PRESENT.

زه خم	مونرخو	زه را خم	مونررا خو
ته خي	تاسوخى	ته را خي	تاسورا خي
هغه خي	هغه خي	هغه را خي	هغه را خي

FUTURE.

زه لاربه شم	مونر لاربه شو	زه را به شم	مونر را به شو
ته لاربه شي	تاسو لاربه شي	ته را به شي	تاسورا به شي
هغه لاربه شي	هغه لاربه شي	هغه را به شي	هغه را به شي

AORIST.

زه لارشم etc. زه را شم etc.

IMPERFECT.

زه تللم	مونر تللو	زه را تللم
ته تللي	تاسو تللي	etc.
{ هغه ته	{ هغه تلل	
{ هغه تلله	{ هغه تللي	

HABITUAL IMPERFECT.

زه به تللم etc. زه به را غلم etc., or زه به را تللم etc.

CONDITIONAL IMPERFECT.

که زه تللي etc. که زه را غلي etc.

PAST.

زه لام	منو لارو	زه راغل
ته لاري	تاسو لاري	ته راغلي
{ هغه لام	{ هغه لارل	{ هغه راغل
{ هغه لاره	{ هغه لاري	{ هغه راغله

CONDITIONAL PAST.

که زه لام	که زه راغل
PERFECT.	زه راغلي يم

SUBJUNCTIVE PERFECT.

زه تللي يم	زه راغلي به يم
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PLUPERFECT.

زه تللي وم	زه راغلي وم
------------	-------------

SUBJUNCTIVE PLUPERFECT.

زه تللي به وم	زه راغلي به وم
---------------	----------------

CONDITIONAL PLUPERFECT.

که زه ته هغه تللي وي	که زه ته هغه راغلي وي
----------------------	-----------------------

IMPERATIVE.

لامشي، شه، لامشه	راشي راشه
هغه لامدشي	رادشي
هغه دخشي	

PRESENT PARTICIPLE.

تلوني تلونكي	راتلوني راتلونكي
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PAST PARTICIPLE.

تللي	راغلي
------	-------

Remarks.

The Verb راغل is in fact only a compound of the abbreviated form ل of the First Personal Pronoun with an obsolete form of تل and means literally only "to come to me;" by the substitution of the abbreviated Pronominal forms در or در for that of ل, the meaning of "going" is assumed as

راخه = "come to me" or "come" generally

ورخه = "go to him"

It is difficult to explain the meaning of the compound of در with غل as it is quite idiomatic, this sentence will give an idea: پښتو زبه در ته درخه = does the Pushtoo language come to you = can you speak Pushtoo?

The form ل has, however, become so intimately associated with parts of the verb that it is in some places apparently inseparable from it, whence come such anomalous constructions as هغه در ته راغي = he came to him.

The forms در and ور can be substituted for ل only in the following tenses of the Verb را غل، viz., Present, Future, Aorist, Imperfect, Habitual Imperfect; in the other tenses it is so intimately associated with the verb غل that it is inseparable.

The forms را, در, ور, and ل may be added to all tenses of the verb تلل, except the Future and Past, which require راته, درته, and ورته.

THE PRIMITIVE VERB.

*Transitive.**Intransitive.*

• INFINITIVE.

خَوَزَيْدَل = to move.

خَوَزَل = to move.

PRESENT.

زه خَوَزَيْرِم	مونِبْخَوَزَيْرِو
ته خَوَزَيْرِي	تاسو خَوَزَيْرِي
هغه خَوَزَيْرِي	هغه خَوَزَيْرِي

زه خَوَزَرَم	مونِبْخَوَزَرَوُو
ته خَوَزَرَي	تاسو خَوَزَرَي
هغه خَوَزَرَي	هغه خَوَزَرَي

FUTURE.

زه به و خَوَزَيْرِم etc.

زه به و خَوَزَرَم etc.

AORIST.

زه و خَوَزَيْرِم etc.

زه و خَوَزَرَم etc.

IMPERFECT.

زه خَوَزَيْدِم	مونِبْخَوَزَيْدِو
ته خَوَزَيْدِي	تاسو خَوَزَيْدِي
{ هغه خَوَزَيْدِه	{ هغه خَوَزَيْدِل
{ هغه خَوَزَيْدِلِي	{ هغه خَوَزَيْدِلِي

خَوَزَرُو	خَوَزَرُو
خَوَزَرَي	خَوَزَرَي
{ خَوَزَرَه	{ خَوَزَرَل
{ خَوَزَرَهِ	{ خَوَزَرَلِ

HABITUAL IMPERFECT.

زه به خَوَزَيْدِم etc.

زه به د يي خَوَزَرَم

CONDITIONAL IMPERFECT.

كه زه ته هغه خَوَزَيْدِلِي

كه ما تا هغه خَوَزَرَلِي

PAST.

زه و خَوَزَيْدِم

زه د يي و خَوَزَرَم

CONDITIONAL PAST.

كه زه و خَوَزَيْدِم

كه زه د يي و خَوَزَرَم

PERFECT.

زه خَوَزَيْدِلِي يم etc.

زه د يي خَوَزَرَلِي يم

SUBJUNCTIVE PERFECT.

زه خَوَزَيْدِلِي به يم

زه د يي خَوَزَرَلِي به يم

PLUPERFECT.

زه خَوَزَيْدِلِي و م

زه د يي خَوَزَرَلِي و م

SUBJUNCTIVE PLUPERFECT.

زه خَوَزَيْدِلِي به و م

زه د يي خَوَزَرَلِي به و م

CONDITIONAL PLUPERFECT.

که زه دی بی خَوَزَلَی وَیِ
که زه ته هغه خَوَزَلَی وَیِ

که زه دی بی خَوَزَلَی وَیِ

IMPERATIVE.

وَخَوَزَلَی وَخَوَزَلَی
هغه دی خَوَزَلَی

وَخَوَزَلَی وَخَوَزَلَی
هغه دی خَوَزَلَی

PRESENT PARTICIPLE.

خَوَزَلَدُونَی خَوَزَلَدُونَکَی

خَوَزَلَدُونَی خَوَزَلَدُونَکَی

PAST PARTICIPLE.

خَوَزَلَدَلَی

خَوَزَلَدَلَی

This is the typical form of the Intransitive Primitive Verb, but in many cases a deviation occurs by which the پ of the Imperative and tenses derived from it is dropped, as

=to rise Imperat. و پاڅم پاڅیدل Pres. etc. etc.

=to flee و تېښت تېښیدل etc. etc.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE VERB.

The Verb in Pushtoo is very irregular in its construction, so much so that it is almost impossible to lay down any general rules for its conjugation beyond those regulating the actual terminations of the different tenses and persons; a knowledge of the various forms which the Root of the Verb may assume throughout its conjugation can only be acquired by practice or by an effort of memory; a few general observations are all that can be offered here.

(a) *The Root.*

The Infinitive always ends in ل; by dropping this the Root of the Verb is found; any variation from this which may occur in the course of its conjugation will be found only in the Present and its derivative tenses, viz. Imperative, Future and Aorist; the Past Tenses almost invariably adhere throughout to the original form of the Verb, as shown in the Infinitive, with the exception of the 3rd Pers. Sing. Masc. of the Past Tense itself, which is very irregular in the form which it takes.

N.B. The 3rd Pers. Plur. Masc. of the Imperfect is identical in form with the Infinitive.

(b) *The Terminations.*

These vary only in three Tenses.

*The Present.**The Imperative.**The Imperfect.*

م	و
ي	ئ
ي	ي

ه	ئ
ي	ي

م	و
ي	ئ
ه	ل
ه	ل

(c) *The Distinctions of the Tenses.*(1) *The Present and its Derivative Tenses.*

The Aorist is formed from the Pres. by adding the prefix, to all persons of the Sing. and Plur. preceded by the particle *و* in the case of the 3rd Pers. Sing. and Plur.

The Future is formed from the Present by adding the prefix, preceded throughout by the particle *و*.

The Imperative varies from the Present by substituting *س* for *ي* in the 2nd Pers. Sing. and adding the prefix, to the 2nd Pers. both Sing. and Plur.; in the 3rd Pers. Sing. and Plur. it adds the prefix *و* to those forms of the Present.

(2). *The Imperfect and its Derivative Tenses.*

The Past is formed from the Imperfect by adding the prefix, throughout.

The Habitual Imperfect is formed by adding the particle *و* before the different persons of the Imperfect, as

1. Present	زه ويريم	I am afraid
Aorist	زه ويريدم	I may be afraid
3rd. Sing.	هخه د و ويريدم	
Imperat.	و ويريدم	Be afraid
	هخه د ويريدم	Let him be afraid
2. Imperfect	زه ويريدم	I was afearing
Past	زه و ويريدم	I feared
Habitual Imperf.	زه ب و ويريدم	I used to fear, or I kept on fearing

N.B. *The Prefix*, almost invariably immediately precedes the Verb, but the particle *ب*, though preceding, may be separated from the Verb to which it is attached by several words or even a whole sentence.

The Regular or Typical Verb, whether Primitive or Derivative, may in its Transitive and Intransitive forms respectively be considered to be a Compound of a Pronoun, Noun or Particle with the Verb *كُل* or the Auxiliary Verb *كيدل*; in the case of the Primitive this Pronoun or Noun, etc., has become obsolete and so inseparable throughout from the Verbal termination with which it is combined as in the case of *رسيدل*, *وريدل*, *اوريدل*, *ويريدل*, *خوريدل*, *نوريدل*, *لوريدل*.

In the case of the Compound or Derivative Verb the Verb is in certain tenses, viz. the Aorist, the Future, the Imperative and the Past, frequently dissolved into its Root combined respectively in the case of Transitive Verbs with *كُل*, in that of Intransitive Verbs with *شول*, which supplies the corresponding tenses which have become obsolete in the Verb *كيدل*, as

Intransitive.

Infinitive	تیرکیدل = تیریدل	To pass
Present	زه تیرکیم = زه تیریدم	I pass
Imperf.	زه تیرکیدم = زه تیریدم	I was passing
Aorist	زه تیرشم	I may pass
Future	زه تیر به شم	I will pass
Imperative	تیرشہ	Pass thou
Past	تیرشوم	I passed

Transitive.

Infinitive	تیرگول = تیرول	To cause to pass
Present	زه تیرگوم = زه تیررم	I cause to pass
Imperf.	تیرگولم = تیررم	I was being caused to pass
Aorist	زه تیروگوم	I may cause to pass
Future	زه تیر به وکوم	I will cause to pass
Imperat.	تیر کوہ	Cause thou to pass
Past	تیر گوم	I was caused to pass

It will be noted that in the case of the Intransitive Form the prefix, which in Regular forms is the characteristic of the Future, Aorist, Imperative, and Past Tenses, is in these dissolved forms invariably dropped, and that in the case of the Transitive Verb in the dissolved form the prefix, and the particle *و* are attached immediately to the Verb; the latter particle, however, still retains its liberty to precede the Verb to which it is attached by several words, as one could say *زه به و تیر کوم* or *زه تیر به و کوم* but one could not say *زه تیر کوم*.

The Adjective in the dissolved form agrees in Number, Gender and Person with the Subject, as

هغه سړي تیرشول = those men passed.
هغې پشئي تیرې شولی = those women passed.

PARADIGM OF THE COMPOUND OR DERIVATIVE VERB.

*Intransitive.**Transitive.*

INFINITIVE.

تیریدل = to pass

تیرول = to cause to pass

PRESENT.

زه تیرینم

زه تیررم

FUTURE.

زه تیر به شم

زه تیر به کوم

AORIST.

زه تیرشم

زه تیر کوم

<i>Intransitive.</i>	<i>Transitive.</i>
IMPERFECT.	
زه تيريدم	زه د، يي، تيروم
HABITUAL IMPERFECT.	
زه به تيريدم	زه د، يي، به تيروم
PAST.	
زه تيرشوم	زه د، يي، تيركوم
PERFECT.	
زه تيريدلني يم	زه د، يي، تيرولني يم زه د، يي، تيركماني يم
PLUPERFECT.	
زه تيريدلني وم	زه د، يي، تيرولني وم زه د، يي، تيركماني وم
IMPERATIVE.	
تيرشي تيرشه	تيرولي تيروه
تيرد شي	تيرد كري، كي
CONDITIONAL IMPERFECT.	
كه زه ته تيرشوبي	كه ما، تيركري
CONDITIONAL PAST.	
كه زه، ته تيرشوم	كه زه د، يي، تيروكرم
SUBJUNCTIVE PERFECT.	
زه تيرشوبي به يم	زه د، يي، تيركري به وم
SUBJUNCTIVE PLUPERFECT.	
زه تيرشوبي به وم	زه د، يي، تيركري به وم
CONDITIONAL PLUPERFECT.	
كه زه، ته تيرشوبي وي	كه ما، تا، تيركري وي
PRESENT PARTICIPLE.	
تيريدونكى	تيركونكى
PAST PARTICIPLE.	
تيرشوبي	تيركري
	تيرولي

ON THE COMPOUND OR DERIVATIVE VERB.

One of the chief peculiarities of the Pushtoo language is the facility with which it forms Verbs from various Roots such as Nouns, whether Substantive or Adjective, Pronouns and Particles.

There is some analogy to this in English, for from the Noun Substantive "water" is derived a Verb "to water," and from the Noun Adjective "dry" is derived a Verb "to dry"; but the Verbs thus formed in English have mostly a Transitive or Causal meaning, whereas in Pushtoo the Verbs formed in a corresponding manner have alike a Transitive or Intransitive meaning as the case may be. In English, however, we may, though it is not strictly grammatical, use either of the words "to water," "to dry," above mentioned as examples in an

Intransitive as well as a Transitive sense; as, for instance, we may say of an Engine that "it is watering,"—as we may also in the same way say of a Steamer that "it is coaling,"—and of clothes that "they are drying"; and this is a form precisely similar to that so prevalent in Pushtoo, the following are instances:

Substantive اوبه = water

Intransitive Verb اوبیدل = to water, *i.e.* to drink

Transitive Verb اوبول = to water, *i.e.* to cause to drink = to irrigate.

Adjective ج = dry

Intransitive Verb وچيدل = to dry, *i.e.* to become dry

Transitive Verb وچول = to dry, *i.e.* to make dry.

Adjective دک = full

Intransitive Verb دکيدل = to fill, *i.e.* to become full

Transitive Verb دگول = to fill, *i.e.* to make full.

Preposition گوز = down

Intransitive Verb گوزيدل = to descend

Transitive Verb گوزول = to cause to descend.

ON THE USE OF THE PREFIX ,.

(1) The following Verbs do not take this Prefix in the Future, Aorist, Imperative, or Past Tenses.

(a) Verbs already compounded with a Prefix such as نن, کشي, پري.

(b) All Compound or Derivative Verbs.

(c) The following Verbs:

بایلہ بیول بوقلل بدل بیسل

This rule applies equally to the Auxiliary Verb شول when used with any Noun, etc., which might form the basis of a Verb, as

هنه به خپه شي = he will be angry :

though such a Verb as خپیدل = to be angry does not actually exist,—still, is here omitted, as though خپه شي were the dissolved form of such a Verb.

(2) When the prohibitory **ه** is used with the Imperative, the Prefix **,** is dropped, except the Verb be in the Passive Voice, when it may sometimes precede the Participle, **ه** immediately preceding the Auxiliary Verb; in the dissolved form of the Compound Verb **ه** is frequently inserted between the Root or Basis of the Verb and the Imperative of the Auxiliary Verb شول or the Verb كول according as the former is Intransitive or Transitive, as

داسی هه کره = do not do so

ولیدلی هه شه = do not be seen

تیره هه شه = do not pass.

ON THE POSITION OF **و** RELATIVE TO THE VERB.

(1) In Verbs compounded with a Prefix such as ن کبھی پری جاری, it is always inserted between the Prefix and the Verb itself, as

هندھے پری نہ ووت = he did not fall.

(2) In the Passive Voice and in Compound Verbs it is always placed before the Auxiliary Verb, as

هندھے بہ وھلی نہ شی = he will not be beaten
هندھے تیر نہ شہ = he did not pass.

(3) In the Aorist and Future it always precedes the Verb immediately, and follows the Prefix, in the case of the former, and the Particle **و**, and the Prefix **و**, in the case of the latter, as

جہے و نہ پاٹھم = I will not rise.

IRREGULAR AND INCOMPLETE VERBS.

	INFINITIVE.	PRESENT.	AORIST.	IMPERATIVE.	IMPERFECT.	PAST.	PAST PART.
To come	راغل	راخِم	راشِم	راشہ	راتلم	راغل	راغلی
To go	تلل	خم	لامشہ	خہ؛ لامشہ	تَلَم	لام	تلای
	ایپیل	—	—	—	—	—	ایپی
	کیپیول	—	—	—	کینیوم	کینیوم	—
To place	کینیشیول	—	—	—	کینیشیوم	کینیشیوم	—
	کیشیڈل	—	—	—	کینیڈم	کینیڈم	—
	کیرد	کیردم	کیردم	کیردہ	—	—	—
	پریپنل	—	—	—	—	—	پریپنی
To leave	پریپنڈل	—	—	—	پریپنڈم	پریپنڈم	—
	پریپرڈم	پریپرڈم	پریپرڈم	پریپرڈہ	—	—	—
To take away	ورل	—	—	—	ورلم	ورلم	وری
(of inanimate objects)	یوسل	یوسم	یوسم	یوسہ	3rd Sing.	یوفر	یوفر
To take away	بیول	بیایم	—	بیاہی	بیولم	—	بیولی
(of animals)	بوتلل	بوزم	بوزم	بوزہ	3rd S. بوتلم	بیوہ	بیوہ
	کتل	—	—	—	کتلم	کتلم	کتلی
To see	گول	گورم	گورم	گورہ	3rd S. کاتہ	کاتہ	کاتہ
	لیدل	—	—	—	لیدلم	لیدلم	لیدلی
	وینل	وبنم	وبنم	وبنہ	3rd S. لیدہ	لیدہ	لیدہ
To eject	یستل	—	—	—	یستم	ویستم	ویستی
	پاسل	باسم	باسم	واسہ	3rd S. یوست	ویوست	ویوست

	INFINITIVE.	PRESENT.	AORIST.	IMPERATIVE.	IMPERFECT.	PAST.	PAST PART.
To show	بَهَول	—	—	—	بَهَولَم	{ بَهَولَم بَهْوَي }	بَهَولَم
	بَهْوَي	بَهْيِم	بَهْيِم	وَبَهْيِه	3rd Sing. { بَهْوَي . بَهْوَي }	—	—
To lie down	{ خَمَلَسْتَي	—	—	خَمَلَسْتَم	خَمَلَسْتَم	—	—
	{ خَمَلَسْتَي	خَمَلَ	خَمَلَ	وَخَمَلَه	3rd Sing. { خَمَلَسْتَي . خَمَلَسْتَم }	—	—
To roll up	نَغَبَتَل	—	—	—	نَغَبَتَلَم	{ نَغَبَتَلَم نَغَبَتَي }	—
	نَغَارِل	نَغَارِم	نَغَارِم	وَنَغَارَه	3rd Sing. { نَغَبَتَل . نَغَبَتَلَم }	—	—
To run	زَغَلِيدَل	زَغَلَم	زَغَلَم	وَزَغَلَه	زَغَلِيدَم	زَغَلِيدَم	زَغَلِيدَي
	زَغَابَتَل	—	—	—	زَغَابَتَلَم	زَغَابَتَلَم	زَغَابَتَلَي
To draw or to write	كَبَيل	—	—	—	كَبَيلَم	{ كَبَيلَم كَبَيلَي }	—
	كَارِل	كَارِم	كَارِم	وَكَارِه	3rd Sing. { كَبَيلَ . كَبَيلَم }	—	—
To rub	مَبَيل	—	—	—	مَبَيلَم	مَبَيلَم	مَبَيلَي
	مَرِيل	مَرِيم	مَرِيم	وَمَرِه	—	—	—
To burn (Intrans.)	سَوَّل	سَوَّحَم	سَوَّحَم	وَسَوَّحَه	سَوَّم	سَوَّم	سَوَّي
To burn (Trans.)	سَيَزَل	سَيَزَم	سَيَزَم	وَسَيَزَه	—	—	—
To bring (of inanimate things)	راوِلَ	راوِم	راوِم	راوِه	راوِلَم	راوِلَم	راوِري
To bring (of animals)	راوِلَ	راوِلَ	راوِلَ	راوِلَه	راوِستَم	راوِستَم	راوِستَي
To put on clothes	اغْوَسْتَل	—	—	—	اغْوَسْتَلَم	—	اغْوَسْتَلَي
	وَاغُونَدَه	وَاغُونَدَم	وَاغُونَدَم	وَاغُونَدَه	وَاغُونَدَم	—	—

COMPOUNDS OF .يَسْتَل.

	INFINITIVE.	FUTURE.	PAST.	PAST PART.
To overthrow	پَرِيسْتَل	—	پَرِيسْتَم	پَرِيسْتَلَي
	پَرِيَاسَل	پَرِيَاسَم	—	—
To thrust in	نَيِّسْتَل	—	نَيِّسْتَم	نَيِّسْتَلَي
	نَبَاسَل	نَبَاسَم	—	—
To throw back	جَارِيسْتَل	—	جَارِيسْتَم	جَارِيسْتَلَي
	جَارِيَاسَل	جَارِيَاسَم	—	—

COMPOUNDS OF .وَتَل.

			3rd Sing. { پَرِيَوتَل . پَرِيَوتَه }	پَرِيَوتَلَم	پَرِيَوتَلَم	پَرِيَوتَلَي
To fall	پَرِيَوتَل	پَرِيَوتَه	—	—	—	—
To enter	نَتوَتَل	نَتوَم	نَتوَتَلَم	نَتوَتَلَم	نَتوَتَلَم	نَتوَتَلَي

	INFINITIVE.	FUTURE.	PAST.	PAST PART.
To turn back	جاروَتل	جاروَزم	جاروَتلم	جاروَتلي
To fall into	كُنْبِيُوتَل	كُنْبِيُوتَزم	كُنْبِيُوتَلم	كُنْبِيُوتَلي
To fly	الوَتَل	الوَزم	الوَتلَم	الوَتَلي

N.B.—There is another and irregular form of the 3rd Pers. Plur. of the Compounds of وَتَل, which is formed from the 3rd Sing. as though the latter were an Adj. as

پِرِبِوت = he fell پِرِبِوَاتَه = they fell, cf. پِرِزَت = fallen پِرِاتَه = fallen (plur.).

- There is also a Verbal Noun of the same form, derived in a similar manner, as

نِوَفَت = he entered نِوَاتَه = entrance.

PARADIGM OF SOME OF THE PUSHTOO VERBS OF MOST FREQUENT OCCURRENCE.

I. Intransitive.

	INFINITIVE.	PRESENT.	PAST.
(1) To be or exist	اوسيدل	اوسم	واوسيدم
To rise	پاخيدل	پاخم	پاخيدم
To flee	تنبيتيدل	تنبيتم	ونتبتيتم
To run	زغليدل	زعلم	وزغليلدم
To leap	غرُزيدل	غرُزم	وغرُزيدم
To turn	گرزيدل	گرزم	وگرزيدم
To ask	پُسْتيدل	پُسْتم	وپُستيدم
To graze	چريدل	خرم	وخريدم
To tremble	ريريدل	ريردم	وريريدم
(2) To ascend	ختل	خِيَّم	و ختم
To divide	لوَبَشَل	لوَّوم	و خوت 3rd Sing. لوَبَشَتم
To split	چاول	چَوَم	و لوبشت 3rd Sing. لوَبَشَت
To sit	کَنْبِيَنَا ستَل	کَنْبِيَنِم	و چاودم 3rd Sing. چاود
To be entangled	نِبَشَل	نِبَشَلم	و چاود
To dig	کَنْدَل	کَنَم	کَنْبِيَنَا ستَم 3rd Sing. کَنْبِيَنَا ست
			و نِيَّتم 3rd Sing. نِيَّت
			و کَنْدَم 3rd Sing. کَنْدَن

- (3) Almost all other Intransitive Verbs are Regular and follow خَوَزَيدل in their Conjugation.

II. *Transitive.*

(1) Regular Form.

	INFINITIVE.	PRESENT.	PAST.
(a) To throw	اچوَل	اچوم	واچوم
To send	استَول	استوم	واستوم
To light	بَلَوْل	بلوم	وبَلَوم
To raise	خِيَرَوْل	خِيَرَوم	وَخِيَرَوم
To dress	اغْوَسْتَول	اغْوَسْتوم	واغْوَسْتوم
To throw	غُرَزَوْل	غُرَزَوم	وَغُرَزَوم
To put to flight	تَبَشَّتَول	تَبَشَّتوم	وتَبَشَّتوم

N.B.—This form corresponds to the example خَوَزَوْل, and may be formed from any Intransitive Verb in the same way, it is generally derived from the form taken by the Present and Derivative Tenses if any deviation from the form of its Root occurs in the course of the Conjugation of the Verb, as

Intrans. خَتَل = to rise. Pres. خِيَرَم whence.

Trans. خِيَرَوْل = to cause to rise = to raise.

Intrans. نَبَتَل = to be entangled. Pres. نَبَلَم.

Trans. نَبَلَوْل = to entangle.

(2) The 3rd Pers. Sing. of the Past Tense of this form always ends in او, as

Inf. اچوَل 3rd Sing. Past = واجَاوَه.

" استَول " . واسْتاوه.

" خِيَرَوْل " . وَخِيَرَاوَه.

	INFINITIVE.	PRESENT.	PAST.
(b) To drink	خَبَل	خَنَبَم	وَخَنَبَم
To bite	جَيَّحَل	جَيَّحَم	وَجَيَّحَم
To reap	رَيَبَل	رَيَبَم	وَرَيَبَم
To wash	وَيَنْخَل	وَيَنْخَم	وَوَنْخَم

	INFINITIVE.	PRESENT.	PAST.
(c) To cultivate	کَرْل	کَرْم	{ وَکَرْم وَکَارَه }
		3rd Sing.	
To gain	گَتَل	گَتَم	{ وَگَتَم وَگَاتَه }
		3rd Sing.	
To possess	لَرَل	لَرَم	{ وَلَرَم وَلَارَه }
		3rd Sing.	
To lick	خَقَل	خَقَم	{ وَخَقَم وَخَاتَه }
		3rd Sing.	

	INFINITIVE.	PRESENT.	PAST.
To drive	شُرل	شُرم 3rd Sing.	و شُرم و شاره
To stuff	مندل	مندم 3rd Sing.	و مندم و مانده
To sew	كُندل	كُندم 3rd Sing.	و كُندم و كانده
To bear	زغم	زغم 3rd Sing.	و زغم و زغامه

(2) Irregular Forms.

(a) To take	اخستل	اخلم 3rd Sing.	واخستلم واخست
To read	لوستل	لو لم 3rd Sing.	ولوستم ولوست
To scatter	لوستل	لو نم 3rd Sing.	لو ستم لو سست
To find	موندل	مو سم 3rd Sing.	وموندم وموند
To call	بلل	بولم 3rd Sing.	وبلل وباله
To open	پرانتل	پرانزم 3rd Sing.	و پرانتم و پرانت

ADVERBS.

1. *Of Place.*

Here	دلته، دلي	There	هلتنه
Up	پورته	Down	پنكته
Before	وراندي	Behind	ورستو
Upon	باندي	Beneath	لاندي
This side	{ دي خوا دي پلو	That side	{ هنده خوا هنده پلو
On this side	راهيسنه	On that side	ورهيسنه
Outside	{ دياندي باهر	Inside	دننه
Near	زددي	Far	لري
Where	چري	Nowhere	هیچ چرته
Somewhere	چرتنه		

Everywhere	{	هـر چـرـتـه	Elsewhere	بـل چـرـتـه
Wherever				
So far	تر هـغـه بـورـي		All round	جـاـپـيـرـه
Shut	بـورـي		Open	لـري
Back again	بـيـرـتـه، بـيا			

2. *Of Time.*

Now	اوـسـه	Then	هـالـهـ
When	كـلهـ	Sometimes	كـلهـ كـلهـ
Always	{	Repeatedly	وارـپـهـ وـارـهـ
Whenever		Continually	تلـ
Instantly	سمـهـ لـاسـهـ	Successively	پـلاـپـسيـ
Before	پـهـ خـواـهـ	After	پـسـ
Slowly	ورـفـ وـرـفـ	Quickly	زـرـزـرـ
How often	خـوـ خـلـهـ	Once	بـوـ خـلـهـ
For ever	تلـ تـرـتـلـهـ	Every time	هـرـخـلـهـ
So long as	خـوـ چـهـ	Till now	نـرـأـوـسـهـ بـورـيـ
Ever	چـريـ	Never	{ هـيـچـرـتـهـ هـيـچـكـلهـ

3. *Conjunctions.*

Perhaps	گـنـدـيـ	In short	جـوـرـ
God knows	خـدـاـيـ زـدـهـ	Indeed	خـوـ
By God	خـدـاـيـ بـوـ	Forsooth	نـوـ
However, but	ولـيـ	So, therefore	خـکـهـ
Notwithstanding	سـرـهـ دـيـ	Therefore	تـروـ
If	كـهـ	When, that	چـهـ
Thus, i.e. this way	دـاـسـيـ	Thus, i.e. that way	هـسـيـ

Prepositions.

In, inside	پـهـ کـبـشـيـ	With	سـرهـ
Below	دـ لـانـديـ	Above	دـ پـاسـهـ
In front	دـ وـرـانـديـ	Behind	دـ وـرـسـتوـ
Together with	{	For the sake of	دـ پـارـهـ
Close by		In the midst	پـهـ مـيـتـنـخـ

Until	{ تر ; تر . . . پوري	Like	غُوندي
So far as		From	له . . . له
Of			
To	{ ته ; و . . . ته له ; و . . . له لره ; و . . . لره و ; و . . . وته		

THE NUMERALS.

CARDINAL.		ORDINAL.	
1	يوه ; يو	16	شپاوس
2	دوه	17	اووه لس
3	دری	18	اشه لس
4	خلور	19	نه لس
5	پنځمه	20	Shel
6	شپر	21	يووېشت
7	اووه	30	ديريش
8	اشه	40	خلويښت
9	نه	50	پنځوس
10	لس	60	شپيشه
11	يولس	70	اويا
12	دوه لس	80	اتها
13	ديارلس	90	نوي
14	خوارلس	100	سوه ; سل
..	پنځه لس		
15			etc. etc.

VOCABULARY OF A FEW WORDS OF COMMON OCCURRENCE.

ENGLISH.	PUSHTOO.	ENGLISH.	PUSHTOO.
A man	نارينه ; سري	A woman	ارتنه
A husband	خشيتن	A wife	ښه
A master of a house	مبړه	A mistress of a house	ميرمن
A male slave	مربي	A female slave	وينځه
An old man	سپينږيرې	An old woman	سپينسره
A boy	هلك	A girl	چونه - چنۍ - چنکۍ - جل - جلکۍ
A youth	زامي	A maid	پيغله
A child	وروکۍ	An infant	معصوم
A relation	عزيز	A stranger	پردي

Terms of Relationship.

ENGLISH.	PUSHTOO.	ENGLISH.	PUSHTOO.
Father	پلارونه Plur.	Mother	مئور Plur.
Son	زامن زري Plur.	Daughter	لوئي لور Plur.
Brother	ورونه ورور Plur.	Sister	خويوندي خور Plur.
Uncle	ترونه تره Plur.	Aunt	تریندي ترور Plur.
Brother's son	وارونه وراره Plur.	Brother's daughter	وريه
Sister's son	خوريي	Sister's daughter	خورزه
Grandfather	نيكه	Grandmother	نياگاني Plur. نيا
Father-in-law	خسمر	Mother-in-law	خوانبه
Son-in-law	زوم	Daughter-in-law	نكيرندي نکور Plur.
Brother-in-law	اوبي	Sister-in-law	ندرندي ندرور Plur.
Grandchild	نمسي		
Cousin	تربور		

NAMES OF ANIMALS.

1. *Domestic.*

Bull	غوايه	Cow	غوا
Horse	آس	Mare	اسپه
Colt	پهانه	Filly	پهانه
Camel	اوپن	She-camel	اوپنه
Ram	گو	Ewe	گده
Goat	وز	She-goat	وزه
Buffalo-bull	میشن، سند	Buffalo-cow	میښه
Dog	سپي	Bitch	سپي
Cock	چرک	Hen	چرگه
Cat	پيشو		
Calf	سخيء، خسي	Camel-calf	چوکي
Buffalo-calf	کتبي	Kid	چيلي
Chicken	چرگوري	Lamb	گلدوري

Drove of cattle	گوهار
Herd of horses	گله
Flock of sheep or goats	کندک . رمه
Any entire animal	میندہ
Any gelded animal	خسي
Any animal used as a beast of burden	شاروي

A herd of cattle		دکر
General name for sheep		پسہ
Fat-tailed sheep		لمور
Thin-tailed sheep		ایرری
Any animal in foal		بلاریہ
Any animal that has just given birth		لنکہ

2. Wild.

Tiger	زمیری	Stag	گاوز
Bear	میلوں	Deer	ہڑسی
Wolf	شرمنبیں ; لیوہ	Fawn	کبلی
Leopard	پرانگٹ	Musk-deer	راموسی
Boar	سرکوزی . خربیشوی	Wild Sheep	غرضنی
Jackal	گیدر		
Fox	لومبرہ		
Monkey	شادو		
Hawk	تپوس	Vulture	گرگس
Owl	گونگئی	Crow	قارغہ
Starling	بیمارونی	Sparrow	چڑچنڑہ
French Partridge	زرکہ	Grey Partridge	تمزري
Wild Duck	ھیلی	Snipe	ککوی - نرغزی
Quail	مہز ; نوڈز		
Fly	چ	Rat	مرڑہ
Bee	مچی	Mouse	مرگوری
Mosquito	ماشی		
Scorpion	لرم	Rock-snake	پمامار
Lizard	خرمثی	Worm	چیانجی

PARTS OF THE HUMAN BODY.

Hair	ویشنہ	Nose	پوزہ	Tooth	غلاب
Eye	سترنگہ	Nostril	سپیروہ	Lip	شووندہ
Eyebrow	وروخہ	Ear	غُورہ	Tongue	ڑیہ
Eyelash	بانڑہ	Cheek	انگکی	Palate	گوہی
Forehead	تندی	Mouth	خولہ	Throat	ستونی

Moustache	بریت	Elbow	خنگل	Leg	لیسکی
Beard	ریزہ	Wrist	مروند	Thigh	ورون
Brows	وچولی	Hand	لاس	Knee	زنگون
Tear	اوینہ	Finger	گونہ	Foot	پینہ
Neck	غارہ	Waist	ملا	Heel	پرکی
Nape	خت	Back	شا	Skin	خرمن - پوستکی
Shoulder	اورہ	Belly	خیمه - گیدہ	Blood	وینہ
Chest	قمر	Heart	زمرة	Bone	هدوکی
Bosom	غیر	Intestines	لری گلمہ	Pulse	نبض
Armpit	حصارٹ	Liver	لومون	Shin	پنڈی
Arm	ایچی	Rib	پیشتنی	Chin	زنہ
Nipple	تی				

PARTS OF ANIMALS.

Horn	پیکر	Beak	منبوکہ	Claw	منگلی
Feather	بنڑہ	Crop	ججورہ	Tail	لکئی

NATURAL FEATURES.

Sky	اسمان	Ferry	پشنر	Plain	مسیرہ
Sun	نمر	Marsh	جبہ	Abyss	گرنگ
Moon	سپورہ می	Hollow	تھنہ	Precipice	گھت
Star	ستوری	Mud	ختمہ	Valley	درہ
Cloud	وریخ	Drop	خاخکی	Ravine	کندہ
Rain	باران	Low-ground	ڈورہ	Pass	عائینی
Hail	برلی	Briar	کرکنڑہ	Cliff	کمر
Snow	واورہ	Thorn	اغزی	Dry bed of torrent	خورد
Ice	یخ	Earth	خاورہ	Mountain-peak	خوکہ
Dew	پرخہ	Ground	زمکہ	Stony-ground	کانہ زی
Water	اوہ	Dust	دُورہ	Forest	بنر
Spring	چینہ	Stone	کانپری	Cavern	سمخ
River	سیند	Wood	لرگی	Hillock	غوندی ; دیری
Canal	والہ	Grass	وابنہ	High-ground	لوڑہ
Ford	گدر	Mountain	غز	Bramble	غنه
Rivulet	لبھتی	Skirts of ditto	لمن	Pit	دوغل

SEASONS.

Summer	اویٰ	Spring	پسربلی	Rainy Season	پشکال
Winter	ژمیٰ	Autumn	منیٰ	June-July	اہار

DIVISIONS OF TIME

Morning	صباح ; د وخته	Day	ورخ
Evening	نماہیام	Night	شبہ
About 4 a.m.	چرک بانگ	Dawn	سپیدی چاؤد
Sunrise	نمرخانہ	About 8 a.m.	خابہت
Noon	غروہ	About 2 p.m.	نماز پیسین
About 5 p.m.	نماز دیگر	Sunset	نمر پریوائتہ
After sunset	نماہیام		
Three days ago	لاورمه ورخ	Day before yesterday	ورمه ورخ
Yesterday	پرون	To-day	نن - نن ورخ
To-morrow	صبا		
Three years ago	لاورمه کال	Year before last	ورمه کال
Last year	پروس کال	This year	سر کال
Next year	منھی کال		

POINTS OF THE COMPASS.

North	قطب	East	نمرخانہ
South	سهیل	West	نمر پریوائتہ

METALS, ETC.

Iron	اوسمینہ	Gold	سرہ زر	Sulphur	گوگر
Steel	پولاد	Brass	زیر	Charcoal	سکارہ سکور
Lead	سیکھ	Quicksilvers ; پارہ	سیماپ	Glass	نیمیپنہ
Silver	سپین زر	Saltpetre	پھرڑہ		
Branch	خانکہ	Leaf	پانچہ	Pebble	گھٹہ
Stem	مونہ	Stump	خند	Round stone	تیرہ
Roots	ولی	Gravel	شکہ	Clod of earth	لرٹہ

HOUSEHOLD TERMS, ETC.

House	کور	Oil-press	گانری	Trousers	پرتوک
Mansion	مانری	Jar	منگھی	Cloak	خلقه
Cottage	کوتھری	Dishes	لوپنی	Purse	همیانی
Hut	جونگرہ	Light	دیوہ	Staff	همسا
Tent (of Nomads)	کیرنی	Spark	بخاری	Rope	رسی - پرمی
Room	خونہ	Ember	سکروتہ	String	مزی
Door	ور	Matting	پوزی	Thread	تارہ
Verandah	مندو	Bedding	بچاؤنڑہ	Needle	ستن
Pillar	ستن	Quilt	برستن	Yarn	سپنسری
Court	انگنر؛ غولی	Blanket	شرٹی	Shoe	پنڈڑہ
Handmill	میچن	Articles of dress	کالی	Peg	موري
Waterskin	شناز	Clothes	جامی - زدوكی	Leather	خرمن
Pitcher	مسن				

AGRICULTURAL TERMS, ETC.

Road	لار	Millet	غوبقہت	Harvest	درمند
Field	پتی	Mustard	اوری	Landed property	دفتر
Ploughing	بیوی	Cotton	مالوچ	Landholder	دفترپی
Plough	بیوہ	Rice	شولی - ورڑی	Cultivator	چربیکار
Ploughshare	مسسپار	Wool	ورڈی	Verdure	زرغونہ
Goad	چوکہ	Fur	پشم	Drought	سوکرہ
Irrigation ridges	پولہ	Coarse cloth	خاماتا	Depth of soil	ژور والی
Ear of corn	واری	Muslin	خاصا	Shoot	دکی
Furrow	کیل	Felt	لمشی	A cold	دومہی
Bridle	واگی	Headstall	ترسروی	Fever	تبہ
Reins	ملونہ	Traces	سریاندی	Small-pox	نشکی
Wheat	غنم	Bit	قیضہ	Cholera	ویا
Barley	اوربوشه	Threshing-floor	غوبل		

TERMS RELATING TO FOOD, ETC.

Bread	دودی	Rice and Milk	کیر	Vermicelli	میانچی
Meat	غوبنہ	Stew	فُرمہ	Cooked peas	پستی
Milk	پئی - شودہ	Soup	شوروا	Dry bread	سپورہ دودی
Butter	کچ	Curds	ماستہ	Egg	هاگی
Ghee	غوری	Buttermilk	شلونبی	Honey	شات

Well cooked	خُرِيَّة	Satisfied	مُؤْتَمِر	Tasteless	پیکه
Food	خوارہ	Hungry	وَبِرِي	Grain	غله
Drink	شہساک	Thirsty	تَرِي	Salt	مالکہ
Flavour	نَبَوَنَد	Thirst	تَسْدَه	Mouthful of food	نَوْرَی
Chewing	شخوند	Hunger	لَوَرَه	„ „ of water	گُوت
Fasting	نَهَار	Sour	تَرِيو	Stinking	سخا

COLOURS.

White	سَمْبَس	Yellow	زَيْر	Spotted	برگ
Black	تُور	Red	سُور	Pie-bald	تُور بُرگ
Green	شَيْن	Grey	سَمِيرَه	Skew-bald	سُور بُرگ

QUALITIES.

Hard	كَلْك	Wet	لَوْنَد	Lame	گَدَه
Soft	پُوسْت	Damp	نَوْجَن	Toothless	كَنْهَا س
Rough	زَبِر	Luke-warm	تَرَم	One-eyed	كَانِي
Smooth	هُوار	Blind	رَوْنَد	Blear-eyed	لِيچَن
Hot	تَوَد	Dumb	كَنْكَ	Lazy	نَارَاسَت
Cold	سُور	Deaf	كُونْر	Unclean	نَاوِلِي
Dry	وُج				

EXTREMES OR OPPOSITE QUALITIES.

Elder	مشَر	Younger	كَشَر
Awake	وَبِينَ	Asleep	أَوْدَه
Fine	نَرِي	Coarse	غَت
Tall	لَوَر	Short	وَقِر
Long	أَوْد	Short	لَنَه
Broad	پَلَن	Narrow	تَنَك
Heavy	دَرَوْنَد	Light	سَپُك
Fat	غَت	Thin	خَوار
Straight	سَم	Crooked	كَوْبِر
Standing	وَلَم	Fallen	پَرَوْت
Full	دَك	Empty	تَش
Ripe	بَوْخ	Raw	أَفَم
Much	بَيْد	Little	لَبِر
Sharp	تَيْرَه	Blunt	بَعْ

Fresh	تازہ	Stale	ورقست
Sweet	خوب	Sour	تریخ
Right	بینہ	Left	کینہ
Dried up	سوکھہ	Watered	خرفہ
Inhabited	و丹	Deserted	وران
Liberal	سخی	Miserly	شوم
Successful	وُد	Unsuccessful	ہم
Dense	کثیر	Scanty	رنگی
Compact(tight)	تینک	Loose	خوشی
Enclosed } Protected }	خوندی	Open } Unprotected }	خوشی
Upper	پاسنی	Lower	لاندنی
Tame	ایل	Wild	یاغی
Coagulated	حیم	Melted	ویلی
Light	رونہر	Dark	تور
Clean	پاک	Dirty	خیلن

MILITARY TERMS.

Sword	تُورَة	Battery	مُورِّچه	Flank	جَنْدَل
Scabbard	تِيكَيَ	Trench	خَنْدَق	Engagement	مَقْدَمَه
Gun	تُوبَك	Palisade	سَنْگَر	Night-attack	جِبَاو
Pistol	تَهَانِچَه	Supplies	خَرْج	Raid	بَارَه
Bow	لَنْدَه	Spoils	أَوْجَه	Ambuscade	پَسُونَي
Arrow	غَشِي	Explosion	دَرْ	Feud	بَدِي
Spear	نِيزَه	Arrow's flight	پِرْتَاب	Reprisals	بِرْمَه - بِرْمَتَا
Javelin	شَلَكَيَ	Horse-trappings	بِرْگِسْتَوَان	Fugitive	مَاتِي
Dagger	جَمَدَر	Warrior	مَرْزِي	Suppliant	نَسْوَاتِي
Quiver	شَخَولَيَ	Heavy-armed	پِت سَپَاهِي }	Wounded	رَوْبِل
Barbed arrow	شَتَّي	soldier		Cut	غَوَّخ
Bullet	گُولَيَ	Soldier	تُورِزَن سَرِي	Bruised	خُوَّبِر
Rocket	بان	Vanguard	هَرَاوَل	A wound	پَرْهَار
Cannon	تَوب	Rear-guard	چَنْدَأَوَل	Archer	غَشِي وَيَشْتَوْنَكَي
Battle-axe	گُرْز	Main body	مِيَنْخَنَى صَف		

TERMS USED IN CIVIL ADMINISTRATION.

Tribe	اولس	Headman	مِلِكٌ - کَدْخُدا	Fine	نَانْدَه
Family	خِيل	Wandering tribe	کُوچِي پَسْنَدَه	Bribe	بَدَه
District	تَپَه	Disturbance	پَسَات	Tax	قَلْنَك
Household	عِيَالٌ - تَبَر	Insurrection	بَلَا	„ (on cattle)	کَوْشِي
Belongings	کَوَه	Prisoner	بَنْدِي	„ (on property)	مَالِيَا
Neighbour	گَوانْدِي	Fetter	خَوْلَانَه	Swindling	دَرْغَلِي

IDIOMATIC EXPRESSIONS.

To conquer a country.	مُلَكٌ لَانِدِي گَوَل	To say in jest.	پَهْ قَوْقَوْ وَيَل
To pacify a country.	مُلَكٌ بَخْلَوْ گَوَل	To swim.	لَانْبُو وَهَل
To muster an army.	دَلَبِسْكَر سَانْ اَخْسَنَل	To be delayed.	اِيسَارِيدَل
To join battle.	جَنْكَ نَبِيلَوْل	To launch a boat.	بَيَّرِي پَهْ اوْبَوْ گَوَل
To form into line.	پَرَهْ تَرَل	To track a deer.	دَهْوَسِي پَل اَخْسَنَل
To retreat.	پَهْ سَنْتَهْ كِيدَل	I go at once.	زَهْ دَغَهْ يَمْ لَام
To wheel round.	پَهْ بَيْرَنَهْ پَيْرَ كَوَل	That man will not re- cover.	هَعَهْ سَرِي دَ جَوَيْدَوْ نَهْ دَي
To start out of an am- buscade.	دَپْسُونِي لَهْ خَايَ پُورِي	We do not think that	مُونِرِ دَا كَار كِيدَونِي نَهْ كَثِنَرُو
To draw sword.	كِيدَل	possible.	
To fire a shot.	تُورَهْ لَهْ تِيمِي نَهْ پِيَسَنَل	It seems best to me to	پَهْ نَهْ وَيَل رَاتَهْ خَيْرِ
To be seized with panic.	دَزْ گَوَل	say nothing.	بَسِكَارِ بَرِي
To fire a volley.	تُورِيدَل	He is waiting outside the	
To cross a river.	بَارِچَلَوْل	house.	هَعَهْ كَوَنَهْ بَاهِر اِيسَارِي
To shy (of a horse).	لَهْ سِينَدَهْ نَهْ پُورِي وَتَل	He could not stir from	لَهْ خَايَ خَوَزِيدَلِي نَهْ شَهْ
To stumble (of a horse).	تِينَدَكْ خَوَرِل	the place.	
To trot (of a horse).	بُدْرِي خَوَرِل	I am convinced that	زَهْ پَهْ دَا بَانِدِي قَايِل يَم
To buy on credit.	پَهْ دَچَكُو تَلَل	what he says is not	چَهْ هَعَهْ خَهْ وَايِي
To borrow money.	پَهْ نَسِيه اَخْسَنَل	true.	رَيْسِيَا نَهْ دَي
To lend money.	پَورِ اَخْسَنَل	Your trouble is in vain.	سَتَاسُورِي عَبَث شَهْ
To give gratis.	پَورِ وَرَكَوْل	This man is taller than	دَغَهْ سَرِي لَهْ هَعَهْ نَهْ
To select.	وَيرِيا وَرَكَوْل	that.	لَوَرِ دَي
To pawn.	پَهْ غَورَهْ اَخْسَنَل	A deer is swifter than a	هَوسِي لَهْ سَپِي نَهْ
To take in pledge.	گَانِرَهْ گَوَل	dog.	گَرْنَدِي دَي
To stretch out one's hand.	پَهْ گَانِرَهْ اَخْسَنَل	He is the skilfullest of all.	هَعَهْ لَهْ قَولَنَهْ مَرْنِي دَي
To imitate a person.	لاَسْ غَرَزَل	He is sunk in the mud	هَعَهْ پَهْ خَقَوْ كَشِي تَرْمَلا
To laugh at a person.	دَ چَأْ پَيْتَنِي گَوَل	up to his waist.	پُورِ بَوْخَت شَوي دَي

How deep is the water په هغه سيند کښي او به
in that river? خومره ڙو روي دې

Run on in front and see په دنو و اندې روان شماو
who that man is. و گوره چه هغه کوم سري دې

I have seen any one خوک په دې لاري باندي
passing this way? تير بدونکي د ليد لي دې

Go straight on for one تري يو کروه پوري سم نیغ
koss, then turn to the روان شه بيا بني لاس
right and then to the ته و گر زه و رستو کينز
left. لاس ته

Come to my house early صبا د وخته خمونږ کره
to-morrow morning, راشه موئړ به سره
we will go out shoot- بشكار له خو
ing together.

The boy used to bathe هلک به په سيند
in the river. کښي لنبيده

Why do you talk such ولې داسي خوشۍ
nonsense? خبرې کېي

That horse wanders about دا آس چرته خوشۍ
loose. گرزي

COMMON SENTENCES.—GREETINGS.

Come always. هر کله را شه
Long life be yours. هر کله او سه
May good befall you. در شه نېکي
Welcome. په خير راغلي
May you not be tired. سترې مه شه
May you not be dis- مه شېي
tressed. مه شېي
God be with you. خداي د مل شه
May good be before you. په منځه د فبه
Who are you? ته خوک ئي
What sort of Pathan په اصل کښي کوم
are you? پښتون یې
Whence are you come? له کوم خاي نه راغلي
Whither are you going? چرته خي
What brought you here? دلته په خه طمع سره
Raghi یې
Is there any news from په غرونو کښي نوي خه
the mountains? حال کيرې
I hear that in the border ما اور بدلي دې چه په
country there are یاغستان کښي دير
great disturbances. پساتونه کيرې
How far is your home ستاسو کول له دې خاي
from here? نه خومره لري دې

It is a long way off and لري لارده ته به هلتہ
you could not go نه شي تللي
there. ستاسو کللي د سيند
Is your village on this راهسته دې يا ور
side of the river or on هيسسته
the further side? له سيند نه خوک په
Can one cross the river گدر يا په پشنپورې
by a ford or by a ferry? وتي شي
It has been raining for له خو ورخو نه باران
some days, I expect اوري ټوي گمان م دې
that the river will be چه په سيند کښي به
very full and there ديرې او به راغلي وي
is no boat. او بېمېي هلتہ نشته
د

What time is it? خو بجي شوي دې
It has just struck six. او س شپر ګري دې دې
Are you married or no? واده د کري دې که نه
I was married but my واده م کري وه ولې
wife is dead. تبرم مرشه
My father is alive but پلارم ژوندي دې ولې
he is now an old او س زور سپنېر یرې
man. شوي دې

Are there any places in the road for pitching tents or encamping an army?	په لاري کښي ک خيمې ودرولو یاں لېنکر اوړولو د پاره خو خایونه دې	The fog is dense and there is a thick haze. لړه ګټه ده اوڻند ډير دې
I wish my tent to be pitched under those trees in the shade.	زه غواړم چه خيمه م ک هغونوو لاندي په سوري کښي ودرولي شي	I am tired and cold and hungry and thirsty, let us go there. زه ستري ستومان و سوزه ووري و تري شوي يم هلهه موږ لام شو
Choose an open space and level the ground.	ارت خاي غوره کره او زمکه هواره کره هرخه چه د لاس کېږي زه به وکرم چه	Collect wood and light a fire that we may warm ourselves. لرکي توں کره او اور بل کره چه موږ خانونه تاوده کرو
I will do all I can to please you, Sir.	صاحب خوبنې شي او به يشوه او غوشه پکه کره	Now snow is falling and the water is frozen, how shall I melt it? او س واوره پريوزي و او هه خيمې شوي دي خنکه به يې ويلي کرم
Boil some water and cook some meat.	پچونهه م رسپه او په زمکي باندي ويي غورهه	If you had not come to my assistance I should have died of hunger and thirst. که ته څمونږ په هېنه وي راغلي له لوړي او له تندی به مو شوی و م
Unroll my bedding and spread it on the ground.	پرتوکث م منت کره او جامي م په موږي سره خورندي کره	Why have you come so late, come in the morning and I will talk with you. ولي داسي نا وخت راغلي يې صباح له راشه درسنه خبرې به گومهه
Fold up my trousers and hang my clothes on a peg.	زه به توله شې دلې تیره کرم صبا له که باران کم شي روان به شم	Is that horse quiet or vicious? هغه آس اصل دې يا کم اصل
I shall stop here all night, and if the rain lessens go on tomorrow.	وریشي دير ګنډي دې کمان م دې چه سياني به راشي به شم	That horse kicks, I will not ride him. دا آس لتي وهې پري نه سورېرم
The clouds are very thick and there is a strong wind, I think there will be a hurricane.	او باد دير الوژي گمان م دې چه سياني به راشي	Tie him up to that tree and spread some bedding. هغه وني سره يې وړه او لوخه برته وغورهه
There is no use in light rain, the ground is not wetted by it.	رنګي باران همچ فايده نه لري زمکه پري نه لوندېږي	Have you seen any snipe in those rice-fields? په دې شولګرو کښي څه ګکوي د لیدلي دې
I see smoke rising from the valley; there must be a village near.	لوكۍ را معلومېږي چه له درې نه راخیزې موندلي شي	Gird up your loins and take my gun and follow me, perhaps we shall find some game here. ملا و تره خما تویک واخلله او راسره روان شه ګندي به دلته ښکار مليا شي
		Hold my horse, lest he should run away. خما آس و نيسه چه و نه تېښتې

TRANSLATION OF SELECTIONS

FROM THE POEMS OF

KHUSH HAL KHAN KHATAK.

TRANSLATION OF POEMS.

Evil were my dreams until I saw the dawn,
My eyes I could not close, restless I lay upon my bed ;
Then I rose from my couch, my head was aching sore,
So distraught was I that I could see neither the door nor my way.
I went to bathe and came back ill at ease,
My ablutions I performed as directed by the Prophet.
All my people were asleep and snoring in their slumber,
No one knew of my trouble, but I told Ashraf Khan ;
All the advice which should come from a father,
In a book, I wrote down briefly for him.
I prepared to go to Peshawar, and took up my sword,
It was the day of Friday, when the spirits walk the earth ;
My way lay towards the West, but of that what care had I ?
How can one turn aside the irresistible order of Fate,
However great may be one's understanding, wealth, and armies ?
I went then to the Mosque and said my morning-prayers.
I mounted, and like a whirlwind dashed forth upon my road ;
I went on the wind as the Tempest howls along,
Alone and solitary I went. In Naushahra rose the sun.
It was not yet midday when I reached Peshawar,
Forthwith to the Moghal sent I my messenger ;
I said, " Here have I arrived as you wrote, as you desired.
" When shall I be present, what duty have you for me ?"
This answer I received, that " Well have you done in coming,
" To-morrow in the Durbar do you present yourself."
Three days passed ; that foolish ass held no Durbar ;
In ambush against me was he, and I quite unaware of it.
His deputy was a certain Sheikh of Gujerat,

From head to foot a traitor, evil was his face.
 Said he to me, "Come hither, let us take counsel together ;
 Then I will repeat to the Nawab your words in full."
 I went to him clear in my own estimation,
 My traitorous uncles took part with the Moghals in their villainy ;
 All around me came the Moghals in their cunning ;
 It was God's decree that I should fall helpless into their hands.
 A tumult arose in the city, spread was this report,
 Not a man but was enraged, yet it was the will of God.
 Down they brought me from my fort, when I fell into their hands ;
 Quickly the Kotwal placed shackles on my feet, ten pounds was their weight.

Spread the news through the country, alike through town and village,
 There were none but were distressed, most of all Pathans, alike friends and foes ;
 All those, too, who were mighty in office or in title ;
 All the world was in suspense when they saw this deed.
 They went in the morning and assembled in Durbar,
 Said they, "How loyal was this man to the Emperor!"
 "That he should be seized in this fashion, will the Nawab approve of this?"
 Tied was his tongue, no answer would he make.
 They rose then from their seats, dispersed were all the Nobles.
 Three days had passed when came my uncles base ;
 They came, and to the Moghal they offered congratulations,
 Horses and robes of honour gave the Moghal to them in turn ;
 My country he gave to them, a villain he made its chief.
 My house and family and tribe, when they heard of this,
 All the Khataks, too, forthwith prepared to slay them,
 Their courage fled from them, and with terror were they seized.
 I said to my tribe and family, "Be careful,
 "Let there no blood be shed or other opposition shown,
 "For glad would be the foe that I should be ruined by my own people ;
 "And, again, if a tumult arise, lost will be the Emperor's trust."
 Then my whole tribe collected at the shrine of Sheikh Rahimkar :
 On such deeds, by my persuasion, they turned their backs ;
 Foolish were my sons, great the error that they made ;
 Had there been no bloodshed, I should have been released with honour.
 Said my uncles in their hearts, "However much we strive,

Should he become released, the gallows will be our Fate."
 No other thought had they, for their lives they were afriad ;
 Bent they were upon my death, whether by night or day.
 Past had now been by me almost two months in prison,
 Desereted was my country, its people had fled to the mountains.
 The Governor then demanded of me fifty thousand rupees ;
 I answered, "I will not give thee not one Pice, not one Dinar."
 Both parties made agreement together on this,
 On one side the treacherous Moghal, on the other my uncles shameless,
 "Now there is no resource but that in Hindustan he should be placed,
 "Quickly must we arrange this with all speed and haste."
 I, too, was quite satisfied to go to the Emperor,
 All my life I had been loyal, my hope was for honourable treatment.
 To Hindustan then they despatched me, Mustajab my escort,
 A Noble and Chief was he, the head of the Gori Khel.

They despatched me from the city with all speed and haste,
 Slowly marching on I came to the Inn of Shahbaz Khan.
 All the night was the guard of the Muhib Khel over me,
 Besides another band of the followers of Misri Khan Daozai.
 I came to Naushahr in the morning in the same fashion ;
 Weeping were the people, all struck with horror at the sight.
 How shall I tell the tale of the night I spent there ?
 The night was spent in uproar, alike of Hindoos and Mussalmans ;
 In the morning they set out in fear, alike Moghals and Pathans.
 All around were armed forces, in the midst my escort.
 A message I had sent to my tribe, to Ashraf Khan,
 "Make no preparations for disturbance or resort to arms,
 "Of the Emperor the old and faithful servants are we ;
 "One reason, too, that I am bound by honour; another that by this slain will be Pathans."
 I came on to Surai, in a moment was Surai deserted,
 Thou wouldst have said that never had been dwelling there mankind.
 What, indeed, shall I say ? How many changes has life ?
 How can any one be able to oppose fate by force ?
 Many troubles come on us men while in this world,
 God alone grant us the power to bear each grief.
 Hard indeed was the time when I saw my son Osman,

Again came to me Zainoo and other youths of my tribe.
 They came to me lamenting, and with sorrow did we part,
 Weeping were they and I and the very trees and rocks of Surai.
 We came then to Narraie; spectators, both men and women,
 Were standing helpless in grief, like idols without life.
 Winding along the road then came we to Garrai,
 On either side of the river all the people were looking on,
 All those that were with us were overcome with fear;
 Thought they, "Who was he that said that the Khatak will not come out to fight?"
 I, indeed, had sent a message, for doubtful of this was I;
 Were but a flag displayed from one quarter or other,
 Such a fight would ensue as though the end of the world had come.
 See what count would there have been on either side of the slain?
 Neither fight nor strife was there by order of the Almighty,
 I crossed over the river, and in Attock I arrived.
 All my tribe in tumult was scattered and confounded;
 Wailing was there in my houses, and weeping amongst my sons,
 Such was then the time as came upon the Khataks,
 Thou wouldest have said on the world had the day of judgment come.

From the Attock onwards they bore me, such was my state;
 They bore me to the camping ground of Baba Hassan Abdal,
 Again from thence to Pindi with haste and expedition,
 Then from thence was our march to Rabat.
 In Rabat came there a letter to us from the Nawab,
 Again to Pindi they brought me back forthwith.
 Again in Pindi came there a letter to this purport,
 "Take him on to the Monarch without further delay."
 In the middle of the night I went on from Pindi to Kukartal;
 I went on to Lahore, march by march on my road.
 The son of Meer Jamal, who was paymaster of the troops,
 Kind was he to me, great the encouragement he gave,
 Said he, "Go thou on to the Sovereign, O Khush-hâl!
 Then thou wilt be honoured, not annoyed is he the least."
 I, in the midst of the month Ramzan, marching, marching along,
 Came to the Monarch's Court, a thousand and seventy-four the year.
 Great was the disputation and arguments that followed then;

In brief there came the order for my relief on giving a pledge.
The Kotwal gave me a place in his own house by his own side,
Preparing for my bail was Syad Shains, son of Jalal.
We were full of this thought when, in the month of Shawal,
A request came from Sayad Meer with these contents :
"Loose ye not Khush-hal ; his release will occasion disturbance."
Again there rose between us great quarrels for my freedom.
My country, my titles, my lands, all these changed their masters,
Twelve of my officers were there who all were ruined.
Against all justice, on the writing of villains and traitors,
The tyrant Monarch chose to treat me with violence.
Here was I in prison, there my family and children
Scattered amongst the mountains in trouble and in distress.
Such deeds ensued as would occur to no one in mind,
No trust will there be ever in the justice of Aurangzeb.
Spread upon all sides were the armies of Anti-Christ,
But no Mahdi is there to oppose him by his perfection.
It is the time of the end of the world, on all sides are troubles,
All the world is at war with another, every house with house.

God it is who brought upon me all these griefs and woes,
Of the causes that gave them rise now I tell the story.
One that I was proud in my honesty and devotion,
Another the Mogul's greed and my habit of giving no bribes ;
Again my unthankfulness, again the folly of my brethren,
Again that mistaken in their counsels were my sons,
And that not only once but repeated were the blunders
Of all the leaders of my tribe, Ashraf Khan, Bahram Saadat.
To Ashraf Khan I gave the signal that the sword he should unsheathe,
But no action did he take on the counsel that I gave.
What of Khudayar, of Khalil, what shame or respect is theirs ?
What of Jagram, the Hindoo ? What conscience have the Hindoos ?
Every warrior knows what is the procedure of our foes,
Well he knows to mingle poison amidst sweets and sherbet.
Worthy is the son who is capable and wise,
He will be awake to his enemy's tricks and wiles,
He will take for his guide generosity and courage.

Those of lofty minds spare neither themselves nor their fortune ;
 Alas ! O Ashraf Khan, no such resolution was thine ;
 All the tribe was at thy call, but thou hast neither skill nor boldness.
 To the Moghal they betook them, great the dishonour of Ashraf,
 Great was my misfortune, great was that of each one else's.
 While the country was deserted, great the fear of the Moghals ;
 Again when it was peopled, great their need of that same land.
 They wrote then to the Emperor of the course Jagram had taken.
 Quickly to Cabul did he bear away Ashraf Khan.
 Then at this was roused to Bahram his sense of injured honour ;
 All my tribe did he collect to Narai and there he stood,
 'Tis not the nature of the Falcon that fruitless swoops he should engage in ;
 No real Falcon he, though like one he appeared.
 A captive I in Delhi was in the bonds of so much trouble,
 Five months, a little more, passed, and I yet remained in prison.
 Then the son of Meer Jamal to the Emperor in private
 Presented my petition on the strength of Meer Khan's favour,
 Thus said the Emperor, that " that man will I release,
 His wife and children if with speed he summon hither."
 This order he gave, then Amir Khan wrote a letter.
 I remained a prisoner, but my household they brought to me.

Heard was that order by Saadat and Meer Baz,
 One by one they came and told me of the fact.
 It was the month of Safar that all three like hawks
 Took their flight to their own land at my dismissal.
 They went to their own land in twenty days straight on end,
 But one of them never reached it, my confidant was he ;
 Though to the West was turned their faces, to the East they said their prayers.
 Their way was to Kerbela for closed to them the path to Mecca.
 How shall I relate these long and tedious stories ?
 Sad indeed the facts, short the summary should be.
 All, both men and boys, whom I had well protected,
 All whom the Kings of Persia had carefully looked after,
 Scattered were they on all sides, afflicted with sore troubles ;
 It was the will of Heaven that companions they should be of woe.
 Day by day fresh the treatment which is devised by Fate,

No confidence is there in its fondling or favour;
 At one moment it to the ground dashes down the mighty,
 Again, him lying in black dust it promotes to lofty place.
 In the stream it founders him whose boat is stout and strong,
 Yet from the midst it bears him who knows not yet to swim.
 What can I do? To whom complain? No confidant is there of mine;
 To whom shall I now call? There is none to hear my cries;
 Do I change my path, my way is still stopped by Fate.
 Would no fate were there, or that I were not thus noted.
 The manly are in misery, the base are now in favour;
 The mistress is in tatters, the maiden in full dress;
 He who is a fool now eats the baker's cakes,
 While the wise and true have not an onion even for a relish.
 In the house of the loyal there is hardly an old carpet,
 Scarlet are the cushions in the homes of the liar and the spy.
 While other birds wander in the gardens midst their sports,
 A prisoner is the one endowed with plumage or with song.
 The horse's back is galled with the saddle and hard riding,
 The ass braying prances at ease within its stall.
 How shall I tell you if it is truth or imagination?
 Stop these speeches, Khush-hal; and shorten thy narration.

I know not what to do since Heaven protects the base,
 Would that my hand could reach him, then soon would my wrath be cooled.

- • Twice was my home at Surai broken up; once when I was imprisoned.
 Again when Saadat, and when Mir Baz arrived.
 Once defeated and pursued they fled to Hangal,
 And again they took refuge in Sekra of the Akozais.
 Yet their swords were not red with blood, nor were sword cuts on their heads.
 Abandoned by my sons were my country and my tribe,
 I in Hind, a prisoner, and Ashraf Khan in Kabul.
 All my wives and children were put to shame in Sekra.
 Came then to the Emperor from Kabul a written message,
 " Devastated is the land of Surai, great the ruin that has been wrought it;
 " Everywhere are your forces encamped as guards throughout the country,
 " The road to Surai is seized, on the passers-by we fire."
 Joined were Usufzaies against the Khataks to raid in Surai,

Some ponies they collected and mounted in the morning ;
 Good God ! What a ride was that, its like was never seen ;
 Good God ! What a fight was that ; where were the wounded then ?
 Gone was my fame and honour from the confidence of the Moghal ;
 " Disloyal " was the name they gave me who had ever been loyal to them.
 The lands that had been given me on the frontier of the Punjaub
 The Emperor's edict went forth that resigned they should be from thence.
 Is it the weary march, or the battle, or the victory ?
 Everything befalls man as is ordered by the Fates.
 Whilst these were the deeds of the present, another concern was mine ;
 Let no one injure another, but leave him alone to his fate.
 I, in the food of the Usafzaies, had been as the bitterest poison ;
 No other object was mine in the service of the Moghals.
 Many their chiefs and warriors whom I had slain by the sword ;
 Alas ! for the time that is past, no profit is there in regrets,
 How could these things or misfortunes occur to the mind of a man ?
 Yet it was God's will that things should be as they were.
 Shabash Khan attempted to retrieve his tarnished honour ;
 Then came the Usufzais, and sore were the straits he was in,
 With them were the Baezaies and the Raurazies, they marched together.
 My tribe, both great and small, fled to the other side of the river ;
 They betook them thence to Sekra, in number a hundred houses,
 But the other Khataks of mine remained undismayed in their homes.
 What calamity God has wrought me to separate me from my house,
 And that my brothers and friends were divided amongst themselves.
 All were in lamentation, in tears were the young and the old,
 Astounded was all the world at the evils that befell the Khataks.

God is of that aware which to no one else can be known ;
 A prisoner am I, may I never be freed if that which I say is false.
 Whether my own people or strangers, whether my friends or foes,
 On none had I evil design, nor thought I of injuring them.
 Whatever I was to their face, behind their backs such was I.
 No such a thought was ever mine as of flattery or deceit ;
 Never had it been my policy to oppress or injure another ;
 Nay ! sharp had been my warnings to those that were tyrants known.
 Whoever was my subject, whether poor or a stranger,

My conduct towards him was such that no trouble should be from me.
 Whether gold or ornaments mine, or land, or other wealth,
 All have I bestowed amongst my family and my friends.
 The enemy I of those who were heretics or untrue ;
 Filled was my heart with good will towards the learned and the devout,
 Ill the designs I had upon the faithless and the rebellious ;
 Filled was my heart with anger at the enemies of the Emperor ;
 Passed as had been my life in loyalty and honour :

- In no one action of mine was any treachery to the Moghals ;
 My father and grandfather had sacrificed themselves for the sake of their honour to them.
 No other Pathan was there whose honour was equal to mine,
 And yet my son was in prison, and I from my country an exile ;
 And how many ills fell upon me without fault or error of mine.
 Scattered and dispersed, where has my family gone ?
 All plunged in distress, parted and scattered are they,
 My country is in confusion, my cities are inhabited but by name ;
 Wandering through the whole country my people are filled with laments.
 In Delhi was I imprisoned for months in sore distress,
 Now in Rantipur a lonely captive I lie.
 No concern has the Emperor Aurangzeb upon my state ;
 What though his people are ever in groans at his tyrannous ways ?
 Not mine alone these tears, there are many that are bitterer than mine.
 Twenty the Provinces of Hind, in them on every side is trouble and grief.
 All who are Nobles or Chieftains in each province,
 Some are captives and in bonds, and others are full of distrust.
 In Rantipur alone two hundred are there in restraint,
 Many the other fortresses in which the prisoners are without number.
 The first of all upon whom his vengeance he wreaked was his father,
 Now after him he pursues others, what matter whether great or small ?
 Pale be the faces of those who say that the truth is a lie,
 There is not a soul in the country who wishes the tyrant well.

When coming here from the Deccan his standard he raised aloft,
 By his violence and treachery many had he brought to ruin.
 First with Murad Bakhsh an oath and engagement he made,
 Then to Oojein he came, and Jeswant Singh he defeated ;
 Then he came to Agra, and dark was the day for Dara.

Shahjehan he imprisoned, and deprived him of all his retinue ;
 Again Murad Bakhsh he reconciled to Shahjehan,
 And then to Mooltan he bore his standard in pursuit of Dara.
 Then came he back again, and trouble he brought on Shuja.
 It was in the battle of Kajwa that put to flight was he.
 Then again Dara fought with him in Ajmere, more or less ;
 With his face then to the West Dara Shah fled in fear and confusion.
 He was taken by the Chief of Jun to his house for design of his own.
 Thence was he sent to Delhi where his head from his body was severed.
 Again Suleman Shekh, the honoured son of Dara,
 The Rajputs gave up to him, and trouble thus fell upon him.
 His eldest son fled to Shah Shujah, and then in terror was he,
 But he separated them from one another by many a wile and deceit.
 Next in intrepidity to Shah Shujah was his brother Muazzim,
 But him he expelled from his home, now who knows where he draws breath ?
 Such is the grief that he brought on the house of his own father,
 Arabia and Persia alike were confounded at his deeds.
 All these disturbances occurred within only about two years,
 Then upon him was confirmed the Sovereignty of Hindustan.
 The year that this took place was two years less than 1070,
 When he on the throne of Delhi placed his steps.
 It is either the retribution of his father, or else the decree of fate,
 Or from pride in his rank, his nature has been perverted.
 There is nothing but cries and lamentation on his tyranny and oppression.
 Were there many more years like this, the whole world would be stript of life.
 Thus, to all appearance, determined is he on deceit,
 Yet by all professions a very patriarch is he.
 If you consider but his actions, his designs, it is to destroy yet more, the tyrant !
 Who has heard of such deeds amongst the descendants of Adam ?
 His own father he imprisoned and then slew, such mercies his,
 And ever all his thoughts are bent upon his own advancement.
 No question does he make of the state of the poor and oppressed,
 It is alike to him in judgment, whether one is guilty or blameless,
 Such is our Emperor, such his justice, such his conduct ;
 Yet, please God, no favour may be shown the tyrant on this earth.

All the story that I tell you is carefully considered by me ;
 There is nothing befalls us but by God's will and our own fate.
 Where is Dara Shah ? Where his splendour and his treasure ?
 Where his thundering at Delhi, his armour and his shields ?
 What of Aurangzeb ? What his security ?
 What of his equipment and his armies all disordered ?
 He came into Agra with a shroud upon his head,
 Scattered were his armies, and Delhi in confusion.
 When fortune favours one, then verdant are his fields,
 Bloom alike the roses in the meadow and the desert.
 When fortune favours one, though he were enclosed in steel,
 Wealth will enter to him through the doors and through the windows.
 When fortune turns his back, though the wisest of the age,
 All his wisdom profits is to burn the proceeds of his harvest.
 If fortune turns his back, not even the pearls of Aden
 Are worth in the market the seeds of the Bramble-bush.
 The action of the stars is not proved to any one,
 Through the twelve worlds he wanders, but nowhere finds he rest.
 Either part he plays alike whether that of thief or watchman,
 Some he frights to death, and some he slays with the sword,
 How can I relate to you all his treacheries and wiles ?
 None are free from molestation, whether young or old.
 When I overlooked him, as I did, from head to foot,
 He is all nothing but empty vanity, in this I tell no lie ;
 He is all one thought of self, "I" and "we" are all his words,
 Every word is full of treachery that comes forth from out his mouth.
 May evil be his end, and the fate of Yezid upon him !
 May the curse remain upon him as of Hussain and Hassan's death !
 Fixed indeed will be a period to his waywardness and wiles,
 But boundless through all time will be the hatred he has gained.
 What though wealth and fortune wait upon his skirts ;
 When has ever the base been the master of high place ?
 He who by disposition has been born of filthy nature,
 Never will he be clean, though all day he wash his body.
 What though the raven flies from forth the Eagle's eyrie,
 A Raven he remains, however sharp his claws.
 He who counts his nature pure and noble in its essence,
 God forbid that such an one should rejoice in his father's ruin.

May God promote those objects on which my heart is set.
In some deeds was I mistaken that my treacherous uncle I exalted.
Again that I his daughter to a mighty Noble betrothed,
Again that for myself I kept neither silver nor gold,
And again that for myself I built not a strong fort upon a mountain,
And again that I was proud of my valour and my service,
And again that by bribes I did not dupe the Moghal,
And again that when I could I did not seize more land,
And again that to the Usufzais I fresh strength bestowed,
And again that I imagined that the Ghorikheyls were true Pathans.
Yet to bestow one's all upon one's people is wise nature.
God will guide the current through the natural streams of water.
These words which I have now uttered from my mouth
Let all of them be written in men's hearts.
Be it Draughts, or Chess, or Backgammon, say I,
If all these and such be learnt, there is good in it.
Whoever in such matters is raw and inexperienced,
He yet in course of time may change his ignorance for knowledge.
Be thou not self-confident in thy own skill and wisdom.
But learn from every one who is abler than thyself.
They tell how Buali was full of confidence in his wisdom,
And yet in many matters a fool was he called by men.
No man indeed is he who is guided by every one's words,
One must work with trust in God and not watching each man's eyes.
However dear the Mistress whose eyes reflect your own,
Be thou not misled to trust her in her friendship.
How sweet the sight of loving eyes with their fringes of dark lashes,
But fail thou not to blind them if they look askance from thee.
A comrade may he be called who goes not beyond his friend,
No companion he who goes now in front, now behind.
When once a man's mouth is accustomed to bitters,
The bushes of the cactus and the radish seem to him sweet.
There are some who by continual reading gain their information,
Some in their mother's wombs are taught, and then are born.
Two hundred and twenty are my verses, eleven are their stanzas,
With these in Rantipur I solaced my heart's anguish.

Great was the splendour and beauty of Delhi ;
 On all sides magnificent its buildings ;
 Splendid the Bazaars within the City ;
 Every luxury was there procurable :
 From great canals were streams to every house ;
 Its market covered not less than near an acre.
 Of the Monarch's Audience Hall what shall I say ?
 For his sleeping-room was such that my mind was quite astounded.
 When Shahjehan held open audience of his subjects,
 In his Durbar were the Seventy-two peoples represented.
 Had it but the breezes of Irak and Khorassan,
 Jealous, indeed, would Paradise have been of Delhi's rivalry.
 That glory which Shahjehan gave to Delhi,
 When had any other Sovereign bestowed on it such glory ?
 The foundations of Delhi, from whose hands they were,
 Time after time, too, who exercised Sovereignty in it,
 Each one will I now by name relate to you,
 According to what his nature and his character was.
 The Chohans first laid Delhi's foundations :
 Three hundred years did they reign over it ;
 The first Mahomedan King of Delhi was Mauzuddeen,
 Whose stay in Delhi was but for one year,
 When Delhi he took from Pathora,
 Great the trouble that this labour cost him ;
 When Pathora's head he severed from his body,
 Five hundred and eighty were the years of the Hijra.
 Then after him came Kootubuddeen, his slave,
 Whom in Hind he had left as his Viceroy.
 After him came Shamsuddeen, who was his son,
 Famed was he for justice amongst his people.
 After him came Feroze Shah, son of Shamsuddeen,
 Whose equal in liberality was not found in Hindustan.
 After him came Razi, daughter of Shamsuddeen,
 And happy with her were soldiers and subjects all alike.
 After her came Mauzuddeen, son of Shamsuddeen ;
 Great was ever the fear his enemies had of him.
 After him came Nasruddeen, son of Shamsuddeen,

Who was famed for his humanity and kindness.
 Then was Alauddeen, the grandson of Feroze Shah ;
 Great his character for justice and devoutness.
 Again the Sultan Jelalooddeen ascended the throne,
 Who by descent was of the country of the Ghilzais.
 After him was Kootubuddeen, son of Alauddeen ;
 Devoted to folly and luxury was he.
 After him came Tughlak Shah, greatest of all ;
 Nurtured had he been by the Ghiljie rulers.
 After him came Sultan Mohammed Shah, son of Tughlak Shah,
 In whose times the peoples dwelt in ease.
 Then Sultan Mohammed Shah, son of Feroze Shah,
 Who seized the Kingdom from his brother.
 Then the Sultan Ghayasuddeen, son of Feroze Shah,
 Who ascended the throne in the lifetime of his father.
 After him came Secunder Shah, son of Mohammed Shah,
 Who remained on the throne but a month and a half.
 Then his brother Nasruddeen ascended the throne,
 Great need had he of hardy warriors.
 After him upon Hind burst Timur Shah,
 To Khizr Khan he gave the Sovereignty.
 After him was Sultan Mubarik Shah, son of Khizr Khan,
 Whose sanctity was apparent from his brow.
 After him Sultan Mohammed Shah, who was his nephew ;
 During his reign Pathans were held in honour.
 Then the Sultan Alauddeen, who was his son ;
 All whose time was spent amongst his women.
 Then Bheilole Lodi became the King of Delhi,
 Who remained on the throne for twenty-nine years.
 After him Secunder, Bheilole Lodi's son,
 Whose practice was in accordance with the faith.
 After him came his son Ibrahim,
 Who fought with Baber at Panipat.
 After him was Baber King of Delhi,
 Who was indebted to the Pathans for his place.
 After him Humaun, Baber's son,
 Whose armies and wealth were without bounds.

After him Shah Alam, son of Hassan Soor ;
 Defeated at his hands was Humaun.
 After him Islam Shah, son of Shah Allum,
 Whose daring was even greater than that of his fathers.
 After him came Adil Shah, who was his cousin ;
 Disgraced were the Pathans during his reign.
 After him came Akbar, son of Humaun,
 Whom victory accompanied wherever he went.
 After him Jehangir, son of Akbar,
 During whose reign Hind was like Paradise.
 Now the King is Shahjehan, son of Jehangir,
 Who had been formerly in Balkh and Badakshan.
 I Khush-hal have narrated this, yet I am no Poet.
 Employed in it I tried what I could do :
 Had I art of Poetry and verses,
 Many are the praises of my Emperor I should have sung.
 When through Hind I wandered, then to myself I said,
 " It is long I have been thinking of this history in my mind."
 If of this story the date you ask of me,
 Hear by all account it is the year of Kurshat.
 This poem I began at midday prayer,
 And by evening prayer it had been completed.

To me the whole of Delhi's city was as a garden,
 While were with me Shahbaz and Saadat Khan ;
 But when they departed, and left me there alone,
 Hard indeed my lot, as death this separation.
 Since from their sight I have been cut off completely,
 Now I say indeed it is as though I were in a prison.
 My household is as a garden, and I the gardener ;
 It is not strange that in the garden the gardener should be happy.
 But when from the garden which he loves the gardener is divided,
 That separation on both sides is equally hard to bear.
 If but a flower of that garden should meet the sight of his eyes,
 To the gardener's heart comes joy every moment that he beholds it.
 See upon the paper the picture of Majnun's features,

I like him am now but skin and bone, an empty spectre.
 To each one in the world one time comes the hour of dying,
 I, without death, die not once, but every day.
 Unjustly have I become Aurungzeeb's captive in prison ;
 God is alone who knows what was my charge or crime.
 In myself I know no crime, it is by God I swear it ;
 But by others the tales that are told, many and lying are they.
 The nature of my fault is by me unknown entirely,
 But I see that my own excellence has been the cause of my ruin.
 As I was firm and honest in deeds and in good intentions,
 No other Afghan was there in the service of the Moghul.
 To Sovereigns there should be compunction of heart,
 Honour and self-respect, as well as justice and consideration ;
 For to whom can one appeal against the decrees that they give,
 If upon oppression the heart of the Sovereign is bent ?
 Such trouble as on my tribe and family there fell,
 May there never such happen to Hindoo or Mussalman.
 When the discernment of their own honour is lost by them,
 It is of their own power the ruin that Monarchs cause.
 If Aurung Shah keeps on ever such course of action
 As now he has taken in hand, God preserve us from its end !
 Either it is in this year or next year that people will hear
 That rivers of red blood will full and flowing be.
 What indeed am I ? But there are others who will act like me,
 Countless are their names, the lords of the mountain lands.
 He who had no compassion on his father, nor yet on his son,
 How will he stay his hand on any one else in the world ?
 With pride is he intoxicated, and standing erect in his folly,
 On high is fixed his gaze, as though the Heavens were his goal.
 He that seeks of him justice, his answer by sword or by club,
 What time that in his court the injured appeal for redress ;
 Never so much does he ask as why are your actions thus ?
 What though the Chiefs in his country are murdering great and small ;
 A Governor's word is worth more than twenty witnesses,
 To their decrees do his Judges forge his signature ;
 His procedure is all by bribes, without interest is there nothing,
 If one would gain for one's object some result ;

Is there any one whose nature is ill-suited to these means?
 Midst his court he wanders helpless in despair.
 To the Physician yet say nothing, O Khush-hal!
 For it is God the all-powerful who alone will cure thy ills!

When the time for the bloom of the roses comes,
 Gentle are the showers that are falling on the meadows ;
 Whose fortune is there that can rival his,
 Whose steps lead him to wander through the gardens ?
 To-day good luck is on my side :
 May my destiny be ever so friendly to me,
 That my stay should be in such a lovely spot,
 As famed like it is none other in Hindustan.
 Had the Abdal's eyes but lit upon this place,
 All other regions would they have forsaken for it.
 Midst its meadows the waters wander wildly,
 Through its turf the streams run ever on ;
 With such pure and limpid waters,
 How it triumphs over Cashmere's Shalimar.
 Men's eyes brighten, and their hearts rejoice,
 As the water of its fountains sprinkle round.
 As the water rises now, then falls again,
 One would say that round it pearls are strewn about.
 Where the fountains of white marble are found planted,
 Lovelier far that spot than Iran's vaunted scenes ;
 Thou wouldest say it was the thundering of the Heavens,
 Where the river pours its waters down the falls :
 If there be that cross the bosom of the lakes,
 They would say that on a mirror is their way.
 On the waters are the wild-fowl ever diving,
 Before the Palace seated one enjoys the Falcon's sport.
 One would say they are the flames of Nimrod's fire,
 So scattered are bright Tulips through the mead.
 The Roses there their charms have wove together ;
 Like a warrior armed, their spears are by their sides.
 All around are the meadows in full bloom

Of the Iris and the Lily, gallant show.
 In that garden flowers are there, they are not scanty,
 Of all their number, what tongue is there can take account?
 Be they Roses, or Violets, or Tulips :
 By their sight is my heart now soothed to rest.
 May I devote myself to the Creator of these works,
 Since from his mighty hands such beauties have been produced.
 All its trees rise as though in rivalry with the Heavens,
 Overtowering all is the lofty Deodar.
 Of countless natures are the tunings of the birds,
 When from the Deodars their concert loud is heard ;
 From the tuneful pipings of these minstrels,
 Not from the breeze, come the rustlings of the trees.
 In it of snowy plaster a mansion fine is placed,
 Through every room in which the splashing waters run.
 Three hundred are the paths that run amidst it,
 Each one whiter than the whitest linen robe.
 The mildness of its breezes is beyond all description,
 Were one ill for eighty years there, would one soon be well ;
 Were the old men to remain there, soon would they be youths,
 Such is my belief in the power of its breeze.
 A building such as this would find its place in Paradise,
 Were its guardians but aware of these delights.
 All its praises are far beyond all count ;
 Were I to relate them, it would take up a book.
 By Asaf Khan were its foundations laid,
 Now by Khurram's orders is the work proceeding.
 It was the thousand and fifty-ninth year of the Hejra,
 The twelfth day of the New Year, I wrote these verses.
 Since from Khush-hal has come such lengthy speech,
 Good sense forbids that extended it should be !

What though fed have I been on the salt of the Mogul's !
 My heart is bursting with Aurung's scorn and evil treatment.
 Unjustly into prison did he cast me for many years ;
 God knows what was my fault, of it no knowledge fine.

Black is the Mogul's heart towards all us Pathans,
 Well am I acquainted with each one of their designs.
 The true coin and the base to me are clearly known,
 In their actions of their purport a touchstone true am I.
 Was I an Eagle or a Falcon in the sight of Shahjehan,
 That to Aurung as a Crow or Sparrow-hawk I should be?
 The life that before it sees but its own dishonour,
 He who leads it, at such a life astounded am I.
 Fire take their titles and their service then I say,
 Since in the Mogul's eyes and understanding I am despised ;
 Maddened now am I that my name and honour are in question,
 Though no care is mine for the gain or loss of countless wealth.
 Who with the greed of food rushes on the hook,
 Think not that I am such a foolish fish.
 No remedy is there for any one against Fate's decrees,
 And yet I am more cautious than an old wolf.
 To those who can discern I am as true as the ruddy golden mohar,
 By the test of the undiscerning I am valued as a straw.
 The world as yet knows nothing of my merits,
 But I speak truth, as the apple of the eye am I ;
 Far greater my worth than the flowers of the Champu,
 To the ignorant as the Sunflower devoid of scent I seem ;
 Like the falcon is my eye on noble quarry ;
 No Sparrow I that feeds on worms and grubs ;
 A Tiger I whose feast is on his victims ;
 No bullock I that grazes on the plains.
 My beard is growing white, dear to me are faith and honour ;
 Were I to deal otherwise, a pitiable creature I should be.
 If people turn their back on me, no care is mine ;
 For many have been blistered with my true speeches.
 All that happens is by Fate, no profit in belief or knowledge,
 Thus it is like a kite I am driven by the wind.
 Every Pathan that takes the Mogul's service,
 More experience mine than ever can be his.
 When in the Mogul's service, my title was that of Lord :
 Now that no title is mine, as an Angel free am I ;
 No care is mine for his decrees or his permission :

Praise be to God that my will is now my own !
 No care is mine for his Court nor yet for Council ;
 No longer is my watch at his upstart nobles' gates,
 No witnessing, no signing, no reporting mine,
 No care is mine for bonds or yet decrees.
 Every fool that made me bow my head,
 His head have I well bowed with blow of sword and mace.
 If to the evil I am niggardly, what can they do me ?
 Like a bright star fortunate is my destiny ;
 Every day is to me a holiday of independence,
 What though others weep ? I am mad with joy.
 Enough for a Pathan his rug and blanket ;
 No care is mine for couches or for cushions.
 Freedom is mine, though plain and coarse my clothes ;
 Relieved now am I of velvet and of brocade ;
 A grass-built hut is now so dear to me,
 I had rather be seated there than in Palaces of stone.
 What though my food is only soup and curds ?
 With the wealth of the Moguls my chests are full.
 The opposition which I have resolved it is for faith and honour :
 Were I to waver in my design as a girl, I should be doomed.
 By none have I been wounded, by guns or yet by arrows,
 I that have been struck, by my own rifle has it been.
 Cut to pieces are the Buttikheyls, who were as the pinions of my wings.
 Now with the clipped wings of the Baraks is my flight ;
 The feathers of my flight have I shed like the Falcon,
 Yet think not I am as a bat with no feather in my wings.
 My true brothers indeed are the Turis, such is our relation,
 From the Bolaks am I removed hardly a finger's breadth :
 With lying deceitful words whose object is dissension,
 They are betraying me, for they think me as a boy,
 I spit upon the beards of every one amongst the Baraks,
 And on my own too if of such am I.
 This day has my tribe dealt very hardly with me,
 But yet no yielding mine, whatever God's will may be ;
 On me have the Khataks turned their backs, for this may their faces be blackened !
 For I alone am their champion, in the support of God is my trust ;

Yet were there any ties of brotherhood or kindness betwixt us,
 Great should be my hopes from the parentage of every one.
 The Mohnunds should be the feet and hands to assist me as I am crippled ;
 Well pleased am I with support from the Afridis.
 Many streams when joined together will make a river ;
 Now to all appearance I am helpless as a bubble.
 There are the Karlanrai and Sarbunni, many Pathans are there,
 I, in the cause of honour, am associate with them all.
 That so much favour has been accorded me by the Heavens,
 Grateful indeed am I that such its decrees should have been ;
 For now my age is passed beyond three-score years and more,
 Yet in pursuit of a foray as an Usbeg staunch am I.

It is for the Afghan honour that my sword I have bound beside me,
 I Khush-hal Khatak am the only proud Afghan of the day !

Come and listen to my story,
 Good and bad is told in it ;
 Warning it contains and counsel,
 Let the wise take note of this.
 I am Khush-hal, son of Shahbaz ;
 Of a warrior race I am sprung.
 Shahbaz Khan was Yahya Khan's son,
 Few so active and so bold.
 Akoray's son was Yahya Khan,
 Master of the sword was he ;
 Skilful was he with the sword,
 With the bow excelled he more.
 Once his eye had marked his foe,
 Soon his place was in the grave.
 Ready ever for fight or banquet,
 Kind was he and generous.
 Under the constellation was he born
 Which gives birth to noble men.
 Not yet entered in the world
 The priests had long foretold his birth.
 In the Emperor Akbar's reign

He became chief of his clan.
 Those who sat with him at table
 All like lions were fierce and bold.
 Stained with blood the grave received them,
 All his officers and chiefs.
 Numerous was his family with him,
 All brave hardy warriors they ;
 Of one mind in all their actions,
 Jealous each of fame and name.
 The thousand and twenty-second year of the Hejra
 It was that to this world I came.
 Fifty years had he completed
 When was martyred Shahbaz Khan.
 The Emperor of his time was he,
 That discerning Shah Jehan.
 To me he gave my father's place,
 Of my tribe was I the chief.
 Were it war or gifts they wanted,
 Lacking they found nought in me.
 Thirty thousand Khataks mine,
 Each one to my word intent.

All my wealth I spent on armies,
 Or the feeding of my guests.
 Had I a hundred in my house,
 A thousand went on feasts and sport.
 Every Khatak in my Chiefship
 Famous was throughout the world.
 Did I find one low in trouble,
 Raised I him aloft in joy.
 Every sort of entertainment
 To my fill I revelled in ;
 Were it horsemanship or hawking,
 Or the garden's peaceful joys.
 Gold I counted in my eyes
 As the dust of the desert.
 He whose thought is on his honour,

Soon that gallant becomes poor.
 Yet from the Emperor Aurungzeb
 Full vengeance took I for his bonds.
 The sword's impress I printed clear
 Alike on Hind and Mussulman.
 Why should I, though, boast myself ?
 Others let them tell the tale.
 The Emperor's bitter foe am I,
 Whether my path through hill or plain.
 The Pathan's honour, dear to me,
 Though they have joined the Moguls ;
 Like the dogs they stray about
 Seeking for the Mogul's scraps.
 Now of seventy years I am
 In the month of Ramzan.

As before, in my heart of them no sign was seen,
 Now from forth it what deeds does the world behold ?
 Through Lachee and Choutra did I wander,
 But now is my way to Maidar, the Afridi's home.
 As the Falcon circling round surveys the mountain on both sides,
 Again is now my glance upon the mountains of Swat.
 When I gave up the titles of the Moguls, thus pleased was I
 As would be a captive from the bonds of long confinement.
 Such rare determination as is mine,
 No other Afghan will be born the same.
 Could I but find one other patriot at my hand,
 Far from my heart with him would fly all my griefs.
 To the Mogul then would I such deeds make known,
 That pleased would be the soul even of Farid Khan.
 In God's strength will I conquer, He will help me,
 What though in the battle Satan himself were my foe?
 Whatever the work to which a brave man binds his heart,
 Though as a piercing thorn, as a flower it will result.
 Even if he were an angel, trouble would be his lot,
 Whoever's fate has made him companion of the base.

He whose intelligence is weak, it is well for him
 That to another's guidance he should bend his way.
 No longer now to-day's design will I defer until to-morrow,
 For what guarantee to man is there of to-morrow's life?
 He who sleeping laughs, waking finds good cause for weeping ;
 In the friendship of the foolish the advantage is but loss.
 One spark alone is required to fire a village,
 It takes but one word to drive all trust away.
 Come, Cupbearer, pass the tankard, it is my turn to-day,
 See who knows to-morrow, whose turn it then will be.
 Aurungzeeb the Emperor has come raging to Lahore,
 See until to-morrow what the lot of all will be.
 As the meadows need the rain and the breezes' favouring influence,
 It is to those that show them kindness that the people will be true.
 Go, speak not of the changes of the month or of the seasons,
 Every day to us does Providence stranger changes show.
 Many are they to-day who boast to you of their friendship,
 But your life they seek to-morrow, for your foes they are become.
 In the world there are but two choices which honour offers,
 Either to lose one's life or to succeed in one's design.
 I am looking for the struggle of the Falcon with the Raven,
 Streams there are of blood that 'twixt them will flowing be.

May none be so acquainted with the tyranny of fate,
 Many are the griefs that I bear now in my heart.
 They that formerly lay prostrate at my feet
 Now on my head do they plant their footsteps.
 They who had ever expectation from my kindness
 Rain now upon me their bounties and obligations.
 They who have recovered of the wounds of which I healed them,
 Laughing are they now that I am in need of cure.
 To what purport shall I ply them ? Who cares for their merit ?
 Burn them in the fire, those black pens of mine.
 And yet it is not I alone that regard my country's honour,
 For many are the Pathans on the mountains and the plains.
 Let them then all give up the Mogal's treasures,

Or I, too, in my turn, will offer my hand to his bribes.
 He that eats the Mogul's pottage, a dog indeed is he ;
 How can I make mention of the names of such as these ?
 Are they Khataks? Are they Bangash? Are they Wurrukzais?
 May their houses ne'er be free from their mournings for the dead.
 Would that I had vengeance taken for my rage and my distress,
 Or that I had abandoned all hope for my own honour.
 With my enemies what fault have I to find,
 When from beneath my feet my own people draw the props ?
 May an unnatural son never grow old in any one's house,
 Who would vie against his father in his schemes.
 The Poet has no eyes to his own faulty verses.
 It is thus that with mistakes his writings must abound.
 Surprised indeed am I at how it leads me on,
 This strange art of mine they call devilry and magic.
 When the time comes for the grave I will lay me down with weeping,
 Such have been the griefs of this heart of thine, Khush-hal.

Gone have thy companions, they have marched to their last halt ;
 Still how sound asleep thou stayest, Q! that careless heart of mine.
 From non-existence into being, and from life again to death,
 Hasten on the Kaffilas, band succeeding band.
 The road through bogs and quicksand, on a sorry steed thou'rt mounted,
 See than thee those better mounted have failed to make their way.
 Plunged in this world's torrent, no hope thine of finding footing,
 Many those that sought to stem it, but they never found the shore.
 From the fury of its waters to the bank thou ne'er wilt reach,
 None are there who know its margin but the dwellers on that side.
 All the profits of this world are vain and empty burdens,
 Whose is greatest do thou not consider him a gainer.
 To its decrees bring resignation, whatever thy lot may be,
 Nothing can be averted by prayers or incantations.
 Look at thine own hands and feet and consider well,
 All these are proofs of the knowledge of God.

Say thou ever, " Well do I recognize God's Unity."
 If in God thou place thy trust, have no regard for follies.
 Besides God, come tell me, who is there that has created
 Human beings from black dust, with such form and qualities?
 Be not like the beasts who live but for food and sleeping ;
 In the world of action be not less than thy inferiors.
 In the matter of thy interests how alert and watchful art thou !
 Yet in that of thy religion how drowsy and careless !
 Be not proud of thine own beauty, though handsome as a flower,
 Time will in a few days wear away thy face.
 Let no one hope for good of those of evil nature,
 No one will taste the sweets of honey from the bitter of the Nightshade.
 The words of the man who takes no action on them
 Are like a horse that is parted from its rider.
 The man who acts not on his words is as it were an ass
 Laden with precious books, all his labour is in vain.
 He whose words and actions correspond together,
 Then every word of his has effect whenever he speaks.
 In the good sense of what thou sayest no lack is there, Khush-hal,
 Were thy actions but as sensible, why shouldst thou have been thus troubled ?

What is man, and what his fortune ?
 Everything is ruled by Fate.
 Were all the world a sharpened sword,
 All men on thy death intent,
 Without fate thou wilt not die
 By the sword nor yet by bullet.
 Without fate there comes not death !
 Wield the sword then, have no fear ;
 As the youthful warrior's actions,
 Such are not wrought by the old.
 The soldier martyred for the faith

Has no fear for Hell hereafter.
 The Rose is ever the Bee's prey,
 Whether in Cabul or Cashmere.
 A hero he whose deeds are chanted,
 Whether in songs or funeral dirge.
 The sword's lot is thine, Khush-hal,
 By descent thou art used to it.
 For seven generations before thee
 Died thy sires by sword and bullet.
 Thus I do not wish to praise myself,
 True my speech, as all well know.

Art thou wearied in thy search
 That from this life's hopes thou'rt parted ?
 Countless blessings round thee spread,
 Ask but and thou shalt receive.
 As thou seekest, thus thou findest !
 Nay yet more shall be thy share.
 Who would ere taste honey's sweetness
 If the bee's sharp sting he feared ?
 Still more early seek the Healer

For thy cure from this world's wounds.
 In no Faith is now my trust,
 Though each Faith and Creed I know.
 Wounded by each shaft I saw
 By myself the bow was drawn.
 No fear have I of harm from others,
 So no harm comes from myself.
 Where's the good in promised blessing ?
 Has ten now with thee my meeting !

In wealth and joy are many friends,
 In grief and trouble where are they ?
 Spring nor autumn last for ever.
 Mark well Destiny's previous course !
 Heard my prayers and freed my troubles,
 Heaven fresh ones brings on me.
 Trust thou not in this world's friendship,
 Time will change the choicest friends into enemies.
 Those whom I scarce looked at, so high my rank,
 Now from them insulting speeches I hear.
 He who has been fed on sugar and honey,
 To his taste the Ber will never equal the Date in sweetness.
 Never will he attain to the dignity of the royal turban,
 However much a man place ruby-studded slippers on his feet.
 While I live, O ! teach me to forget it,
 In the grave I will think over thy treatment.

Many are they that I remember,
 Who have come and passed like wind ;
 Still others come and pass on,
 There are none that stay behind :
 Wonderful indeed is this workshop
 Which the great Artist has produced.
 Look thou well upon that bubble,
 What its lasting and its stay.

Thus art thou, didst thou but know it,
 In the dust thy pattern see.
 Naught dost thou know of thyself ;
 Ah ! how sad the thought to me !
 What art thou concerned about ?
 Be thou just as glad thereafter.
 What troubles hast thou seen, Khush-hal ?
 Sure thy heart is made of steel.

If but once thou receive kindness from any one,
 For that once put twenty injuries of his behind thy back.
 A traitor yet deserves no pardon,
 Though forgiveness is becoming towards the true.
 The fault of a brother is no fault at all,
 Mercy is befitting to the mistakes of one's friends.
 If from thy friend thou receivest bitter words,
 Do thou give him smiling a sweet and pleasant answer.
 Make no acquaintance or friendship with a mean man,
 From such wilt thou never obtain real friendship.
 From the disturber of thy country do thou never stay thy hand,
 However much the priests may entreat in his favour.
 A true man will keep his faith as long as he is alive,
 The word of the unmanly to-day is, to-morrow is not.
 They are counted as beasts, no men are they,
 The herdsmen and shepherds, who lead flocks and herds.
 He who tells thee thy faults, a true friend is he,
 And talks not to others of the faults that are thine.
 What though men and fiends would slay thee? Thou wilt not die
 Until the day of thy fate has arrived.
 There is not one that is dependent on my will,
 With words of friendship in their mouths all do their own wish.
 They who desired my death have all died themselves;
 I, behold! am yet alive and remain in this world.
 The warrior thinks not of his own deeds of valour,
 Yet the blind man is convinced of his own beauty.
 Discernment, respect, and modesty become a man—
 It is these three qualities that distinguish him from a beast.
 He who is born of noble nature from his father and his mother,
 In him will no real baseness be seen.
 If one bring up a kid on the milk of a dog,
 Like a dog in the end will his bleat become a bark.
 Tell thou every one this saying of mine,
 However sweet the grass, sweet soup it will not make.
 However much one may counsel and advise him, it is no use,
 Who is born so from his parents, ill-advised will he remain.

The wise man conceals many faults by his wisdom,
 The fool by his folly shows his few to the world.
 He that lays not his own burden on others, but bears theirs,
 Such is the man that is deserving of praise.
 He in whose heart the torch of wisdom is lighted,
 To him day and night are both alike bright.

Repentant am I of my sins, O God !
 Ashamed of all I have committed.
 Disgrace me not now that my beard is white,
 Though when my hair was black sinful was my nature.
 Give me now the power and grace for prayer,
 No hope have I but in thy mercy and compassion ;
 From thee ever proceedeth favour and pity,
 Tortured am I now at the thought of my offences.
 The world is not acquainted with the nature of my actions,
 It is I alone that know what my deeds have been.
 No Jew or Infidel is there whose behaviour is so vile
 As I know myself to have been in word and deed.
 The Hindoo even rises at midnight for adoration,
 Yet feebler am I than he in the practice of devotion.
 With a thousand other thoughts in my heart I bend my knee in prayer :
 All through my life it is thus my devotions have been said.
 Naught have I gained by worship, nor yet by pious actions ;
 In those I could not avoid how listless have I been.
 I have never cared for right or wrong so that it pleased me.
 When have I had concern for the lawfulness of my food ?
 Many are they whom I have consigned to the grave,
 Even now am I eager to slay yet more.
 My passions make right wrong and wrong right to me,
 I remain ever helpless against their promptings.
 My nature is as that of the seventy-two heresies from the Faith,
 Though in my professions I am of the band of the True Believers.
 In the torrents of my lusts I plunge myself,
 In the fortress of desire have I myself secured.
 If in observance of rites consist true Muhammadanism,
 Happy for me, for then perchance I am a good Mussulman.

Satan and my passions are in ambush at every breath,
 Till my last breath shall I ever remain in terror of them.
 My virtues scarce as gold, my vices are like pebbles ;
 Black dust upon my head, what though some gold is mine ?
 The faith of his own chosen has God bestowed upon me.
 However much in practice of my deeds I am ashamed.
 Whatever messengers or books have come from Heaven,
 With all the prophets I agree to them.
 He who produced both worlds is without associate,
 Firm is my faith in that article of belief.
 Convinced am I there will be a Day of Judgment,
 I know well that from Thee comes good and bad.
 After death comes life for human creatures ;
 On all these points from heresy I am free.
 My prophet is Mahomed, son of Abdullah,
 Devoted am I to his Companions and four friends.
 The Imams of the desert all were in their rights
 Until the Mahdi comes, of all I am the servant.
 They who are the enemies of his Companions and offspring,
 Root and branch am I prepared to destroy them with the sword.
 The masters of the religion are four, they are not five.
 A Hanafi of the Suni faith I am in my belief,
 I cannot bear Thy punishments, pardon me !
 To Thy threshold have I come, and there I wait.
 What though I am full of sin and swollen with pride ?
 Of Him whose attribute is mercy am I, Khush-hal the slave.

O God, do Thou not rend the curtain from my soul,
 Display not Thou my faults before the eyes of all the world.
 On the path that is that of virtue and good name,
 On that path do Thou lead me straight.
 Whatever actions are for the good of the world and of the Faith,
 On such actions do Thou ever keep my mind intent.
 In this world may my heart ever contented remain,
 May all trouble abide far from it.
 My passions and the Devil are ever at my side,

Show Thou to me clearly these two traitors.
 However great the faults my hands commit,
 When I repent, do Thou remove it from me.
 Grant unto me such sincerity of repentance
 That never may I go back again from it.
 May mortal sin be forbidden me as the flesh of swine,
 And venial as that of mouse or rat.
 My evil dispositions do thou take from out my heart,
 For such it is that drain my heart of blood.
 Grant me Thy power and Thy guidance for devotion,
 I am Thy slave, of earth am I and helpless.
 In my account with Thee no claim is mine for freedom,
 Yet do Thou resign me for one moment to Thine own mercy.
 When parts my soul from forth my body,
 Do Thou bear me away to the sight of Paradise.
 Such that both the heavenly writers may be satisfied with me.
 To such a grave do Thou consign me.
 Keep Thou ever ruddy my face with the spirit of independence,
 Let not my cheek be ever pale in expectation from any one.
 The walls of my faith surround me on all sides,
 Guard Thou in safety its fortresses and towers.
 Keep me in Thy favour ever while in this world.
 Give me no family or descendants void of honour.
 Time for Thee is ending, be no more careless, O Khush-hal,
 Few are the days and nights that now remain to thy account.

Of Thee I seek for aid, O single and undivided God!
 Be but Thou my helper, then will all my work succeed.
 Thy helpless slave am I, yet Thy mercies I will praise,
 Ever will I repeat Thy praises while remains with me the power.
 Thy praises are without number, more numerous than the sand of the desert,
 Who is there that can count the sand or reckon its number?
 Neither Age is Thine nor Youth, as Thou wast so Thou remainest,
 As Thou wast, Thou wilt abide through all Eternity.
 The earth, the seven heavens, the two worlds, human creatures,
 All hast Thou alone created without any help from others;

All the worlds hast Thou created by Thy simple order ;
 The Creator of all these worlds art Thou, yet has none created Thee.
 Whether white or black all is witness to Thy unity,
 For Thou encompasseth all, whether white or black.
 All thy works are lovely, in beauty and goodness are they fashioned,
 Whilst such as are wrought by us are sometimes good and sometimes bad.
 Our misfortunes are our own fault, for hard is to us right conduct,
 Yet art Thou not such as closest Thy door to mercy.
 Thou askest of my conduct, does it agree with my speech ?
 Ah no ! but Billal's stammering confession of faith was more acceptable than that of others.
 Untutored is my speech, unfit medium for Thy praises,
 By Thy grace will it become fitter, O Eternal Single God.

When from Libra moves the Sun,
 Winter then displays his banner ;
 See his flag the Star Canopus
 Which now stands forth in the skies.
 Weakened by the summer's heat,
 Fresh and strong becomes the world ;
 Keen desire for food returns,
 Sweet the taste that water gives.
 Side by side with arms entwining,
 Lip by lip, the lovers sit.
 Welcome now is heavy clothing,
 The prancing steed the saddle takes ;
 Yet the youth feels not his armour,
 Nor the steed his trapping's weight.
 He whose heart is for the chase,
 Glad is he this time has come.
 From the north the wild-fowl trooping,
 To the south their way are making.
 From Swat now returns the Falcon,
 Like travelled Jogis coming home.
 By the radiant moonlight marching,
 Scream the Herons in the skies.

Geese and ducks are all around us,
 Countless are the water-birds.
 Leaves his hills now the rock-partridge,
 On the peasant's grain to feed.
 Is it falcon, hawk, or kestrel ?
 On each the sportsman lays his hand.
 Some are forth in search of hunting,
 Others seek the garden's show.
 The Cent-foil opens wide its blossoms,
 Brighter than Saffron's tints are they.
 Many are the colours of the Abasi,
 White and yellow the Arghawan.
 The flowers of the Champa spread their scent
 To the top of every bush.
 Bright as is their show of verdure,
 Still greater that of the sweet Basil.
 With its young and tender branches,
 Mottled show each tree presents.
 The Bulbul now and Parrot too,
 Call with joy from every side.
 Than this season's joys wilt thou
 Greater hardly find in Heaven ;

To me in truth I say this season
 Takes the prize from that of spring-tide.
 Before me now for months lies freedom,
 Beyond spring nothing but restraint.

Welcome art thou to Khush-hal,
 O Yaman's star, I live by thee.
 When thou shonest forth thyself,
 Then my happiness is full.

Two things are there that I love most in this world and in myself ;
 In myself my two eyes, and in this world all fair creatures.
 From the perfume of their tresses I am as one distracted ;
 Ever will he that has been snake-bitten be thus beside himself.
 Looking at the beauty of fair women I have found my God,
 Short is the distance between metaphor and fact.
 When I gaze at a lovely face my eyes are never sated,
 Every hair upon my head becomes as though an eye with looking.
 Those of evil nature know nothing of love's troubles ;
 What knows the fly of the torments of the moth ?
 Hope not to escape from the slaughter of her sword,
 Hers is no more compassion even for those that she has slain.
 The punishments of God are, each one, charges brought against us,
 Many are the sufferings this world has brought on me from love.
 A lovely face is as a rose, my heart forthwith becomes a bulbul,
 The bulbul in distraction hurries wherever the rose may be.
 Give me tears of blood, O ! my heart, when I would weep,
 Such have been my sorrows that no other tears are mine.

If thou consider poetry in its nature is no harm,
 The only fault in it is that some make foolish verses.
 He who makes verses without rhythm and without measure,
 No poet is he, his are howlings of the dogs.
 Persian poetry have I learnt, I have the taste for all ;
 Pushtoo poetry I prefer, each one thinks his own the best.
 In measure, in meaning, in nicety, in metaphor,
 Have I the Pushtoo language made to rival with the Persian.
 The Pushtoo tongue is difficult, its measures hard to find ;
 Few are they that have come to me, though great has been my labour.
 There is no one that has taught me the art of Pushtoo poetry,
 The Mirza who wrote verses, it is long since he was dead ;

The book of Akhund Darweza I have read from end to end.
 In this there is no measure, nor are verses to be found ;
 The wise know well their value, what should the fool know of them ?
 Pearls of speech are they which I, Khush-hal, have strung together ;
 Liars are all who say that such as I have written in Pushtoo,
 There are any other such verses, or ever have been before.
 I am not always pleased at my own verses, yet what can I do ?
 My heart drives me against my will, at times I am impelled to it.
 For twenty years past the cauldron of my poetry has been seething,
 Not till now is it fit for use, that my life has past sixty years.
 If my rival on my verses place his finger in criticism,
 Whatever faults he finds I forgive him for them all.
 In poetry any purport if there be, it is this,
 That under cover of it, the poet may tell of noble actions,
 Plain may be the overcoat that hides the brightest dresses,
 Like gold-washers have I brought gold from simple earth.
 Two stanzas and two measures have thesec verses if you see,
 In the month of Safar, one thousand and eighty-one it was I wrote them.

Are there two hearts that are united, they will part in two a mountain,
 To the union of two natures how many joys succumb ?
 Black must be her tresses, dimples she must have and jewels ;
 The face that is a fair one all men love to gaze upon it.
 They who sincerely in this world love one another,
 Trouble and good fortune to them are all alike.
 People curse the Devil as the source of every evil,
 Yet it is their own passions that rule all in their actions.
 A hundred troubles round, the result of our own passions,
 Two hundred our cupidity prepares before our face.
 He who portions sugar, many those that flock around him,
 Each one as he takes his share puts the other to one side.
 Blest indeed is concord, where hearts and wills are joined together ;
 Where there are disputes two-fold troubles will be theirs.
 Let each mortal's prayer be, " May I need nought from another ! "
 Yet is there no Monarch that has not his times of need.

Give a man a rose and a simple flower will please him,
 What cares the bullock or ass if his load be made of flowers ?
 Khush-hal's follies have become thus conspicuous in the world
 As the call of the Muazzin from the lofty steeple's summit.

Surely those are not thy checks which thy raven tresses cover !
 Rather these are fresh shoots of the hyacinth lying amongst roses ;
 Long has been my search for thee, at last fortune has favoured me,
 Such a mistress have I found that all men's tongues are in her praise.
 Was it Kais or Wamak ? Was it Farhad or Khusru ?
 All who knew love's troubles, a thousand blessings on each.
 Mortals are but fleeting, there are none but those remaining
 Whose names amidst this passing world are told in future stories.
 Tales of others ! What are they ? To thyself they warning give.
 Look thou at the candle, how it weeps at its own laughter !
 See then, wheresoe'er I be, in whatever part I wander,
 Cut from thy dark tresses lie these locks upon my heart.

He who in his old age longeth after youth,
 Say to him, "What dost thou that thou mockest at thy shame?"
 He whose years are many and joins youth and age together,
 Better than his case is that of the wild rue.
 Now so gorged at table that his power is gone of eating,
 Yet insatiable he turns his eyes on the food that is before him.
 In their designs, in their behaviour, in their deeds,
 Suspicious are all men of one another.
 Now my beard is white, why should I fear death ?
 Gone have all my friends, though their hair was black, before me.
 They whose orders the whole earth lay under,
 Come and look at them now beneath the earth !
 Man is but shifting sand if thou look well at him,
 Thus it ever changes, rolling round and round.
 Fate's furnace many times have I with my own eyes witnessed,
 I, Khush-hal, know well that it burns both green and dry.

I was going on my way, when a lovely being met me,
 Coquettish were her glances, and her smiles were bright as day.
 Sure her form was of a woman, but her nature of a fairy,
 Like silver was her body, but her heart was hard as stone.
 To the town we entered, hand in hand with one another,
 Then from me she parted, now I seek her to Bokhara.
 Many are the tokens of the beauty of her person,
 How can I tell you by what signs she may be known.
 Tall and bright-complexioned, in her stature like the Cypress,
 Brighter than the roses is the colour on her cheeks ;
 Her teeth are pearls and diamonds, her lips sugar, arched her eyebrows ;
 Her dark eyes are as javelins striking death from both her eyes ;
 Her nose is like a rosebud, as the jasmine white her chin,
 Like musk are the moles on the sweet face of my fair one.
 Of jewels she wore a necklace and a double string of pearls,
 Raven were her locks, and her hair's perfume like Ambergris ;
 Rose-coloured, gold-embroidered, is the raiment that she wears,
 Like a light her beauty shineth ; has no one seen her ? Tell me, pray.
 Favour me, O my good fortune, as thou didst when she came with me,
 Show me now the footsteps of my loved one that is lost.

I said, "If I come to thee, wilt thou greet me with a kiss?"
 Said she, "Hast thou a thousand heads that thou askest this of me?"
 I said, "Thy raven tresses are like so many black cobras."
 Said she, "Why trust thyself within the cobra's reach ?"
 I said, "In what fashion then shall I approach thee ?"
 Said she, "Without sword can head parted be from body ?"
 I said, "I ever wander in distraction in thy search !"
 Said she, "Wise art thou, why then thus disgrace thyself ?"
 I said, "But for a moment let us two be happy together."
 Said she, "Where are those others in whose company thou wast pleased ?"
 I said, "Proud as thou art, know that there is God that sees thee."
 Said she, "If I am proud, what to thee ? Why talk so loudly ?"
 I said, "I am the lover of that lovely face of thine."
 Said she, "For God's sake why thus thrust thy love on me ?"

I said, "If I die at thy door it is thy doing."
 Said she, "Would that thou diedst so my dogs would cease from barking."
 I said, "It is naught thou knowest of the love that I bear to thee."
 Said she, "What care for love the men of the Khatak tribe?"

Like thee is there no other fair one in this world,
 Thy gait is of the partridge, thy eyes are like the peacock's.
 Now is the time of early spring, all the meadows are in bloom,
 It is the Creator's unseen power that has all these flowers produced.
 Thou art like a falcon, go not forth to prey my heart on,
 As drinks the hawk its victim's heart-blood, thus dost thou, or as the Leopard.
 Other men are free from trouble, I am ever plunged in grief,
 No love is that, but torment, yet I feed on it by stealth.
 Wine there is, the harp and pipe, bring hither, too, the tankard.
 Spring lasts not much longer when is passed the sign of Taurus.
 Here I sit beside the stream and watch the running waters,
 Like life's tide they flow so quickly, these are now my thoughts.
 If thy mistress keep her own faith, what matters that to thee?
 It is the test of true affection, take thou her faith for thine.
 The love of Majnun increased far more for Leila
 In proportion as the people hated him on her account.
 The hope of Khush-hal Khan is as from the gardener in his garden,
 Who gives to each one quickly the flower which he has chosen.

Come listen, thou hast heard it, famous is that saying,
 That which has gone from the eyes has gone from forth the heart.
 I die when thou art from me, my life thou art, didst thou but know it.
 Go thou not then from me, stay thou ever by my side,
 Lost is my good fortune when thou lookest upon others,
 Found again is it when on me thy glances light.
 Thy beauties without rival, greater each than those of Leila,
 Me have they made like Majnun by their sight, O thou enchantress!
 Many are the fair ones with eyes like deer and forms like fairies,
 Yet is there none like thee, so coy and yet so sprightly;
 Thy lips they are like rubies, thy teeth pearls, on hearts thou feedest,
 That little mouth of thine is as a casket of fine jewels.

"L" and "p" then lisper, that my lips may print it on thee,
 Happy times we spend together, let us thankfully enjoy them.
 Many monarchs are there who are slaves of their beloved ones,
 Thou it is, O God ! that this power hast granted to the fair.
 Ever with how much thought dost thou ridicule Khush-hal,
 Now thou makest peace, then war, now kind thou art, then angry !

Both her lips has she now parted,
 Pearls she pours upon her lover.
 When I look upon thy face,
 No wish is mine for flowers or garden ;
 The Rose from shame forgets to blossom
 When it looks upon thy cheeks.
 May good fortune now betide me,

I am waiting for our meeting.
 Whether faithful they or false,
 Breathe not once upon my rivals ;
 Take one glance but in thy mirror
 If the choicest flower thou'dst see.
 To whom complainest thou, Khush-hal ?
 Who is there that hears thy plaints ?

Since my sight fell on those dark eyes of thine,
 Never can I forget those lovely eyes of thine.
 Of the hawk's are they ? The peacock's or the falcon's ?
 Or of the soft-eyed antelope ? the glances of thine eyes ?
 As the lambs crouch hidden in the pasture,
 From the shade of those loose tresses look those gentle eyes of thine.
 As the armed trooper stands, his lance in hand beside him,
 Thus are standing the long lashes round those warring eyes of thine.
 As one who has drunk wine, thus intoxicated my being
 When I gaze upon those languishing eyes of thine.
 Whether they be Priests, or Devotees, or even Recluses,
 On each one's heart they feed, those cruel eyes of thine.
 Whatever thou wouldest gaze on, look thou well upon it,
 O Khush-hal ! while there is power of seeing in thine eyes.

I am a drinker of wine, why does the Priest quarrel with me ?
 Our natures are made by Fate, would that I could make his like mine !
 Well dost thou say, my adviser, blessings upon thy speech ;
 Well dost thou mean, but by words hast thou ever yet turned the torrent ?

Those have gone to Heaven who had neither knowledge nor sense,
 Others have gone to Hell whose excellence was their boast.
 Of what profit to Abujahal the words of the Prophet Mahomed?
 Who will polish the mirror that God has covered with rust?
 The Monk who sits in his cell, tell me what thereby is his gain?
 Why dost thou thus straiten this spacious world for thyself?
 I would have love's troubles whatever may be my religion.
 They are but thine own words that thou tellest thus to me.
 Hither come quickly, minstrel, and raise the New Year's song,
 Sweet heart-soothing strains bring from the lute, the pipe, and the harp.

On every side are flowers, the Anemone, Narcissus, and Hyacinth.
 Foolish in his design who would go elsewhere than to the garden.
 Some there are who with ample provision set out in search of Thee.
 Others are they who seek Thee with but a cloth girt round their loins.
 In Judgment mayest Thou, O God, test severely each man's practice.
 For now Thou art kind to my foes, but to me Thou art hard as stone.
 All the armies of Delhi have come intent upon my death,
 Yet art Thou not yet resolved on Khush-hal's death : Thou hast compunction.

The minstrel now attunes his lute afresh,
 New tales he tells us with each chord he strikes.
 Let the Monk stay in his cloister, I will wander through the garden ;
 See the flowers of Spring are calling loud to me.
 The beggar's mind is full of thought to stay his hunger,
 On the Monarch weigh the troubles of his State.
 What will be her kindness when she once comes to love me,
 Now that in her coyness such gentleness is hers ?
 When with her I am Khush-hal, yet am I saddened
 As one who is grateful to yet injured by another.
 If this be no sign of my good fortune, what else is it ?
 That to my rivals she shows such dislike.
 If delight in gazing on the fair ones be a fault,
 Then is Khush-hal a criminal throughout his life.

How destly has she curled those two long tresses,
 Forthwith all men's affections are distraught.
 Her black locks are as a chain, her face the Kaaba,
 With both hands seize those locks if thou wouldest make the Haj ;
 If but once it be that chain fall in thy grasp,
 Ever will it bind thy heart in happy state.
 Boast thou of the blessings of true affection,
 When from thy heart thou hast expelled all strange desires.
 My fame and honour I have squandered in thy cause,
 In return what wilt thou grant me for my pains ?
 If I speak of sweetmeats, this is my intention,
 That though with hard words thou shouldst give me yet some kissses.
 Now has Khush-hal's heart completed its desire,
 Since thy glance's sword has pierced it through and through.

Praise be to God from me who from nothing brought me into being,
 Other of his creatures He made made me not, of Adam's stock am I sprung.
 In descent from father to son a follower of Mahomet am I,
 In the mission of the Four Friends I am a firm believer.
 Full rightly do I know that there are four divisions of the Faith,
 On the sect of the Hanafis firmly my hopes I bind.
 Great is the regard in my heart which he has implanted for the learned,
 And but little heed has He granted me for the religious teachers of the day.
 No Drunkard or Gambler or Debauchee am I,
 Nor yet Judge or Lawyer, whose only thought is for gain.
 The lot of the sword He gave me, by birth a Pathan am I ;
 Of no lineage I, lacking wealth or following,
 Gory was the shroud in which my father went to his grave, and all my ancestors ;
 Many there were that died with them, spread o'er the world was their blood.
 My father Shahbaz Khan, liberal as Hatim was he ;
 His heart like that of a Tiger, more skilled in the sword than Rustam.
 Steadfast was he in the Law, and upright in every deed ;
 No reader or writer was he, yet wiser than they that are learned.
 How shall I praise my grandsire, Paradise is now his abode.
 Sound like Joseph was he from head to foot.
 Were another mounted, he on foot was level with him ;

Such was his form and stature, and his valour was in proportion ;
 My other grandsire was Malik Ako, who in the land of the Khataks
 First gained for us the mighty place that is ours.
 Thirty years have passed that my father died a Martyr,
 Slain by the Eusofzaies, but with fire I harried their homes.
 Other Pathans there are many, but their chiefest warrior am I ;
 I seize, I grant, I bind, I loose, as my pleasure moves me.
 Many there are of the clans that with me have waged feuds,
 But not till their head before me they had bowed did they escape from mourning ;
 Alone amongst all it is the Yusufzaies that have put me under obligation,
 Still among the Akozaies dwells the true old Afghan spirit.
 When I in the year of Aghad fell into Aurangzeb's bonds,
 My family and household was left very helpless amongst them,
 For many years was I imprisoned in Hindustan,
 I reached my home uninjured and from the tyrant's oppression was I freed.
 All who sought my death in prison every one
 Have died or been ruined and impoverished, from ill have they not escaped ;
 Like Joseph freed from bondage, the ruler of all I became,
 Unalloyed gold did I prove, the fire did not lessen my value.
 Ashraf Khan is my son, who collected my scattered household,
 For when I was led prisoner, my family was dispersed,
 Four-and-twenty others are mine, but the greatest of all is he,
 May they all prosper, God preserve them from every evil !
 Already have I five grandsons, there is Afzal and Ashraf Khan,
 May God prosper them, great are my hopes from them.
 One real brother had I, he has passed on his way to heaven ;
 Two other brothers are mine, one gallant, another a coward.
 My home is in Malikpur, which people call Surai,
 To Lakhi on hill and on plain are scattered my house and my clan,
 Twenty thousand warriors are mine, all of one blood,
 All with one accord with their backs bent in my service.
 What of Shamsher Khan Turin whose following is only five thousand,
 No more is he to me than an unripened Turnip,
 How will he rival with me on the strength of only his title ?
 What is the power of the Lamb to rival the might of the Lion ?
 Bad luck to the Yusufzaies that a Turin holds rule among them.
 Were the Teal now to harry the Hawk, what fault would be found with him ?

Most trusted friend was I of the Emperor Shah Jehan,
 Folly was it in Aurangzeb that he dealt so hardly with me.
 I can scarcely draw my breath, yet there is none that can lessen my pain ;
 For a wound I have in my heart that no Doctor or Ointment can heal.
 How many thousand warriors have been idle for how many years,
 Had my heart not been ill at ease my purpose had never thus failed me ;
 Should twenty years yet pass, still that object will not be accomplished,
 As things are now going on, see what will result from this trouble.
 That which Shunsher Khan in so many years brings about,
 I in as many months would have settled right firmly the matter.
 That treachery and deceit which Hayat Khan's art is,
 What is there manly in that ? the wiles of a woman are such,
 Where is there knowledge and discernment ? blind is the world indeed,
 Since thus it honours a woman with the title of Chief.
 This writing and letters which Hayat Khan calls the work of the Devil,
 Shall ever pour curses on him from tablet and from pen ;
 The honest truth speak I which is well known to all,
 If I am indeed no poet, what value in praise or in blame.

From whence has to us this Spring-tide returned,
 Which on all sides has spread us a garden.
 See the Anemone, sweet Basil, the Lily, the Hyacinth,
 The Jasmine, Narcissus, Wild Rose, and Pomegranate ;
 Many are Spring's flowers, of all kinds are they,
 But conspicuous amongst all is the Tulip.
 The maidens place bouquets of flowers in their bosoms,
 With bunches of flowers are the youths' turbans dressed.
 Come, Minstrel, draw the bow across the violin,
 Come, Cup-bearer, bring tankards brimming over,
 That with the joy of wine I may be filled.
 The Pathan youths again have dyed their hands,
 As dyes his claws the Hawk in the blood of his prey.
 Blushing are now their pale swords with red blood,
 In Summer how strangely the Tulip bed has blossomed,
 Acmal Khan and Darya Khan from death God preserve them,
 Never have they failed me at the time of need.

Khaibar's pass have they reddened with the blood of the foe,
 In Krappa is the roar of their cannon still heard,
 To Krappa to Bajore straight the mountains
 Have been seized with quakes and trembling time after time.
 Five years now are passed that in all these regions
 Of bright swords every day the flashing is seen ;
 The first fight was in the lofty ridge of Tahtar,
 When scattered were forty thousand Moghal foe,
 Their sisters and daughters became captives of the Pathan,
 Their horses, camels, elephants, and baggages.
 The second battle was with Mir Hussain in Doabah,
 Where crushed was his head as of a snake.
 Again after that was the fight of Naushahr,
 When drunk with the slaughter of the Moghals was I ;
 Then came the fights with Jeswant, Singh and Shujaa Khan,
 On whom Acmal brought destruction in Gandab.
 The sixth fight was with Mukarram Khan and Shamsher Khan,
 Whom in Khapash Acmal scattered to the winds.
 These are the fights worthy of men that I remember,
 Of the contests of boys on all sides is no account ;
 Every victory has been ours up to now,
 For the future we must trust to the Omnipotent.
 Now is a year that Aurangzeb is camped against us,
 Haggard in his features and wounded in his heart ;
 Year after year it is that fall his nobles,
 Of his armies destroyed what account is there ?
 The Treasures of Hindustan have been scattered before us,
 Swallowed by the mountains has been his ruddy gold.
 Still of the Emperor's folly there is no lessening,
 It must be that from his father is this infatuation ;
 Between him and us there is no result apparent,
 Save that either the Moghals be removed or else the Pathans ruined.
 The Pathan who holds any other idea, it is futile,
 Except from the sword no other relief is there ;
 The Pathans are more skilled in the sword than the Moghals,
 Would only a little more understanding were theirs,
 Would the tribes but be of one mind amongst themselves,

Emperors would prefer to bow down before them ;
 I alone amongst them am concerned for my nation's honour.
 At ease are the Yusufzaies cultivating their fields
 The Afridis, Mohmunds, Shinwaris, what are they about ?
 Spread is the Moghal army in Nangrahar,
 With calls for succour to them am I wearied,
 Deaf are they, no attention is paid to my cries,
 While all the other Pathans from Candahar to Attock,
 Are openly or secretly combined in honour's cause.
 Sweeter to me far is death than such a life,
 As is passed from day to day without honour.
 Ever in this world will he not be living,
 But yet of Khush-hal Khan will the memory abide.

Until his vengeance he has wrought upon his foe,
 Neither sleep, nor food, nor rest knows a true man.
 Who has no concern for his own honour,
 Little respect will be paid to such an one.
 If ability and honour and pride be in him,
 Consider even a slave better than his lord.
 Slowly his steps planting he mounts upwards ;
 With one bound no one mounts up to the roof.
 By careful search, if thou relax not, believe me,
 The water of life wilt thou find in thy pursuit.
 Every day is not quite like another,
 Sometimes time brings pain, sometimes its cure.
 Twixt manliness and meanness is no sympathy,
 Distinct from one another are they in thought and action,
 What is within another's reach is his own ;
 A man himself holds the reins of his own fancy.
 Who by birth from his ancestors wields the sword,
 Well befits him the trade of the unbending glaive.
 My grief at Gunbut came from forth my heart,
 When at Doda God granted me my desire of victory.
 Abad Khan is one to whose face victory hastens,
 In every place his father's name has he renewed ;
 May God grant he rival his father in life and name and deeds,

May his hands over the enemy ever be victorious ;
 Let his enemies beware of him if they be wise,
 For his sword is a Dragon blood-drinking ;
 Since God has given them such a valiant brother,
 Let all his brothers make their boast of him.
 The work of armies is no such easy task,
 That by every man it can be ordered well ;
 He who has but a few lucky hairs on his head,
 Ever will victory hasten to his face.
 Who truly spends all in gifts and feeding,
 Before him ever bow their heads mankind.
 The Tiger's share is the neck of the blue Bull,
 The Jackal, Fox, are feasted with the scraps.
 The deer of the plain by a single hound is captured,
 The yelping cur wanders through the village in search of food.
 The Fort of Doda he made all red with blood,
 In Doda was there slaughter of great and small.
 The Fort of Doda was no such easy task,
 That the thought of its conquest entered people's heads ;
 Right on the top of a mountain was it firmly planted,
 Stronger than those of Kohat were his fortifications.
 By God's order such a victory was his,
 That accomplished in two days was his object ;
 The work of seven forts was by God's order
 One after another completed in a week.
 From terror on the Heavens trembling fell,
 When of Bahram's sword the clashing was heard,
 From the smoke of the slain by the rifles
 An eighth heaven there appeared grey in hue ;
 The spears of the Khataks thus pierced the chain-armour,
 As runs the Tailor's needle through the tent cloth.
 The lance-armed horsemen of the Khataks
 Overthrew the Bangash riders root and branch ;
 Many youths were twined in wrestling in that fight,
 No lack was there of swords and arrows ;
 Sadar Khan till then a fight had never seen.
 In that fight his spear he dyed red with his foes,
 Of Gunbut all the grief went from my heart.

Were it of defeat, wounds or reproaches,
 Stinking was the earth with the stench of the slain,
 Who were cut to pieces in Doda by the sword.
 The lot of the Bangash is the Peaks of Pali;
 Now let them put their swords within their sheaths.
 He who leaves his own trade for that of others,
 Than him no greater fool will ever be.
 What though the stag is fierce in battle, he forgets to fight
 When from the Lion his head a blow receives.
 Had the Bangash had any honour, never would I have cut
 Out of their full garden a single almond.
 Of the dishonour of the Bangash this was the punishment,
 That on their flesh are feasting the wild beasts.
 Every man who quarrels with his master
 Will at length meet the punishment of his deeds.
 Such grief and lamentation came upon them,
 That bright day to the people of Kohat became as night.
 In the fight of Doda again was filled with wine
 That goblet which in Gunbut had emptied been ;
 In that fight countless plunder became ours,
 Of lovely maidens, fine horses, and valuable treasures ;
 With their black armour, bows, and sheaves of arrows,
 Every man of us was fitted out with arms.
 There were six or seven thousand Khataks in that fight,
 Every one of us was rejoiced with booty.
 The reports of this fight will spread through all the country,
 With its glory will every Pathan be rejoiced ;
 When of this victory the report reaches Hindustan,
 Loud will be the Emperor's plaint to great and small,
 That when Pathan honour is disgraced he is delighted—
 Such a King of Islam is Aurangzeb.
 In the change from the constellation of the Lion in the year 1091, in the month of Rajab,
 On the third day after the fight, I began this poem :
 Words written on paper remain,
 That is why I have committed this story to writing.
 Mayest thou ever have such victory over thy enemies,
 As in that fight was mine, God be with'you !

Astounded am I with my view of human nature,
 What deeds they are capable of, for their passions such dogs are they ;
 Such actions proceed from their nature
 That the Devil himself would neither think nor mention.
 Ever the Koran spread before them are they reading,
 But little is their practice according to the Koran.
 Whichever way I go in search of them,
 Like the Elixir undiscoverable are the wise.
 A good man like a Ruby or Sapphire is not easily found ;
 Like other stones no lack is there of the worthless.
 It may be, in other nations good men are found ;
 But few and far between amongst Afghans are they.
 What good is it to say words of advice to one ?
 Even to his father's counsel he will scarcely hear.
 Every deed of the Pathans is better than that of the Moghals :
 Concord is what they lack, the pity of it !
 From Bahlul and Sher Shah's words I hear
 That formerly the Pathans were Kings of Hind ;
 For six or seven generations was their Empire thus,
 That all the world was confounded at them.
 Either these Pathans are different or something else has happened,
 Or else God's orders have been such as they are ;
 If only the Pathan could find the blessing of concord,
 Old Khush-hal would again a youth become.

What greatest of all blessing is,
 No else can it be than sound health.
 He whose lot this blessing is,
 From head to foot is favoured he.
 If thou its value knowest not,
 The greatest fortune is good health.
 In thy frame thy life alone
 Than all the world more precious is.
 Hadst thou no life, but ownedst the world,
 Nonentity would be its meaning.
 This world is like a mystic phrase,
 The interpretation of which is thine existence.

That they should be interpreted,
 Of mystic phrases is the purport.
 Of the happiness of thy body
 The pivot is all centred in health.
 He, whose body enjoys not health,
 To him his wealth as rubbish is.
 Illness in one's home's a trial,
 How much more in exile!
 My foot pains me so severely,
 The moment that passes is as an hour.
 My horse is going slowly on the road,
 A fall from it is grievous luck.
 Since though my head's injury has fallen on my leg,
 In this some comfort is for me :
 Even for this must I be grateful,
 For than every evil there is a worse one.
 I said the worst is over, but now I see
 That worse ills yet remain for me.
 I said, Now indeed Fortune is kind,
 Yet on me its violence falls.
 Hindustan is now like Hell to me,
 Which to others Heaven is.
 A prisoner came I to this land,
 For some few months I cheerful was ;
 Hard for me as was imprisonment,
 Greater trouble than that came on me.
 Every day to be obliged to attend the court ;
 Consider what a hardship that !
 Another's orders are torture to him,
 To whom his own will has been customary.
 No kindly kindly friends are here,
 Nor pleasant intercourse with others ;
 I can neither give nor seize,
 Nor exercise authority.
 No longing or desire have I for the chase,
 Nor can I interest myself in anything else.
 Here no one asks of other's welfare,
 So ill-dispositioned this city is.

I reckon that there are only a few men
 Who are well disposed towards me.
 Akbar was one shared in my grief,
 But he is now engaged in his own pursuits.
 Whether it be Emperors or Nobles,
 Well know I what their condition is :
 No one wishes the other well ;
 So selfish they, it is like the confusion of the last day.
 I, that this poem composed,
 In Dehli was my stay ;
 The fourth of Rajab was the day,
 Of the Hijra the 1077th year.
 O Khush-hal! grumble thou no longer :
 If thou sayest more, disgraced art thou !

Saidst thou, "Grieve not, for I am thine, and thou art mine,"
 Me in truth hast thou waked to life, whether thou treat me fair or foul.
 What a lovely torment art thou, without rival is my loved one—
 Hadst thou not that one defect, that thy heart is hard as stone ?
 Were the world made up of beauties, on every side were fair ones ;
 Still were it astounding such a lovely one as thou shouldst be born !
 With so great slaughter art thou indeed not wearied ?
 What heeds the Executioner, if a thousand lives he takes ?
 When of thee I beg a Rose, of thy garden of thy border,
 If thou grant me but a weed, still I prize it as a Rose.
 So long as I thy slave live on, a captive of those locks am I,
 In a single hair of which a thousand hearts entangled lie,
 Whether they be boys or men, all in search of thee are wandering :
 In the city is there no one who is not in love with thee.
 Look thou at the Cypress ; in a moment it despised is,
 When thou movest in the garden with that lovely form and stature.
 Happiness is the Paradise to be alike, of Priest and Hermit ;
 Already from thy face in Khush-hal's grasp is Paradise !

Lo ! the early Spring has come, I apart from my beloved one,
 Alas ! Alas ! Alas ! without my sweet-heart goes the Spring-tide :
 Weep the Peaks and Mountains o'er the lot of parted lovers,
 No snow-born torrents those which now dash from rocky heights.
 It is the fire of wounded hearts which now kindles mountain forests,
 See the deep brown clouds of smoke which arise from Pine and Fir.
 Wouldst thou know the lot of lovers whom separation has divided ?
 See the Crane who from the flock bewildered wanders.
 No such sad complaints are heard as are those of separation ;
 Come, and list with me to the strains of bard and minstrel.
 No solace for my grief : far from that day each day adds to it ;
 Quickly come, my healer, lest I die, for Heaven's sake !
 The death of those that rival is fresh life to those that love :
 By God ! I swear these two things take place at the time of meeting.
 What though yet my breath remain, I am counted midst the living ;
 The illness that is incurable, what hope is there for the sick ?
 Human beings none are round me, but the wild beasts of the forest ;
 Thus no fear have they of the groans of the distressed.
 Such the grief and pain that I, Khush-hal, for thee have suffered,
 That whether friend or stranger, no one looks at me for scorn.

Glad to me the time when I fly to my beloved one ;
 It is to me as though to Spring's gardens I betook me ;
 Her hair has she unbound, I am sprinkled with fragrant musk :
 How shall I now again to any perfumer ever betake me ?
 May God grant me in my home that peerless black-eyed beauty,
 Now that she has favoured me ; to Farkhar why should I betake me ?
 The plaints of wounded hearts grieve those at ease and happy ;
 My anxiety is in this, lest to my grief I now betake me.
 Wheresoe'er the thorn is, there's the place of blooming roses ;
 Therefore with this hope to the thorn-bush I betake me.
 What witchery has she wrought me by her wiles, I am astounded :
 To my death should she be minded, yet to that cruel one I betake me.
 Countless are the tyrannies which she hath wrought upon me,
 Natheless, will I nill I, to that tyrant I betake me.
 Sweet indeed the loved ones which my eyes have gazed on,
 Now with bitter tears to their tombs I pay my visits.

Did fear but reach thy heart, how good it were !
 Hadst thou but pity on poor me, how good it were !
 I that for love of thee stand at the door lamenting,
 Did thy ears but hear my pleading, how good it were !
 Were they who blame me for my love of thee
 But acquainted with thy beauty, how good it were !
 Whoever to-day of purity boasts in this world,
 Did he but see thy face, pure indeed would he be and chaste !
 After death, were my grave in such a place,
 That o'er it lay my loved one's path, how good it were !
 At thy gateway many hounds and spaniels lie,
 Were I but one amongst them, how good it were !
 In thoughts of thee with this short life will I never be sated ;
 Were Khush-hal's life but longer, how good it were !

If but once her face shows from forth her veil,
 Lost will be for ever all claim of radiance to the Sun.
 The Tulips will borrow colours from her face,
 Shamed will be the Hyacinth at the sight of her tresses.
 Why do people lay charges against Fortune ?
 It is she that with her eyes the world hath desolated,
 Is it with the effects of wine that her eyes are thus flushed,
 Or has some one out of sleep awoke her too early ?
 The blood of hearts she quaffs in place of wine,
 Again for relish with it she takes broken hearts.
 The special fate of those slaughtered by my fair one
 Is that without question straight to Paradise they go.
 My heart is as a compass, fixed its bearing,
 It points ever to the Altar of thy eyebrows.
 Be not gladdened with her promises, Khush-hal :
 From the bubble what constancy does one expect ?

My grief is ended, now has come the time of gladness ;
 What time the flowers of Spring arrived, my garden bloomed :
 Quickly let us prepare to wander through it ;
 Go, tell the Nightingale that Spring has come.

Now too that of bright flowers it is the very season,
 Let the Minstrel tune his strains to rejoice me.
 It is his regrets and fears of Autumn
 That to the Roses now the Parrot discourses.
 Heavy was the load of Separation, God has lightened it,
 For now I rejoice again that the delight of my eyes has returned.
 Others have indeed their various festivals ;
 For me my feast is then what time my mistress comes.
 All sorts of bright garments does Khush-hal put on, a merchant he,
 When he enters the Bazar wherein is his mistress's face.

What though with tongue strives with me my mistress,
 In her heart with many a kindness treats me my mistress :
 When she comes and throws her arms around my neck,
 Far from me all trouble dispels my mistress.
 No need to her of a sword, a cold look is enough,
 If on my death resolved be my mistress.
 When the light of her beauty she displays to me,
 Just like a moth do I become before my mistress.

 A Beggar I, a monarch she, therefore it befits
 That to my devotion respect should pay my mistress.
 With every one she jests with open heart,
 But to me her heart has closed my mistress.
 A studded nose-ring is all that adorns her face,
 Satisfied with a necklace of black cloves is my mistress.
 To my rivals is she softer far than wax,
 But to Khush-hal harder than stone is the heart of his mistress !

The sword that is sharpened for the blow, is it or not ?
 The tresses that are curled for her own lover, is it or not ?
 Why sayest thou to me, " Look not on the fair ones ? "
 The eyes that are created for seeing, is it or not ?
 Let the Priest fast and pray, let the Gallant grasp filled goblets :
 Every man that is created for his own part, is it or not ?
 Saidst thou, " My lips' kiss is like a healing draught. "

The draught I seek from thee, for my heart's wound, is it or not?
 She drinks my very heart-blood, that is not for any other;
 My heart that was created for that cruel one, was it or not?
 Why dost thou bewail the black locks of thy mistress?
 It is of thine own self thou sought that black snake, is it or not?
 Compared to thy face as weeds appear they,
 Both the Rose and Tulip, beside thy cheeks, is it or not?
 Here is Wine, the Harp, and Flute, with thy mistress;
 Thy tablets in thy hand, it is to the garden thou hastest, is it or not?

Hard of heart, a cruel mistress thou,
 Tyrannical and heart-oppressing art thou!
 What though I thus loudly cry,
 Pleased art thou with this my grief.
 It is thou that hast wounded me, to thee I complain;
 Well dost thou know the effect of thy blow.
 It is to thee I look for ointment;
 Yet to my wounds as salt art thou.
 Ever to thee will I pour out my plaints,
 If it is that my wailing please thee.
 Let them their hearts for grief prepare,
 Who have fixed their hopes on thee.
 What can any one say against me,
 Since thou such a lovely idol art?
 Who herself her lover slays,
 Then makes lamentation over him.
 What fault has the lover committed,
 That thou art eager to plunder him?
 Sometimes pain comes, sometimes pleasure;
 Now art thou as a thorn, now as a Rose-garden.
 On Khush-hal hast thou brought distress,
 That by his rivals thou art seated.

The Tulip is unrightly compared to her beauty;
 The Musk of China is ashamed at the fragrance of her tresses;
 Her black eyebrows are a bow, their lashes are arrows,
 Every shaft amongst them has pierced the lover's heart.

Her two eyes in her body are as piercing swords,
 Ever are they warring with the hearts of those that love her.
 Thou wouldest call it a Negro selling sweets,
 That mole of hers which is on the side of her lips.
 The radiancy of her beauty is of a brilliant light ;
 The poor Lover as the moth that hovers round.
 It is the earring that alone has ever touched her ear ;
 It is the clove that alone has ever touched her nose ;
 In her beauty there is no single point wanting,
 Except that one defect is hers, that of stone is her heart.
 Each one's struggles are after his particular object ;
 Khush-hal's design is on her beauty.

My mistress has become reconciled again to my rivals, Alas ! Alas !
 To the words of my enemies does she listen, Alas ! Alas !
 Just for a few days kindness took its place in her heart ;
 Now merciless and cruel has it become again, Alas ! Alas !
 That Rose which I watered with my own heart's blood,
 Has become the companion of every weed and thorn, Alas ! Alas !
 With design against me she looks towards my enemies,
 Assenting to my slaughter is she, Alas ! Alas !
 Apart from thee my life's blood has been my food,
 Thus has my life passed, Alas ! Alas !
 Unhappy Khush-hal was in eager hopes of meeting :
 The captive of separation now is he, Alas ! Alas !

Though the maids of Cashmere are famous for their beauty,
 And those of China and Machin and Tartary,
 Yet the Pathan maidens whom with my own eyes I have gazed on,
 They would put all such to shame.
 On score of beauty, this is the sum of all their praises—
 That of Jacob's lineage and descent are they ;
 No need have they of musk or of Rose-water ;
 There is the fragrance itself of The Perfumer with their prayers five times a day.

What of Necklaces or Jewels or other ornaments ?
 All such beside their tresses are of no account.
 What of brocaded veils and robes of scarlet muslin ?
 Not to be compared are they to their white snoods.
 The beauty of their nature exceeds that of their appearance ;
 Sweeter far are their secret charms than their external.
 All their time is spent in privacy and seclusion ;
 Never are they seen in public with persons half-exposed.
 From modesty they can scarce raise up their eyes.
 No experience ever theirs of hard word or blows.
 I, Khush-hal, have but little told of much,
 Prate no further on this matter which is boundless.

The Adamkheyl Afridee maidens are red and white ;
 Many and varied are the charms that are theirs,
 Great large eyes, long eyelashes, broad eyebrows,
 Sugar-lipped, rosy-cheeked, moon-like foreheads,
 Tiny mouths like a Rose-bud, even teeth ;
 Their heads girt with dark tresses, fragrant as Amber,
 Their skins as smooth as ivory, bare of hair ;
 Straight their figures, like Alif ; fair their complexions.
 Like the Hawk has been my flight along the mountains,
 Many a partridge there has been my prey ;
 The Hawk, whether young or old, seeks its quarry,
 But the swoop of the old Hawk is the most unerring.
 O ! of Lundi's streams the water, and of Bari,
 Is sweeter to my mouth than any Sherbet.
 The Peaks of the Matari Pass rise straight up to the heavens,
 In climbing, climbing upward, one's body is all melted.
 I came to the Adamkheyls in Tirah,
 Then I parted with them at Khwarrah with sad heart.
 Love's troubles are like fire, Khush-hal,
 What though the flame be hidden, its smoke is seen.

O morning breeze, shouldst thou pass by Khairabad,
 Or should thy way lead thee by the side of Surai's stream,
 A thousand thousand greetings take from me:
 Thither from me countless good wishes bear—
 To mighty Indus shout them out with Fervour ;
 But to the Lundi stream in whispers softly tell them.
 Perchance again my lot may let me quaff thee,
 I shall not ever dwell beside the Ganges and Juinna :
 If of Hind's climate I complain, what shall I say ?
 Still greater than on its climate is the curse upon its water ;
 He who drinks its river water, it tears forth his bowels ;
 Not without danger is the water of the wells.
 Since no cold mountain torrents are in Hind,
 Curses upon it ! though it be filled with dainties.
 Yet will no man remain always without hope in the world ;
 On the distressed will compassion at length be showed by the Merciful One.
 The wounded one is ever in expectation
 That of his wound the blood will staunched be.
 God grant that I again may meet my loved one,
 From whom apart from myself two-thirds are parted !
 Yet the wise bear no rebellious longings
 Anent the treatment which the Physician orders.
 Not for ever will Khush-hal remain in Hind :
 At last from Hell will find release the Sinner.

Blessings on my Grandsire, who took up his abode at Surai :
 Well do I know it now ; no place like it, believe me.
 The dark mountains of Hodee stretch straight up to Tirah,
 The Nilab and Lundi have laid their heads below ;
 Along them lies the road to Hind and to Khurassan :
 It is the crossing of the Attock that makes both Prince and Beggar tremble.
 Every abundance that one can think of comes thither—
 No lack of rain ! What a freshness ! Ah, indeed !
 What of Swat, or Ashnuggar, or Peshawar, or other countries,
 They all have recourse to it ; in it are the delights of every clime.

On every side is the sport of the Hawk, and every other sport—
 Wah ! Wah ! Kalapani, what entrancing sport is thine ?
 Stout and strong are its youths, active in every deed,
 Bright-eyed, red and white, tall in stature ;
 Whether my son, or grandson, my family, or tribe,
 Whoever now abides there, may he live in God's protection.
 Fate has separated me from it. Whose power is above Fate's ?
 Never would Khush-hal Khan of his own will from Surai have been parted.

O Cup-bearer ! give me wine—
 Several goblets in succession :
 Hard it is if you consider,
 That without wine the spring should pass.
 Where with flowers is found a comrade,
 What restraint does bind a man ?
 See what they say, listen to them :
 What says the music of Harp and Pipe ?
 Comes not back the passing moment ?
 Ah, how sad ! Alas ! Alas !
 Good, indeed, is this world's life :
 Would that it might last for aye ;
 Since for aye it lasteth not,
 Count it worthless and despised.
 Many lovers it hath turned away—
 Fate does no compassion feel.

What though grief or joy increase ;
 As they quicken, so they cease :
 Their constitution can never be found—
 Of many kinds are Fortune's changes.
 Such as never entered the mind,
 Many such events will happen to you.

In separation it is the thought of my mistress,
 Which ever is around my heart.
 Whatever passes from the view
 At length will from the mind be rased :
 He who praises now Khush-hal
 Perchance in time will be like him.

He, whose heart is filled with good will towards his kind,
 A happy man is he ; he has an Expire in his heart.
 He, whose ears are open to the counsel of the wise,
 What a store of knowledge has he got in his heart !
 On the ladder of manly actions never can he ascend
 Who possesses deficiency of courage in his heart.
 Blackened face has he, both in this world and hereafter,
 Who against his fellows has blackness in his heart !
 Happy lots of those, in whose hearts are good intentions !
 Ill the lot of those, who perverse are in their hearts !
 By the warning of no teacher ever will he be improved,
 Every man who keeps corruption in his heart.
 Hold thou ever fast to those arts, Khush-hal,
 Which a warrior holds dear within his heart.

He who gains, and spends, and gives, a gallant is he ;
 He who is skilled with the sword, a chieftain is he.
 A mine of Rubies, or Sapphires, or Jewels, what is that ?
 He who is the source of kindnesses a mine is he.
 What thou eatest by thyself will never feed thee,
 What thou eatest in company a feast is that.
 Through day and night, through month and year,
 The time spent in God's service, time is that.
 Call no one else broken, O Khush-hal !
 He whose word and promise is broken, broke indeed is he !

A man, indeed, is he, that is brave, yet full of kindness,
 Courteous to his fellows in his life and conversation.
 His face his face, his word his word, his promise his promise,
 No lie or wile or changing his.
 Little in speech, great in action, but in silence
 Like a Rose-bud, his breast open to his mouth.
 When speech is being made of loftiness or lowness,
 In greatness like the Heavens, in humility like the Earth.
 In dignified bearing like the Cypress, in generosity
 With boughs drooping on all sides like the Vine.
 Blooming his face like a fresh Rose in the garden,
 With the joyous clamour of Bulbuls around it.
 Since such discourse he makes, I am astonished;
 From whom gained Khush-hal this comprehension ?

In the excellence of youth, what doubt is there ?
 The time of old age is full of defects.
 In my heart fresh fresh wounds have I,
 Well smeared in every wound is salt.
 If joy come upon thee, be not rejoiced at it ;
 For close upon joy follows ever sorrow.
 Make no complaints of other's wrongs or injuries,
 For the greatest wronger of all is Destiny.
 Not without design has trouble been created,
 For trouble is the touchstone between the manly and the mean.
 What of numerous luxuries, delights, and hardships ?
 Happy is he that is satisfied with a single piece of bread.
 On some one else I bind my sword, and now turn Devotee :
 Enough for me if on my shoulder I bear a staff.
 If any one makes inquiry of wounded hearts,
 Ruined is Khush-hal at the hands of his own tribe.

Perplexed am I, no knowledge mine, of what I am, or what shall be,
 From whence I came, and to what quarter I go.
 No news has any one brought back of those departed,
 However much I inquire of what their state may be.

To-day I see them stay the night in this Hamlet ;
 But ever, each in his turn, I count them as they quit it.
 The world is like a bowl, I, like an Ant inside it :
 Distraught I turn within it, and struggle with all my power.
 When I consider this world, and the circumstances of mankind,
 It is all the play of children, yet I too join in it.
 Art thou wrapt up in it ? Hast thou wealth and lands ?
 All these I look upon but as sleeping fancies.
 White has turned from black thy hair, yet change not thou thy nature ;
 Think not, Khush-hal, that without reason still I style thee a man.

Worthless are the Pathans in reason and understanding,
 As the dogs in the courtyards of the butchers are they.
 They sold their Sovereignty to the Moghals for gold,
 For the titles of the Moghals is all their desire.
 The camel with its rich loads has come into their homes,
 Yet the only plunder they seek are the bells on the camel's neck.
 The very name of the Sarbunni is a title of contempt ;
 First among the despicable they, the others in less degree.
 Of those that are shameless, what else but shame in their actions ?
 Of those that regard their own honour, every breath is for honour's cause.
 From Candahar to Damghar stretch the lands of the Pathans ;
 But through all that extent their abode is only in name.

Evil disposed are all Pathans,
 From house to house they fighting go ;
 If one but lift his head a bit,
 Another quickly lays it low.
 Thou of the Moghal's eye to-day,
 O Khush-hal ! art the piercing thorn.

That the blood in my veins still courses, this even a grief I hold ;
 That in the grave are all my friends, I yet in my house I deem a wrong.
 Since so many noble faces have all in their tombs turned to dust,
 Could I but join 'them there, as Paradise were to me the grave !

Old age has come, a weakling I, in this the proof,
 That which I do succeeds not, though my people and land are the same.
 When I speak any one fair, to his heart he takes it ill ;
 Either fortune is for the Moghals, or my reason is failing me now.
 No ! it is not the luck of the Moghals, nor is my reason less ;
 It is all the fault of old age, that my plans do not succeed.
 When I look at the Moghals, not as before are they :
 Past is the day of their fighting ; now they cleave to the pen.
 With gold and fair promises it is now that they beguile the Pathans ;
 Yet such is the mercy of God from me have they naught yet attained.
 No Fly am I or Vulture, that over carrion should be my hover ;
 As a Falcon or an Eagle in its own prey my heart rejoices.
 Were the others in this like me, right hearty would be my rejoicing ;
 But since in this they have no part, in grief is my heart now plunged.
 Acmal and Darya Khan, both have passed away nobly in honour :
 Ever in grief and sorrow is Khush-hal at the loss of them both.

A Khatak, when he mounts on horse-back,
 Binds his shield upon his back ;
 Lets loose the end of his turban
 Over his forehead long and broad ;
 Looks at the shadow of this end,
 As his horse goes prancing on ;
 Hopes to be a Chieftain bold,
 Seeking ever for the fray.
 Quarrelsomeness an evil is,
 It ruins a man's future ;
 No good is it to any one else,
 But spoils its owner's nature.

Know thou well this world its state, what is, is ; what is not, is not :
 Whether Rake or Devotee, what is, is, etc :
 Whether much or little thine, count it all as passed away ;
 Be thou of the Prophet's nature, for what is, is, etc.

If for life thou grievest, what cause if thyself thou knowest ;
 Alive to thy grave thou goest, what is, is, etc.
 Of sea and land the Monarch thou, if wet and dry alike thou countest ;
 Be thou then the Monarch of the age, for what is, is, etc.
 Whether pearls or jewels, whether flowers or trees,
 Take no account of all, for what is, is, etc.
 Ill thy wishes, bad thy actions, causeless grief and envy thine ;
 In patience be thou wealthy, for what is, is, etc.
 Weep thou not, nor yet rejoice ; leave alike both grief and joy ;
 Be acquainted with this secret, what is, is, etc.
 Alas ! what though it collects, with no one does it here remain :
 Of gold and silver be thou free, for what is, is, etc.
 Of thy loved one seek for kindness, an thou find it not, then weep :
 Do thou as thy loved one wills thee, for what is, is, etc.
 Whether Union or Separation, to me they both are all alike :
 Be thou at ease as thou art, for what is, is, etc.
 Why dost thou strive and struggle, and day and night art full of concern ?
 Be thou the same whatever betide, for what is, is, etc.
 Short is life, and many its troubles ; why so anxious in your heart ?
 Be thou satisfied with wet or dry, for what is, is, etc.
 Consider thou thy special talent, while alive make good use of it,
 O Khush-hal ! a Lion be thou, for what is, is, etc.

Jesus never in his life made a fool a wise man,
 Though by miracles he made many blind ones seeing.
 He whom God at his birth has not with wisdom gifted,
 Who can have the power to make such foolish wise ?
 What though the fool learns lessons, what will be his state ?
 As though the dye upon his hair restored to age his youth !

What is that, if not Good Health,
 Which better than an Empire is ?
 If aught more precious is than wealth,
 Than wealth sure Honour dearer is.

What far better than indulgence,
 One Self-restraint, next Sincerity ?
 What does man from trouble free?
 No other it is than Contentment.
 If thou dost make thy boast of piety,
 Purposeless is such Devotion.

What possesses countless gain?—
 Surely that Good Counsel is.
 He who grants only to the importunate,
 In this what Generosity is there?
 If there be Hell upon Earth,
 It is the companionship of the fool.
 Keep ever thy Intentions pure, Khush-hal :
 If there is any good at all it is in the intention.

Thou hast never learnt the Chieftain's art, Bahram ;
 Evil is the reproach which thou hast brought upon thy Chiefship.
 A curse hast thou shown thyself to all thy tribe,
 Yet from their ruin thou shalt not escape.
 Foolish were thy counsels when thou slewest Tahir,
 Now how wilt thou avoid retribution for his death?
 Thou hast opened to thyself the way for thine own destruction,
 Distraught has been thy tribe by thy evil tempers.
 Evil as thou art, yet still is good fortune thine;
 Else long ago hadst thou, crushed to death by an Elephant, died a traitor's death.
 Thy elder brother hast thou imprisoned, thou holdest his sway ;
 Accursed be to thee the rule which thou thus wieldest !
 When by means of gold thou aimedst at the Chiefship,
 How full of doubts and terrors was thy treacherous heart.
 May thy name be erased from amongst my sons !
 Such is the last prayer breathed by Khushi-hal Khan.

What though outwardly are bonds,
 How can such bind hearts together?
 Whether it be father or son,
 Far apart their purports lie.
 Hopes have they now none in common,
 Naught their confidence in oaths.
 Scathless go the evil-doers,
 Who dares lop the robber's hand ?
 By Aurang's evil rule are broken
 All the ties that Baber wrought :
 Now such times are come upon thee,
 Better death than life, Khush-hal !

Until the Sovereign has cut off many heads,
 How will the plains and mountains of his land become quiet ?
 Either others will at your own door mourn your death,
 Or they must weep for those slaughtered at your hand.
 He that finds fault with thy rule leave him not in thy country ;
 Be thou quit of him, by gold, or treachery, or by force of arms.
 Such as is accomplished by the sword, the arrow, or the spear,
 A hundred-fold is gained by skill and by strategy.
 Slain be thy son and brother, for the security of thy kingdom,
 And closely be thy rivals all guarded in thy jails.
 Beside the water of the sword, no other streams are there
 Which cool the fevered blood of those that seek for war.
 The tree of a Chief's Sovereignty well watered
 By the blood of his enemies bears fair fruit.
 On the battle-field it is good that bleeding heads should be lying ;
 Far better that, than that their hearts should be filled with ill-blood.
 Either like a man loosen the turban bravely o'er thy forehead,
 Or wear in its place a woman's veil.
 Ah God ! what use my writing ? who will heed me ?
 Yet every verse have I written in this book.

Strange are the pretensions that I have known in this world,
 As the cries for mercy of those who have urged them !
 Strange, indeed, it is if you consider,
 That the Crow should dare to swoop upon the Falcon.
 Strange, again, it is if you consider,
 That the Moghal should engage in contest with the Afghan.
 Strange would it be, if you consider,
 Were the Jackal to be full of meat, the Lion hungry.
 Stranger yet is it, if you consider,
 That against Khush-hal Khan Bahram should send his armies.

Still am I grateful for this to Heaven,
 That my view is o'er the Indus from Meer Kalan.
 From door to door I wandered in Tirah and in Swat,
 Now whither dost thou press me on my evil fate ?
 As the ball flies before the mallet's bidding,
 All my body is wounded by the blows that drive me on.
 Written was this in my fate from all eternity ;
 Whom then can I blame for what they do ?
 Of old is the ignorance and obstinacy of the Pathans,
 Still stronger is this now shown in their lust of gold.
 It cannot be that Sher Shah was such as we,
 Who in these days are born amidst our rocks and mountains.
 Shameless are the deeds of the Pathans ; yet who cares for it ?
 To our graves must we now go grieving and dishonoured.
 Sad to me are the disagreements of the Khataks,
 Yet sadder still the troubles which I bear in my own home.
 Whom shall I tell of them ? To whom write them ? Not so few are they,
 That I could ever find their end in my narration.
 These wounds which Khush-hal Khan bears in his heart,
 Thou alone canst heal their scars, Almighty God !

O, thou saddened heart of mine ! many troubles hast thou felt :
 All that was dear to thee is gone, thwarted thou in all thy hopes.
 Gone the time of Spring and Flowers, Winter's shades have come upon thee ;
 Thou, who erst was full of vigour, midst the aged now thy place.

In thy garden, where once were the songs of many nightingales,
 Now not a single one is heard—only cawing of the crows.
 The boat, that once with thy strength thou forcest over mountains,
 Sinking, wanders here and there like a straw amidst the currents.
 The Lions, which were in terror of thee amongst the rocks and mountains,
 Fearless roar around thee now ; nay, the Jackals join too yelping !
 Thou, who once wast sheltered in such fair and costly dwellings,
 Now a filthy hovel thine, that is all that Fate has left thee.
 When shall I wake up again ? What awaking is hereafter ?
 Alas ! Alas ! why has fortune been so fickle ?
 Old hast thou become, Khush-hal, be thy gaze now on the Heavens ;
 For of what account is life to thee ? What its worth or value now ?

Infatuated have the Pathans become for ranks and titles,
 May God preserve me ever from such desires !
 Whose is knowledge and counsel, if not the warriors ?
 Plain is all to him as the Koran read in the schools.
 There is none of them who knows aught of plans or schemes,
 Well am I informed of the tempers of them all.
 Great the weakness of the Pathans, as thou seest ;
 By the titles of the Moguls they are led away.
 No thought is theirs of honour, fame, or pride ;
 All their talk is of either rank or gold.
 Far preferable to me is the Khatak buckler o'er my loins,
 Than the golden badge of service hanging round my neck.
 The nights in the Emperor's prison are ever in my mind,
 When all night long I called to God in vain.
 When the Pathans drew their swords on the Moguls,
 Every Pathan led a Mogul bound beside his horse.
 No thought have they for honour now, Khush-hal ;
 Of what stock can these Pathans then have been sprung ?

I dreamt (would God it were true !) that thou and I were friends together ;
 Let us tell then one another the sweet secrets of our hearts.
 See, I have a book ; it is filled with loving verses :
 Of thee I seek but love, let us wander through the gardens.

Hand in hand together, we will walk, and sit, and rise ;
 Let us be happy together, let us join in merry converse.
 Offer me the well-filled goblet, from thy hands alone I take it ;
 Give me yet again thy lip's kiss, and again I press thee for it.
 The Minstrel at a distance draws his bow across the strings ;
 Let us turn from base to treble, and forget ourselves in his strains.
 Lovely art thou above all others, I above all most fortunate :
 Let us turn our faces to pleasure, and on sorrow turn our backs.
 Alas ! from this dream I awoke of a sudden in the morning :
 Where then wert thou ? No longer wert thou with me,
 While I live in this world no care have I for any other ;
 Alone am I with thought of thee ; let us then remain together.
 Yet how can Khush-hal be alone, while there is love for him in his country ?
 Whether awake or asleep, let us be foolish and happy !

Whatever thou doest do with forethought,
 Thus do I advise alike friends and strangers.
 They who despise good advice,
 In what work will they succeed ?
 As the courage of a man's heart,
 Such will always be his spirits.
 When once a man's courage fails him,
 Near indeed is he to ruin.
 Only then is life worth living,
 When thou art in enjoyment of good health.
 When a man's honour has departed,
 What flavour has life for him ?
 He in truth is only really wealthy,
 Who is satisfied with all about him.
 Have thou no concern for death,
 While yet life and health are thine.
 Blest art thou in faith and living,
 While with wise men is thy walk.
 Make no more friends, Khush-hal ;
 False have all thy friends been to thee !

What new troubles has Heaven again brought on me ?
 Who can tell what will be their end ?
 As Aurungzeb's prisoner it has borne me away from my home ;
 Many a town and village have I passed on my way.
 When the Pathans look on my condition, they burn with rage ;
 At the sight of me they burst into cries and tears ;
 Great and small, they run out to gaze upon me ;
 Alike of Hind and Mussulman is lamentation.
 I smile upon all as I pass by them,
 For well I know how great is their concern.
 Not alone am I the victim of tyranny and oppression ;
 Fate is hard—to all alike there is no appeasing it.
 Wherever I stop, armies collect to guard me ;
 I am treated with fear and respect, as though a Tiger or an Eagle.
 The Elephant when standing looks mighty as a mountain ;
 But when he falls, as of two mountains is the shock.
 Pierced through and through is my heart, it is as a sieve ;
 To be separated from one's loved ones is a grief that knows no solace.
 Perchance it may be that Fortune will again befriend me,
 All my people tell me that this will soon be so.
 If a golden bracelet fall into a furnace,
 It loses not its value, though it loses of its shape.
 By all other support has Khush-hal been deserted ;
 There remains alone to him his trust upon his God !

One only King I know, and His orders I obey ;
 His behests and prohibitions are alike my rule of life.
 Is this the Mehdi then, or the Messiah, that has appeared,
 That in thy world, O God ! such tumults have arisen ?
 Of the Messiah and Mehdi's coming these indeed the signs,—
 That first should appear Antichrist and his armies ;
 Darya Khan and Darweza both are present in His Court ;
 I too am waiting at the threshold of my God.
 Some day will be the order, " Come thou hither ! "
 Then with eagerness will Thy slave present himself before Thee.
 Though Thou rendest the petitions that I send thee,
 Yet in words I will assail Thee with my prayers.

I had devoted myself to retrieve the Pathan honour:
 Then choice the bands of warriors I had collected,
 Would that I could die slain by another's hand in battle!
 Rather than as a Tiger bitten by a mad dog.
 Many and vain and useless are my regrets,
 Every moment as it passes brings its griefs ;
 At one time joy is with us, again trouble ;
 But either passes by at Heaven's decrees.
 All the thousands who mustered round me in my dreams
 I found scattered far and wide when I awoke ;
 Some are dead, and some, though live, are parted from me ;
 Lonely I wander where the Hills alone hear my complaints.
 Yet, though slain my noble warriors, my manhood was not forgotten ;
 For in place of each, twenty lives of equal value did I take.
 Were but lengthy life allowed me, and fortune on my side,
 Dire should be the vengeance I would bring upon my foes ;
 Slain should be the grown-up, bound the children, burnt their cities,
 Plundered all their goods, not one should escape my bonds.
 When I destroyed Naushahar, I let Kohat alone in peace—
 How great was then my folly that I acted thus ?
 He who treats the base well, what is his reward ?
 To those distressed, what good has thy kindness brought ?
 Thus another year is passing by, Khush-hal ;
 Wait and see what Heaven has yet in store for thee.

In these days all look but to their own interests,
 Whether it be father or son ;
 Such indeed is my sons' nature —
 I know not if all men's experience is the same.
 No regard is his for my rights, or the respect due me ;
 I know not how such a state of things can have arisen.
 He who treats his children with too great indulgence,
 How can such an one be deemed wise ?
 Alas ! I know the return my children give me :
 All my children are like the Scorpion or the Snake,
 Thirty are my sons in number,
 How can I tell the number of my grandchildren ?

Great and small know this too well,
 That each one of these is bent on quarrels.
 Yet, again, consider, Aurungzeb,
 What a bloodthirsty Tyrant he is !
 His father and his brother he has brought to ruin,
 And now wields the Sovereignty that was theirs.
 Yet that thou art alive and well, Khush-bal,
 For this be grateful to thy God !

Why are the Bangash thus calling aloud to me ?
 Ready I am and armed, my gun have I laid beside me.
 Greater the sense and the might of the Gwarikhels than of the Bangash :
 Risen are the Gwarikhels with me in honour's cause.
 In the Bangash see I power neither of numbers nor of valour,
 How then shall they join in fight against me ?
 Perchance they deem me blind, or I am crippled in their eyes ?
 Of this the ruin of their designs shall be the proof.
 Too wise is the Locust to waste his life for nothing ;
 The foolish Moth it is that seeks the candle's flame.
 Even yet his brains are quivering from the shock,
 Who dashed his head against me as upon a stone.
 In the heart of the Rhinoceros will he find my bullet,
 Who has watched me when I search the forests with my gun.
 Sleeping, from his bed he falls through trembling,
 Who has heard but once the whistling of my sword.
 If thou wouldst know my fame in this generation,
 I am he who has sorely wounded Aurung's heart.
 Khyber's Pass have I made to the Moguls their dearest purchase,
 In every spot have they paid taxes to the Pathans.
 From the Pathans great were the hopes I entertained,
 What can I do ? No regard is their's for their own honour.
 Fortune helps me not now in this my object,
 Though far greater has been my fortune than that of Faridun.
 Consider well the state of Khush-bal's heart—
 Though seated on a throne, he is humble as a pilgrim !

He who brings trouble on his parents, rebellious indeed is that son :
 Hell's fires are the retribution that await the wicked son.
 Filled are the parents' days with trouble and with sorrow
 Of whom is born a son evil in disposition.
 Low will be his ending, he will lie amongst the dust,
 Who conceals not from the world his disputes with his own parents.
 Such is the custom that has been inaugurated in Aurung's reign,
 That every son should be jealous of even his father's life ;
 For now he deems himself the noblest of the noble,
 To whose unnatural baseness all the Heavens are witness.
 Rather let him pray that a base son may never leave the grave,
 The Father who would crave of God for offspring.
 All my herd have turned out half-bred ponies,
 Show me where amongst them there is one that shows his blood.
 The offspring of a pony has all a pony's tricks,
 What though his Sire may be an Arab of purest blood ?
 In the religious faith of the ill-bred what trust is there ?
 Rather than such, the accursed Guebre and his creed !

No pleasure has my heart in Baliram's rule,
 Distracted is my household with his quarrels.
 No concern has now the Khatak tribe for honour,
 Their actions are all those as of the blind.
 Like flies are the Pathans, they crawl around
 The dish of sweets placed before them by the Moguls.
 All I trusted on are scattered far from me,
 There remains me but the mercy of my God.
 Gone are Acmal Khan and Darya, who had good judgment ;
 Now Khush-hal alone stands in the Mogul's way.

See two mountains now encounter one another,
 One the Moguls, and the other the Pathans.
 Such the violence of their shock,
 That men's hearts are trembling still.
 Wise art Thou, O God ! far-seeing,
 Cause and effect are known to Thee ;

Thou the Physician art, Thou knowest,
 Though I know naught of ills or cures.
 All that happens is by Thy order,
 Whether it be right or wrong ;
 Thou alone canst bear such troubles,
 Such as pass a Monarch's strength.
 Streams that last year flowed with water,
 Like Jihoon roll this year with blood.
 In every matter thanks are due to Thee,
 Better submission than repining.

Seven months are now passed that in Hind and Khurrasan
 Rain has fallen nowhere, either on mountain or on plain ;
 Great has been the failing both of water and of the crops,
 Very high have been the prices everywhere of grain.
 When we were in despair, then at length the rain-clouds gathered ;
 Opened were Heaven's gates at the change from the Constellation of the Crab.
 Blest the twenty-ninth day of the month Asad above all others,
 Then the rain covered the world with fresh green shoots.
 In the year that Shah Alam came from Hind,
 There was peace between the Mogul and the Afghan.
 This present year, whose date is one thousand and eighty-eight,
 Blessed for all mankind is this year.
 One great trouble indeed it has brought with it,
 That great mortality was there of children from small-pox :
 Many were the children that died amongst my tribe ;
 But the death that touched me most was of Abdulla, son of Yahia Khan.
 What though Rani's heart is breaking for Neknam,
 In Hako it rejoices and in Kamran.

No distinction does he make between his friends and his foes,
 See how misguided are the ways of Aurungzeb !
 He who has ruined by his tyranny the devotee and stranger,
 What fault is there in him that he has robbed Khush-hal of his rank ?
 By the deprivation of his rank not a bit distressed
 Is Khush-hal's heart ; still it is joyous, as God knows.

While he held office Khush-hal was but a servant ;
 Now that his post has gone, a Monarch has he become.
 Seven months is it now that closed has been the road to Cabul,
 Distressed is the condition of the people on all sides.
 What of that ? In Hindustan the sword is ever drawn,
 Everywhere from his ill tempers is there moaning.
 No peace is there in the Emperor Aurung's reign,
 But who would call this world a place of rest ?
 Black in truth and ill-favoured as is his countenance,
 Still blacker are the movings of his heart.
 If you consider his designs, a traitor he, like Yezeed ;
 Though in his demeanour he would proclaim himself God's servant.
 What good action has he done to save himself from retribution ?
 With speech does Khush-hal threaten him ; for well he knows his end.

He who fears to risk his life,
 Or who grudges money spent,
 Never will be Chief or Monarch,
 Nor will conquered lands be his.
 Either the Throne or the Bier :
 Such the resting-place of Kings ;
 He who has not a warrior's heart
 Armies bring him no success.

Came the Negro hordes to Mecca,
 Bent on laying Mecca waste ;
 Feared the Koreish then from battle,
 And they flying left their place.
 When Mahomed's time arrived,
 Famed the Arabs were for warfare ;
 Success thus depends upon the leader,
 And naught else : know this, my son.
 When the Captain's heart is stout,
 The hardest enterprise is easy ;
 If he have but patience and courage,
 Victory bears him from the field.

Violence for Kings, Roguery for Priests,
 Parsimony for the rich, Luxury for women—
 These four are their besetting faults,
 As it seemed when I thought on them.

Not by the arms of the Bangash have I been defeated, believe me ;
 In the fight of Gunbut Heaven it was that fought against me :
 It was not the Bangash, or their arms, or numbers ;
 But it was the incantations of the dogs of Mecca that undid us.
 Since they fled to the mountains without fighting,
 Great was the injury that many of my bands did me.
 That I did not send my best horsemen on in front
 Is a thing that gave me great cause for repentance.
 That we did not all advance at once and keep together
 Was all owing to the folly of the Hussun-kheyals.
 A hundred blessings on the bands of the Mohmunds !
 For timely was their action on that day.
 Red were they with blood and well-smeared their swords with slaying,
 Gallantly did each one throw his life away.
 When with his sword he struck down Sher Khan from his horse,
 Great was the feat that Abad Khan showed on that field.
 Yet though the Bangash Chieftain fell, the Khataks were defeated—
 So strange were the events of that day.
 When Abad Khan came back bravely from the battle,
 To his father right welcome was the gift that he brought.
 In tatters were the clothes about his body,
 All red with blood his face was like a Scarlet Poppy.
 Fighting hand to hand, he took vengeance for his father ;
 Deserving was he in that action of all praise.
 While he was fighting on that field, few the horsemen that stayed with him :
 All the rest had sought in flight their safety or their ease.
 Curses, then, upon the Khatak horsemen :
 With one accord they thought but of escape.
 Gallant were the warriors, who died on the field of Gunbut ;
 Dear to each one's heart was the honour of the Afghans.
 Great is my regret for all my warriors,
 But especially for the fresh youth of Abdullah ;

With his enemy he wrestled on his horse ;
 Yet his fortune naught availed him on that day.
 Never have I seen such a daring fight
 Since I was born a Khatak, made a Chief.
 All the day-long fight my warriors and they yield not ;
 In one moment, in the wink of an eye, comes defeat :
 Not by greed, nor by hope, nor by shame or fear,
 But by necessity, was all my army moved.
 An army should be urged by pride, or hope of plunder ;
 All those troops of mine were but serving for their bread ;
 They all were collected round me for my pay :
 This was the reason that forthwith they were defeated.
 How will he fight who hopes not for honour, nor yet profit ?
 Easy is the slaughter of such as these.
 Such as are collected from need, or from compulsion,
 What stability is there in those armies ?
 That I myself escaped from the blows of the enemy—
 In that, indeed, was Heaven kind to me.
 As the Heron tries to imitate the Falcon,
 Thus the flight was of the foeman on that day :
 Had I been sound, and in my place, what would he have done ?
 But wounded was I, and thus this ruin came.
 Though my fortune openly does not befriend me,
 Still great is my confidence in it in secret.
 Great my hopes for a long life and happier times,
 Though my enemy rejoices over me for a while.
 Those who died in the battle are not the only warriors I have ;
 They are but a few guests that I invited to die in honour's cause.
 Whether friend it was, or foe, who was slain in that battle,
 From each one was my object well attained.
 Many were my enemies, who remained not from that fight ;
 As an empty dream were their perverse desires.
 Forty score of my warriors were slain on that field :
 On the vigil of the Feast day a fitting sacrifice was made.
 It was the thousand and eighty-sixth year of the Hijra,
 The Snow was on the mountains, it was yet the early Spring.
 Who leaves the field unwounded, not a man is he ;
 Wounded was I when I left, I went to save my life.

At one time flight is manly, and again it is unmanly ;
 To the wise this fact is well known.
 It was for the vengeance that I fled from off the field,
 No thought was mine of life or this world's goods.
 The fierce Tiger sometimes fights, sometimes seeks safety ;
 Yet who is there would despise him for his flight ?
 The Prophet, too, fled before the Infidels,
 Though his heart was bent upon their slaughter.
 Whether victory be mine or defeat, the battle-field for me ;
 For there my father and my grandfather have thrown my lot.
 If in this world I live on, then shall I see
 What success or what ill-luck attends my sword.
 Greater were Khush-hal's power than that of all the Bangash,
 If only the Khataks and Karlanrai had some pride.

Of the Pathans that are famed in the land of Roh,
 Now-a-days are the Mohmunds, the Bangash, and the Warrakzaies, and the Afridis.
 The dogs of the Mohmunds are better than the Bangash,
 Though the Mohmunds themselves are a thousand times worse than dogs.
 The Warrakzaies are the scavengers of the Afridis,
 Though the Afridis, one and all, are but scavengers themselves.
 This is the truth of the best of the dwellers in the lands of the Pathans,
 Of those worse than these who would say that they were men ?
 No good qualities are there in the Pathans that are now living :
 All that were of any worth are imprisoned in the grave.
 In these days of all Pathans the Mohmunds are the best ;
 This indeed is apparent to all who know them.
 He of whom the Moguls say, " He is loyal to us,"
 God forbid the shame of such should be concealed !
 Let the Pathans drive all thought of honour from their hearts ;
 For these are ensnared by the baits the Moguls have put before them.

No great deed will ever be wrought by the Pathans ;
 Heaven has ordered that petty should be their undertakings.
 However much I try to straighten them, they straighten not ;
 Crooked is the vision of the evil-natured.

No regard have the Yusufzaies for Pathan honour;
 Get you gone from amongst these disgraced Pathans, Khush-hal.
 Go to Bunnoo, and there collect your followers,
 And spread fire and clouds of smoke right up to Khush-āb;
 Or in retirement in your house give yourself up to devotion;
 Or go to Mecca;—these three things I can advise you.
 In war and violence there is no profit, Khush hal;
 The fire burns up alike the grain and chaff.

So long as a man's heart is young,
 Great is his delight in hunting.
 What is there that like the chase
 Keeps a man's attention fixed?
 For the pursuit of winged quarry
 Well-trained Hawks are what is required.
 Follow the hounds as they run
 Over hill and plain alike.

Pleasant, too, the sport the bow gives,
 If thou art a skilful archer.
 Best of all sport with the gun,
 If thou handlest it with speed.
 On the chase with Hawk and Gun
 So much value does he set,
 That to these pursuits Khush-hal
 Has devoted all his life.

A Gourd climbed up a Pine Tree's trunk,
 And then he thus addressed the Pine:
 "O Pine-tree! how many years hast thou been living?
 Tell me of thy age and growth."
 The Pine-tree said, "Two hundred years my age.
 As I can reckon, perchance six months more or less."
 The Gourd said, "How long the time thy growth has taken!
 Look at me—in one week I have reached thy height."
 The Pine-tree said, "Wait thou for winter's rigours,
 Then will we talk upon our age and growth."

END.

منتخب له دیوان

د خوشحال خان خټکي

په قلم د مولوي محمد حسن

اوسيدونکي د پشاور

سته هجری

هرتفرد

په مطبع د استيفن آستن صاحب او خامنو د د

ترجیع بند

خه دَ بدَو خُوب وَ چه مِ ولیده سحر
 پا خیدم لَه كَتَه لَكَه خُوب شَيِّي دَ چَا سر
 لارم تر مبرَز هسي راغلم اوتر
 درست خلق اوده وَ وارو خُوب كاوه خر خر
 هر چه نصيحت وَ لَكَه بويه لَه پدر
 وَ رَش وَ دَ جمعي رجال الغيب وَ برابر
 خوک به وجاريسي ميرم حكم دَ داور
 ولازم تر مسجد نمونخ مِ وَ كَرَه دَ سحر
 هسي په هوا تلم لَكَه باد درومي صرصر
 نه وَ لا دو پهر چه مِ خاي شه پنماور
 وي مِ دايم راغلم ستا په خط ستا په خاطر
 دا خواب يي راغي چه راتله دَ وَ بهتر
 دري وَ رخي شوي تيري ديوان نه كرگيدي خر
 شينه دَ گجرات دَ ده پيشدست وَ يو بشر
 ده وي تر ما راشه چه گنكاش كرو مقرر
 وَ رغلم تر ده پوري زه پاك په خپل باور
 لور په لور مغل تر ما چاپير شو په هنر
 غر وَ شه په بسهر دا خبر شه منتشر

کوز يي کرم لَه كَوتَه چه يي کبسوتم په جال
 زريي را په پنبوکره پنج سيري بيري كوقوال

خور شه په ملکونو دا خبر په درست دیار
 هرچه امراگان وو په صوبه کبېي منصبدار
 کل عالم حیران شه چه يېي ولیده دا کار
 لارل په صبا دا وقت قول شول په دربار
 دا رنگه نیوه بشی نواب بنه گمنري دا چار
 پاخیدل له خایه امراگان شول تار په تار
 دری ورخی شوی تیری خمنا ترونه فاپکار
 ورغلل مغل لره قبول يېي کړه مدار
 ملک يېي خما ورکر نا لایق يېي کړه سردار
 درست خټک د دوي و کشن ته شه طیار
 ما و خیلخانی و قوم ته ووي چه زنهار
 یو به دشنمن شاد بشی چه يېي ورک کړ خپل تبار
 دوي درست اولس په زیارت د شیع رحمکار
 زوي م نادان وو په خطا لارل بسیار
 دوي په زړه کبېي داوي چه که صل کړو که هزار
 هرکله چه خلاص بشی فلاںه موږدې یو په دار
 هرګ وته م کښیناسته په لیل و په نهار
 ټیری شوی په بند کبېي خمهادوہ میاشتی په شمار
 وغۇښتى پېشوس زړه روپی صوبه دار
 دواړه لوريه وکړه سره دا قول و اقرار
 اوس خو بايده دا دې چه يېي خای وي هندوبار
 زړ يېي فکر بويه په تعجیل و په تلوار
 زه په دې لا خوش و م چه که ورشم تر دربار
 هند ته يېي روان کرم بدرقه م مستجاب
 هم ملک هم خان هم د همه غوري ارباب

راغلم فرم نرم په رباط د شابیک خان
 بل واه مصری خان داوزي یوقولي احديان

زه يېي کرم له په شتاب شتاب روان
 درسته شپه خوکئ د محب خيلو په خپل خان

راغلم تر نوبهړه په صبا هم په دا شان خلق په ژرا په ننداره راته حیران
 زه به ڏنوبهړه ڏشپې خه کومَ بیان درسته شپه زنله وه په هندو په مسلمان
 صبح ته یې کوچ کړ پښتنه مغل لرزان لور په لور فوڅونه ټو خما تولي ترمهړان
 ما وه پیغام کړي په اولس په اشرف خان نه بويه ڏجنګ ڏخرخشي فکرو سامان
 مونږه یو ڏبادشاه قدیمي دولتخواهان یو مِنام بدیږي بل ستیرې افغانان
 راغلم تر سرای سرای یکلخته وه ویران تا به وي هرگز نه وو میشته دلته انسان
 خوک ورته توانيږي چه شدت کاندي عيان خدای و سري ورکا بیا ڏهر چاري توان
 ډيري ګرانې راشي په سريو په جهان ګران ساعت هغه وه چه مِولیده عثمان
 بیا راغي زينو ڏخيلخاني یو خوڅوانان راغله په اړه مام خبله جدا شو په اړه
 زه و دوي ڏ سرای شجر حجر واره ګړان راغله په نړئي نندارچي مردان زنان
 هسي وو ولار لکه چه بي روح بتان راغلو په ګرئي ڏ خيراباد پیچان پیچان
 پوري که راپوري خلق واره نندارچیان هر چه راسره وو هغه واره وو ترسان
 چاوي چه خټک به حاضرنه شي په میدان ما خو پیغام کړي وه هم دا مِوهه ګمان
 اوں به را خرگند شي له یوه لوريه نشان هسي به جنګ وشي په دا آخر زمان ګوره خو به شمار شي دواړه لوريه کشتگان
 چنګ و جدل نه شه حکم دا وه ڏيبدان پوري شوم ترسینده په اټک شوم نکران
 درست اولس مِواره په غوغه حیران پریشان ویر مِپه کورونو په هاي هاي مِفرزندان

راغي په خټکو باندي هسي یو ساعت
 تا به وي نازل شه په جهان کښي قیامت

وریسي ویم په پړه ڏ بابا حسن ابدال
 بیا له هغه خای تر رباط وشه چال
 بیا یې بیتره یو ویم تر پندي دم درحال
 وریسي وری په وړاندی و درباره بې اهمال

زه یې له اټک نه روان کرم په دا حال
 بیا له هغه خای په پندي په استعجال
 راغي په ریاط کښي له نواب یو مثال
 راغي په پندي کښي بل یو خط په دا منوال

ولارم تر لاهور کوچ په کوچ په ارتحال
 دير مهر يي وکر دلاسه جوال جوال
 نور به سرفراز شي غم يي نشته يو مشقال
 ورغلم دربار ته زر خلور اويا وه کال
 حکم دَ خلاصي دَ ضمان وشه په اجمال
 جور شه ضمائنت ته سيد شمس دَ جلال
 راغي عرضداشت دَ سيد مير په دا مقال
 بيا په ميئنځي کښي پريوت دَ خلاصي دير جنجال
 دولس منصبدار مِتا بياني شول پائمال
 ويپنده ظالم بادشاهه په ما باندي اشكال
 تار په تار په غرونو په عذاب و په وبال
 نشته دَ اورنگ بادشاهه په عدل اعتدال
 نشته يو مهدی چه را بېكاره کا خپل جمال
 دور دَ آخر دَي فساد که شه لور په لور
 يو تربل اخته شه جهان واره کور په کور

ولارم له پندۍ شپه تر ميئنځ دَ کړتال
 زوي دَ مير جمال دَ مير بخشي په استقلال
 وي يي چه وروري دربار وته خوشحال
 زه هم په وسط دَ رمضان کوچ مال کوچ مال
 دير رد وبدل شه په دَ ميئنځ کښي جواب سوال
 خاي په حويلى کښي ترخپل خنگ را کړي کوتواں
 موږ په دافکرت وو چه په مياشتني دَ شوال
 مه پريې دَ خوشحال دَ ده پريېمول دي اختمال
 ملک منصب جا ګير خما تغيير شه مال محال
 برنا حق په کښلي دَ بد ويل دَ بد سکال
 زه دلي په بند هوري خاما اهل عيال
 هسي چاري وشوی چه دَ چانه وي په خيال
 لور په لور خوري شوي را لېکري دَ دجال

خو چاري سبب شوي درته وايم حکایت
 بل دَ مغل طمع خاما نه ورکړل عادت
 بل چه فرزندانو مِ خطأ کړ مصلحت
 وارو مشرانو اشرف خان بهرام سعادت
 هسيخ عمل يي ونه کړ خاما په نضيخت
 خه جکرام هندو خه دَ هندوانو برکت
 زهر ګډاول شي په شکر و په شربت
 پوه وي دَ دېښتو په فريپ په خديعت

خداي را باندي راوست دا همه واره محنت
 يو چه زه مغورووم په راستي و په خدمت
 بل مِ نا شكري بل دَ ورونزو حماقت
 يو خلیه هم نه خطأ خطأ کرت هرت
 و مِ کړ اشرف وته دَ توري اشارت
 خه خدا یار خليل خه يي حياده يي حرمت
 يو يو څوان پوهېږي دَ غليم په حرکت
 زوي هغه زوي چه هنر لري حکمت

ونیسی په لاس کبی سخاوت و شجاعت نه صرفه په خان نه په جیان اتلی همت
 دریغه اشرف خان درونه شه همراه قوت درست اوس په لاس کبی هیشنه خندخه جرات
 ورغلل مغل ته د اشرف وه قباخت هم خما آفت وه هم هر چا لرد آفت
 خوچه ملک اویران وه د مغل وه دیرهیبت وشه ودانی د ملک پوره یی شه حاجت
 وی کبیل بادشاهه ته د جگرام مجراعزت بویی ته کابل ته اشرف خان په شرارت
 پاخیده بهرام ته په دا هیشنخ کبی یو غیرت درست اوس یی قول کړ په نړی وراخت
 تشي سر هوا غوئی د باز نه وی خصلت بازنده وه بازنگ و د چه بشکاره یی شه حالت
 زه و م په دهلي کبی گرفتار په دا زحمت تیری شوی په بندکبی پنځه میاشتی خندخیلات
 بیا د میرجمال زوی بادشاهه ته په خلوت عرض یی خما و کرد میرخان په کذالت
 دا ووپی بادشاهه فلانه به خلاص کرم سلامت زن بچه که راولی و هند ته په سرت
 حکم یی دا وکړ امیر خان ته وشول کبیل
 زه په بند بندی خما کوروونه راوستل

راغل یکایک یی حقیقت کړد را آثار
 وی کروطن ته په رخصت خما پرواز
 یو په خای رانه غی چه څهونږ وه سره واز
 تله وو کربلا ته د حج لوري وه حجاز
 کوتی کوتی حال دی مختصر بويه ایجاز
 واره په نعمت کبی پورده ملوك شیراز
 دور د ګردون کړل له بلا سره انبار
 هیشنه باور بی نشته په نواخت و په نواز
 پروت په تورو خاورو په زمان کاندي مهستان
 وباسی له هیشنخه چه یی نه زده وي شناز
 چا وته ناره کرم خوک مر نه آوري آواز

وارویده دا حکم سعادت باقی میرباز
 میاشت وه د صفر چه دری واره لکه باز
 بلوفی تر وطن په شل ورخی یکتاز
 غرب وته قبله وه و مشرق ته وه نماز
 خه به درته وايم له دی حال دور دراز
 واره لوی هلک چه م ساتلی وو په ناز
 تار په تار خواره شول مبتلا په دیر نیاز
 هرہ ورخ فلک لري تازه تازه طراز
 وولی په زمکه یو ساعت کبی سرفراز
 دوب کا په دریاب کبی چه محکم لري جهاز
 خه کرم چاته آه کرم هیشوک نه لرم ده ساز

مه وي دا فلك مه يي دا هسي اهتياز
 خيرختي ميرمني خدمتگاري په پيشواز
 هرچه دانایان دي نان خورش نه لري پياز
 سره تغر په کورکبني دروغزن لري غماز
 بند دي هم هغه چه يي يارنگ شته يا آواز
 خروهي خرتیزی په آخر کبني په اباز
 بس کره دا خبره مختصره هم ايجاز

بل دا فلك سفله پرور
 لاس رسيدی دريغه چه پري ه سورکري خپل تمر

دروم په بل لوري په فلك راشم باز باز
 اهل په خواري کبني نا اهل په اعزاز
 هرچه ابلهان دي روغنني خوري د خبار
 نشته د ربستنو کره يو کنه پلاس
 ذور مرغونه گرزي په باغونو په طناز
 آس واره شا خوري په نشست و په فراز
 خو به درته وايم حقيت دي که مجاز
 خه کرم نه پوهيرم په دا فلك سفله پرور
 لاس رسيدی دريغه چه پري ه سورکري خپل تمر

بل د سعادت باقي مير باز په رسيدل
 بيا د اکوزيو په سيكري سنوتل
 زوي م له ملک له اولس وقتل
 واره زن بجهه م په سيكري کبني داغيدل
 ملک دسراي وران شه پري بي حدوشه زنل
 لار د سرای نيولي مسافر يي چلول
 خو تقوان يي بوتلل په سحرپري وختل
 باري خه وهل وي نه وهل وو نه مهل
 نوم م بد خواه شه چه نيكخواه وم تل قرتل
 حكم د بادشاه وه صادر شوي په پري بسول
 واره په قسمت شي په سري باندي نازل
 خوكايي په چانه کا دسرى دي نصيб خپل
 بل مقصود م نه وه په خدمت کبني د مغل
 تير ساعت او هان دي پېيمانى نشته حاصل

دوه خله سرای مات شه یو خاما په بنديدل
 يو خله په ماتي تر هنکال ورغلل
 نه يي توره سره وه نه د سرو و ماتيدل
 زه په هند کبني بندوم اشرف خان وه په کابل
 راغلل و بادشاه ته د کابل د صوبه کبيل
 خاي په خاي فوخونه په خوکي کبني استل
 جور شول یوسفزي ختك سرای ته په وهل
 باري خه ختل وي نه ختل وو نه متل
 فام ناموس م لار شه چه اعتبار وه د مغل
 ملک يي وه راکري په پنجاب کبني متصل
 ليپده ده که محنت دي که کشن دي که شرل
 دا چاري چه وشوي بيا تر مينم شه فکر بل
 زه د یوسفزي په خان زهر و م قاتل
 دير خانان خوانان م يو د بله و وزلل

خواست رضاد خدای و په هرشان چه شوی شول
 راغل یوسفزی لکه پیش شه کار مشکل
 لوی هلک م واره تر دریاب پوری و تل
 نور ختک م واره په خپل خای و دریدل
 ورونره عزیزان خویشان وبله بیلیدل
 یو هي های های وه په ژرا و لوی هلک
 درست عالم حیران شه چه خه کار شه په ختک

دا په خیال د چا وؤیا په فکرد چار اتلل
 شاباش په هغه شه چه د ننگ وکا پالل
 یو بائی زی دویم رانبری زی ورسه مل
 ولارل تر سیکری ورسه کوروونه صل
 خه بلا د خدای ده د وطن جدا کیدل
 یو هي های های وه په ژرا و لوی هلک
 درست عالم حیران شه چه خه کار شه په ختک

بند یم خلاص د نه شم که دروغ وایم زه دا
 چا سره م نیت د بدونه وه نه د جفا
 بل فکر م نه وه نه د روی نه د ریا
 هر چه ظلم کار وه له هغه م وه بلا
 دا م په نیت کبی چه ازار نه شی له ما
 واره م پیزو په خیلخانی و په آشنا
 درست په زیره مین وم په فضلا په علما
 غم م له هغو وه چه غلیم وو د بادشا
 نه م وه په کار کبی د مغلو هیش دغا
 بل پیشون م نه وه په راستی کبی همتا
 خو چاری را وشوی نه گناه نه م خطأ
 واره په دیر غم کبی مبتلا جدا جدا
 تار په تار له ملک درست عالم په واویلا
 اوں په رفتپور کبی بندی پرورت یم یکتنها
 خلق که د ده له ظلم تل کاندی ژرا
 شل صوبی د هند دی په هر لوری ده غوغما

خدای خوخبردار دی که بشکاره نه دی په چا
 خپل وو که پردي وو که آشنا که نا آشنا
 هر چه مخا من و م هسی شان و م پسی شا
 هیشکله په ظلم روادار نه و م اصلا
 هر چه رعیت وو خه غریب وه خه غربا
 زر که زرینه که مال و ملک وه د دنیا
 بد و م له هغو چه مبتدع وو ناصفا
 قیصه م له هغو وه چه مفسد وه بی وفا
 عمر چه م تیرشه په راستی و په ریستیا
 پلار نیکه م خان کر د نمک په کار فدا
 زوی م په بند شه له وطن شوم جلا
 تار په تار م لاری خیلخانی کجا کجا
 ملک واره برهم و دان بیهرونہ په وینا
 خوہیاشتی په بند و م په دھلی کبی په عنا
 هیش د اورنگزیب بادشاه په دا نشته پروا
 گوبنی په ما نه د دیره وشوه په هر چا

خوک بندی په بند دی خوک لاگرzi ناویسا
 خوکوتونه نور دی په کبی بند دی بی احصا
 اول یی تروارو په خپل پلار سره کره خوا
 رنگ دهغ ورک شه چه آوته وايي دروغ
 نشته خوک په ملک کبی چه له ده وي په زره روع

هرچه کتگان دی په صوبه کبی کشخای
 یو په رنتپور کبی دوه سوناست دی مبتلا
 بیا ورپسی نور وهی چه دی اعلی ادنا
 ده چه له دکهن نه راهسک کره خپل علم

و یی کر اول له مراد بخش سره قسم
 بیا په آگره راغي په دارا یی کر تورتم
 بیا یی مراد بخش دشاجهان سره کره سم
 بیا راغي په بیرته په شجاع یی وروست غم
 بیا دارا جنگ وکر په اجمیر کبی بیش و کم
 و نیوه جیونر پنري په کور کبی په خپل چم
 بیا سلیمان شکوه ده دارا زوي مکرم
 لارشه شاه شجاع ته مشرزوی شه دده رم
 بیا په شاه شجاع پسی دایر وہ معظم
 رایي ووست په خونه دخپل پلار هسي ماتم
 دا تردد واره په دوه کاله بیش و کم
 و شه ده دی کار زر اویا کاله دوه کم
 يا آزار ده پلار دی يا اثر دی ده قسم
 یوهی هی های دی په انواع انواع ستم
 هسي په ظاهر صوره په مکر دی محکم
 فعل یی چه گوري هلاکول دی لا اظلم

ورک یی کر په ظلم هم په مکر دیر عالم
 راغي په اوچین جسوشت سنه یی کر بره
 بند یی شاهجهان کر تری بیل یی کر حشم
 یو یی ور تر ملستانه په دارا پسی پرچم
 جنگ وه په کجوة کبی چه شجاع شه منہزم
 من په مغرب و تیبست دارا شاه بره درهم
 را یی وست دهلي ته دده سری کر قلم
 وا ووست راجپوتانو گرفتار شه په ال
 بیا یی خنی بیل کر په دیر مکر په دیر دم
 و یی ویست له نیک کوره چرتہ خکوی دم .
 کارتہ یی حیران شه همگی عرب و عجم
 و شه ده دهلي سلطنت پری مسلم
 ده چه ده دهلي په سریر کیبود قدم
 یا یی له غروره مبدل شه خوي شیم
 خوکاله که نور وی درست عالم به کا عدم
 وايي چه پسیدا شه ثانی ابرهیم ادهم
 چا دی اوریدلی په اولاد کبی ده آدم

پلار په بند ترلي قتل کري ذي رحم
هشیخ دخوار مظلوم په حال پیسته نه کره
دواړه ورته یو په تفهص کبې ګرم نه ګرم
دا هسي بادشاهه دی دا انصاف دا پې تمیز
خدای به نا انصاف په جهان نه لري عزیز

واړه کار په بخت دی په طالع دی نور سخن
چري د دهلي یې زمزمهه زغري جوشن
څه د ده سامان خه یې لښکر خچن ډچن
تار په تار فوځونه د دهلي برهم زدن
ګل شکفته کېږي په شوره کښي په ګلخن
ګنج ورنوزي تر دیوار و تر روزن
خپله دانائي یې سره لښه شي د خرمن
نه پيري د ده د مرغچچو په ثمن
دولس خای ګرزي په خای نه لري مسکن
څوک تر خوف تیر کا د چا ووهی ګردن
خلاص یې له آسيب نه دی هشیخ نو وکهن
درست خالي هوا دی په دا نه یم دروغېن
واړه په تکي دی چه یې ووزي له دهن
پاتو شه پري لعن د حسین و د حسن
پاتو به په ده شي تل نفرین د مرد وزن
بيا کله سفله دی د اعلى پاي خښتن
پاک و صاف به نه شي که یې تل و پښې بدنه
بيا زغن زغن دی که هر خودی پنجه زن

هر چه پاکیزه لري خپل اصل خپل گوهر
مه کره خدای چه راضي شي په آزار د خپل پدر

واړه دا خبره درته وايم سمتختن
چري دارا شاه چري د ده جاه و مخزن
چري اور نکنیب خه یې پایه خه یې دکھن
راغي په آگره د ده په سر اینېي کفن
بخت چه چا ته من کا د هغه چمن چمن
بخت چه چا ته من کا کله وربند کا په آهن
بخت چه چا ته شا کا کله دانا وي د زمن
بخت چه چا ته شا کا مرغاري د عدن
کار د دی اوو په هیجا نه دی مسړهن
هر لوري ته ګرزي هم پاسبان دی هم رهزن
څه به درته وايم چه یې خودی مکروفن
ما چه نظر وکړ سرت پای په خپل تن
واړه یو نفس دی نتیجه یې ما و من
ورک شه د یزید په هغه خوکاله دیدن
تل به د اور نک نه وي دا کرو فروفن
څه شوکه دولت یې آويزاند شه په دامن
هر چه په فطرت کښي پیدا شوي دی خيرن
څه شوکه د باز له جالي والوزي زغن

خوچاري غلط شوم چه م لوی کره احمق تره
 بل چه م په کورکښي خه کښي نه بیول سپین وسرا
 بل چه م په توړه په خدمت غرور کاوه
 بل م چه په وقت د نیول ملک و نه لاره
 بل م چه په اصل غوري خيل پېستون کانره
 خدای به کا روانی په اصلی ولی اویه
 بويه چه همه واره ډ کښلي شی په زړه
 دا واره چه یې زده شي نور یې بوله پنه هاله
 وکاندي پاخه په زمان چاري په اومه
 هر چه تر تا ېه دې عقل زده کره له هغه
 بيا په دیرو چارو خلقو دې احمق وباله
 کار په توګل بويه نه خلقو ته کاته
 بيا یې په یاري مه کره هیڅ غلطیده
 سترگی ډ رندي کا چه شي سترگو ته کاره
 مل ڈخپل مقصود دې چه یې وړاندی ورستوله
 بوټي د سپلهمي ڈ ګندھیر ګنري خواره
 خوک د مور په نس کښي زده کا وزیری هاله

دوه سو شل بیتونه دې یوولس بندہ پنه
 ما په رنټپورکښي ڈزړه تاو پري سره وه

خوک به نه کا ڈازل چاري تبديلي
 ڈ سري فکر مثال پري ڈ ديلی
 خضربياموندي عبث شوي ڈله حيلي
 په کښي ديری قافلي شولي قتيلي

خدای وکړي دا چاري په ما واره وکړي زړه
 بل چه ڈ ده لور م اهرا ته کره واده
 بل چه م یوکوت حکم بنا نه کره په غړه
 بل م چه مغل په ورکرو مرکرو نه غلاوه
 بل م چه قوت و یوسفزيو ورکاوه
 وايي چه له خانه په اولاد دې پېزو پنه
 دا یو خو خبری چه ما راوري په خوله
 نرددي که شتعلې دې که چوپر دې وايم زه
 هر چه په دا کارکښي خوک اومه دې نه پاخه
 هیڅ په خپله پوهه هنرمه شه غړه ته
 وايي چه په پوهه بوعلي خومړه وه پښته
 هیڅ سري هغه نه دې چه بهڅي په هرڅوله
 یارکه هسي پنه وي چه یې خاي کري په ليمه
 خه بلا ډير پنه دې ڈ دوو سترگو تور بانره
 مل هغه باله شي چه تير بيرنه خي ترمله
 نه وي چه ڈ چا ترستوني تير چري ترخه
 خوک چه په لوستولوستوله ملانه زده کره خه

که هزار خله هنر کا حيلي بيلي
 ڈازل حکم په مثل ڈ هاتي دې
 ڈ حيات او به سکندر په حيلوغوبستي
 یوه خه رنګه خونږي ڈلا ر ڈاعشق ده

چه دیش توري خکوم دَ قلم کیلی
 تر همت پوري یې کشیری دی قلیلی
 په کشمیر کبی به یې نه موی عدیلی
 ترجمال یې حوری هم نه دې چمیلی
 تا د شوندو دارو رانه کره بخیلی
 که د وینی لکه ما کړی شبیلی

عشق یوهسی یودیرشم توري رازده کره
 عاشقانو ته اندک دَ دنیا مال دې
 دا دلبری چه په دا کشور کبی نن دې
 هغه ٿرکه چه خان جور کارا بشکاره شي
 په ارمان ارمان مَ خان راغی په شوندو
 بیا هاله د محبت په کوڅه پل بدہ

خپل پردی به د هیشوک د سیالي نه کا
 ای خوشحال که د بخت نه شي په سیلی

چه په کښي وو باز باقي سعادت خان
 بلا سخت يم چه يي نه هرم په هجران
 که ربستيا وايم زه اوسم شوم په زندان
 خه عجب وبله جور وو باغ و باغبان
 دا بيلتون په دوازو توکودي ديرگران
 په باغبان بازدي بشادي وي هرزمان
 زه هم هسي هدو و پوست يم استخوان
 زه بي مرگ هرم نه يوخل زمان زمان
 خدائي خبردي په تهمت و په بهتان
 ولې نور خلق خبري کا شان شان
 مګر خپل هنر دخان وينم تاوان
 د مغل په خدمت نه وه بل افغان
 هروت و غور رسی عدل و احسان
 چه په ظلم رضامند شول بادشاهان
 و د نه شي په هندو په مسلمان
 بادشاهان د خپل دولت کاندي نقصان
 لکه اوسم يي په لاس ونيوي امان
 چه جويونه شي د سرو وينوروان
 چه خانان دي نام په نام د کوهستان
 د هغو به خه صرفه وي په جهان
 چه نظر يي هوري پاس دي په آسمان
 په دربار چه يي غوغا کا داد خواهان

راته درست د دهلي بهروه بوستان
 په هغه زمان چه دوي له ما روان شول
 چه د دوي له ديدن نه محروم شوم
 خيلخانه ملكه باع زه يي باغبان وم
 زمانه چه باع و باغان وبله بيل کا
 چه يوکل د هغه باع ويني په سترگو
 د مجنون چهره تصوير په کاغذ گوره
 په جهان کښي هر خوک يوخله په مرگ مری
 په فاحق د اورنگزیب په بند بندی يم
 زه په خان کښي گناه نه وينم په خدائي رو
 د گتابه م سر رشته نه ده معلومه
 لکه زه وم په راستي په درستي کښي
 بادشاهانو لره ترس د زره بایده دي
 خوک به چا لره په داد و په فرياد خي
 چه خما په اولس په خيلخانه وشول
 چه د خپل پردي تميز ورياندي ورك شه
 اورنگ شاه بادشاه که تل کا هسي چاري
 يا سړکال يا په بل کال به خلق واوري
 زه لا خه يم نور به هم خما په رنگ کا
 چه زره سوي په خپل پلارو په زوي نه کا
 له غرور هسي هست بيخوده ولار دي
 د داد خواه خواب يي لاتي يا کوتک دي

و به نه وايي چه ملي دا دخه کړل
 نه يو حرف دا صوبه دار نه سل محضه
 رفتگي بدی رشوت حمایت بویه
 د هر چا خنډ چه دا خويونه نه وي
 طبيبانوته هېڅه مه وايي خوشحال
 قادر خدای به و کاستا د درد درهان

د دهلي د شهرې به شان و شوکت وه
 پسایسته يي بازارونه وو د شهر
 د شاه نهر فواري دي په هر کور کښي
 په دهلي باندي ګواهي د جنت وله
 د بادشاه د خاص و عام به خه تعريف کرم
 چه به جور د شاهجهان بادشاه درباره
 که هوا يي د عراق د خراسان وي
 دا زينت چه شاهجهان و دهلي ورکره
 د دهلي بنا اوں وکره خوهانرو
 د اسلام بادشاه معزال الدين وه
 چه دهلي يي رانيوه له پتورا نه
 چه يي سرد پتورا پريکره له تنه
 بيا له پسه قطب الدین دده هريي وه
 بيا له پسه شمس الدین دده بالک وه
 بيا له پسه فيروز شاه د شمس الدین وه

لور په لور يي کښلي کښلي عمارت وه
 مهيا يي په بازار کښي هر نعمت ود
 د بازار به يي خه کم بيګه وسعت ود
 که راغلي په دنيا چري جنت ود
 و خوابگاه وته يي عقل په حيرت ود
 په دربار کښي به يي دوه اویه مللت ود
 د جنت به دهلي سره غيرت ود
 بل بادشاه کله ورکري دا زينت وه
 په نوبت نوبت د چا پري سلطنت وه
 چه دهريوه خه خوي خه يي خصلت وه
 پري د دوي تير سوکاله رياست وه
 چه يو کال يي په دهلي اقامهت ود
 په دا کار کښي يي ديرکري مشقت وه
 شپر سودولس کال کم سن د هجرت وه
 چه پري ايښي يي په هند په نيا بت ود
 چه په خلق يي آوازه د عدالت ود
 چه په هند کښي بې نظير په سخاوت ود

چه راضي خنی سپاه و رعیت وه
 چه هرگوره دَ غلیم خنی هیبت وه
 چه په خُلق و په کرم دَ ده شهرت وه
 چه مشهور په عدالت په عبادت وه
 چه په اصل کنبي غلچي دَ ولایت وه
 چه همیش یی من په عیش و په عشرت وه
 پرورش یی دَ غلچيو په دولت وه
 چه دَ ده په عصر خلق په فراغت وه
 چه دَ پلار په زندگي یی سلطنت وه
 چه نیولي یی له وروره مملکت وه
 چه دی هم دَ فیروز شاه له ذریت وه
 چه په تخت یی یوه نیم میاشتی مهلت وه
 چه به دَ ده دَ بیو خوانانو دیر قیمت وه
 خضرخان ته یی ورکري حکومت وه
 چه بشکاره یی له جبین سیادت وه
 چه پیشتوون دَ ده په عهد په عزته وه
 چه اکثر یی دَ نسا سره صحبت وه
 چه په تخت یی نه ویشت کاله اقامت وه
 چه عمل یی موافق په شریعت وه
 چه بابر سره یی جنگ په پانی پت وه
 چه یی کار دَ پیستانه په برکت وه
 چه بیحده یی لبکر دیر یی دولت وه
 چه همایون دَ ده له دست هزیمت وه
 چه له پلاره نه هم زیات دَ ده جرات وه

بیا له پسه رضی لورَ شمس الدین وه
 بیا له پسه معز الدین دَ شمس الدین وه
 بیا له پسه ناصردین دَ شمس الدین وه
 بیا نمسی دَ فیروز شاه علاو الدین وه
 بیا سلطان جلال الدین په سریر کبیناست
 بیا له پسه قطب الدین دَ علائی وه
 بیا له پسه تغلق شاه چه امرا وه
 بیا سلطان محمد شاه دَ تغلق شاه وه
 بیا سلطان محمد شاه دَ فیروز شاه وه
 بیا سلطان غیاث الدین دَ فیروز شاه وه
 بیا له پسه ابابکر په تخت کبیناست
 بیا له پسه سکندر شاه دَ محمد شاه وه
 بیا یی ورور ناصر الدین په سریر کبیناست
 بیا له پس چه تیمور شاه په هند را کبیووت
 بیا سلطان مبارک شاه دَ خضرخان وه
 بیا سلطان محمد شاه دَ ده وراره وه
 بیا سلطان علاو الدین وه دَ ده زوی
 بیا بهلول لودی بادشاه شه دَ دهله
 بیا له پسه دَ بهلول زوی یی سکندر وه
 بیا له پسه ابراهیم وه دَ ده زوی
 بیا له پسه دَ دهله بادشاه با بر شه
 بیا له پس دَ با بر زوی همایون وه
 بیا له پسه شاه عالم دَ حسن سور وه
 بیا له پسه اسلام شاه دَ شاه عالم وه

بیا له پسه عادل شاه دَ ده ترbor ود
 بیا له پس دَ همایون زوی یه، اکبرشه
 بیا له پسه جهانگیر دَ اکبر زوی
 اوں بادشاه شاهجهان دَ جهانگیر دی
 زه خوشحال چه دا شمارکرم شاعرنه یم
 که مِ شعر شاعری خرگنده ولی *

چه دَ هند سیرمِ وکر اوں مِ رُوپی
 که دَ دی ویلو کال غواری له ما نه
 ابتدا دَ دی بیان په نمازپیښن ود
 دَ نماشام په وقت یې شوی نهایت ود

چه موسم مِ دَ ګلونو دَ ګلزار شي
 نرم نرم ترڅخ په هرځزار شي
 چه په هسي وقت کبېي سرېي په ګلزار شي
 بخت د هرکله دا هسي مدد کار شي
 چه ثنا یې په لته دَ هندوبار شي
 عاقبت به په همه جهان اوخار شي
 په سبزه باندي ناري دَ جوئبار شي
 شماتت یې دَ کشمیر په شالههار شي
 چه او به دَ فوارو سره تارتار شي
 وايې سپیني مرغليري دې نثار شي
 تر هغه خاي دَ ارم تمasha خار شي
 چه او به یې را روانې دَ آبشار شي
 وايې پاس په آئينو باندي رفتار شي
 دَ محل په منځ کبېي ناست دَ بازو په کار شي

چه هغه له بخت خوک برابري کا
 نن خما طالع له ما سره مدد کا
 چه مِ ناسته دَ صورت په هسي خاي ده
 په دا خاي چه دَ ابدالونظر وشه
 په چمن کبېي یې او به درومي رواني
 په دا هسي پاکيزه او بو سلسالو
 دَ سري ستريگي روښاني زره خوشحال کا
 چه له پاسه نه او به راخې په کښه
 هغه خاي چه دَ مرمو فواري دې
 ته به وايې دَ آسمان تنرا غورزاو شه
 چه په سريي دَ حوضونو خوک ګذر کا
 هرغاوي یې په حوضونو کبېي غوتې کړي

ته به وايي دَ فمروود دَ اور لنبي دِي
 صد برگه يي عجائب سره رو ملي
 په اطراف دَ هر چمن شگفته شوي
 په دا باع کبني دَ گلونو کمي نشه
 که صدبرک که بنفسه که ارغوان دِي
 دَ هغه صانع ترصنَع صدقه شم
 واله وني يي آسمان سره سiali کا
 په هزار رنگه نواشي دَ مرغونو
 دَ مرغونو دَ نوا له موجه شوري
 عمارت يي گچ وهلي په کبني کري *
 دوه سو تير سو رهروان دِي په کبني طرح
 لطافت يي دَ هوا ترحده تيردي
 که زاره په ده کبني کبني ناسته زلسي شي
 دا مكان به دَ بهشت سره داخل کا
 همگي صفت يي ديردي ترحساب
 دا بنا دَ آصف خان له لاسه شوي
 زرنه پنخوس كالونه دَ هجرت وو
 په خوشحال هم دا همرة چه ويل شو
 نور دَ عقل حكم نه دِي چه تكرار شي

پروردہ که دَ مغلو په نهیک یم
 دَ اورنگ له جور هم له غریو دک یم
 په ناحق يي په زندان کرم یو خو کاله
 خدای خبردي که په خپل گناه زه شک یم
 په خبردار يي په نیتونو یک بیک یم
 په نیستنو سره زره توردي دَ مغلو
 که سره که ناسزه راته معلوم دِي
 په دا کارکبني په معنی لکه همچک یم

و اورنگ و ته قارکه يا هشکيرك يم
 چه يي کاپه هغه زیست پوري هکپت يم
 چه تر فهم و تر نظر ده مغل کات يم
 خبردار کله په سود و زيان دالک يم
 گهان مه کره چه هغه زادان سهک يم
 اوکه نه تر زاره ذئب لا زيرك يم
 په دليل ده نابينالکه پوچك يم
 که رېستيا وايم ده سترکو مردمک يم
 و بي شناختو و ته کل ده پنيرك يم
 نه چه گرزي گونکت نيسی باد خورك يم
 نه چه ولی ده وابنو خوري هغه هبرك يم
 چه به نوري چاري کرم مکر خوردак يم
 په رېستياویل ده دیرو پولپولک يم
 چه دا هسي سرگردان لکه پېتك يم
 که ده زده ده هغو وارو بهترک يم
 چه منصب ده مغل نشته اوں ملک يم
 شکردا چه په خپل حکم په خپل وک يم
 نه په درولار ده هريو مردک يم
 نه په فکر ده سند نه ده دستک يم
 ده هغه ده سريا تۈرۈ يا كوتاك يم
 لکه بىه ستوري په اصل مبارڪ يم
 که په نور عالم ئۈزۈ زە په خرسك يم
 نه په فکر ده سند نه ده توشك يم
 خلاص له غم ده زېفت و ده ميلك يم

يا زە بازوم يا شاهين شاهجهان ته
 هغه زیست چه ده عزت له مخنه نه وي
 اور يي پوري په منصب په نوکري شه
 په خپل نام وننگ چه راشم ليوني شم
 چه په طمع ده اورو زغلي و شست ته
 ترقضا پوري ده هىچا چاره نشته *
 و بینا و ته سورمه ريم ده زرو
 هشیخ له قدر مه وگری خبر نه دی
 ده چنبی تر گلو دیر دی خما قدر
 لکه باز په لوی لوی بىكار خما نظر دی
 چه په غوبنبو يي روزگار هغه هزري يم
 په دا سپینه دېرە شرم عزت بىه دی
 که عالم را كوننە تاو کا غم م نشته
 په دانش په شرع نه ده په قسمت ده
 هر پېستون چه ده مغل خور يو ملک و م
 چه منصب ده مغل خور يو ملک و م
 ده فرمان ده پروانى حكم يي نشته *
 نه مکار په خاص و عام نه په دیوان دی
 نه تصديق شتە نه يادداشت شتە نه توجيه شتە
 هرگىدي بىه چه لە ما نه سرکوزي غوبىت
 که په بدو باندى شوم شوم زە يى خە کرم
 هر ساعت را باندى عيد ده استغنا دی
 پېستانە لرە شرىي اندىرىي بس دى
 آزادى ده په ساده سپینه جامه كېنى

وای ناسته په محلونو د اهک یم
 د مغلو پولا پاتو هیر پري دك یم
 که له خپله هوده واورم کنيزك یم
 که ويستلى یم خوبیا په خپل توپك یم
 په وار وار په لندو پرونو د بارك یم
 گمان مه کره چه بي پرو بناپيرك یم
 له بولاقونه لا لري يو خپك یم
 ما غلوی ورته په مثل د کوک یم
 لا خما په رپره هم که زه بارك یم
 گانده بيا د خدای و حکم وته خلک یم
 زه یواخی په تکيه د خدای شيرك یم
 و پاداش وته په طمع د هریک یم
 رضامند د افريديو په کومک یم
 چه ليده شم اوس خودايم يوبولك یم
 زه د ننگ په کار له وارو مشترك یم
 منت دار په گرزیدنه د فلت یم
 لا په کارکبي د سواري لکه اوزيك یم

د افغان په ننگ م وترله توه
 نکيالي د زهمانی خوشحال ختاك یم

د وابو جونکري هسي راته بشي شوي
 که اوگره د بقتو شته په شلونبو سمپينه
 چه نيولي م دا هود د ننگ و نام داي
 په بل غشي توپك هيش ويشتلی نه یم
 چه شهپرم بتی خيل وو کند کپرشول
 د گریز بنزی م توی لکه باز کري
 سکه ورونره م تري دي حال یي دا داي
 په دروغ دروغ وعدو نفاق آمسزو
 تف په رپره د همه وارو بارکو
 نن خو قام را سره ديره جفا وکره
 که ختکو راته شا کره من یي تورشه
 که خه حق يا د وروري يا د نيكى شته
 مهمendi خما د گدوی لاس و پبني دي
 هير چيني چه تراوش وکا درياب شي
 کرلانري سربني خو پېستانه دي
 چه دا هسي رنگ خما په سيله گرزي
 که م عمر په شماره تر شپيته تيردي

نيک و بد په کبني بيان
 پري د پوه شي دانيان
 چه ٿورزن یم کان په کان
 چه بل نه وه هسي خوان

راشه واروه دا داستان
 هم عبرت هم نصيحت دي
 زه خوشحال د شهباز خان یم
 شهباز خان د يحيى خان وه

چه په توره شه سلطان
 تیر انداز وه شنج کمان
 زر یی خای وه گورستان
 هم یی خلق وه هم احسان
 چه پري زيري بادشاهان
 پري خبر وو درويشان
 شه دا خپل اولس يو خان
 هغه واره وو شيران
 په هر کار کبني صادقان
 چه همه وو سرداران
 اکثر په لايق خوانان
 نام ناموس په وارو گران
 چه زه راغلم په جهان
 چه شهيد شه شاهباز خان
 قدردان شاهجههان
 په اولس بشوم حکم ران
 هشيخ م پري نه يبن ارمان
 خما لا دي دو چندان
 درست خما وو په فرمان
 يا م خرخ وه په مهمان
 زر به تله په خاندان
 نامور شه په دوران
 پاس م يوؤر په آسمان
 زره م سور کر په هرشان

يحيى خان دا اکوري وه
 هم په توره مرني وه
 چه غليم به یي پيدا شه
 هم یي تيغ وه هم یي ديك وه
 په هغه ستوري پيدا وه
 لا پيدا په جهان نه وه
 دا اکبر بادشاه په دوري
 چه له ده سره به ناست وو
 همت ناك باسل باذل وو
 گور ته رنگ په وينو لارل
 قبيله شوه سره ديره
 متفق په هره چار وو
 دا هجرت زر دو ويشت سن وه
 هغه کال پوره پنخوس وه
 دا هغه دوري بادشاه وه
 دا پلار خاي یي ما ته راکر
 که دا توري که دا ورکرو
 لکه خرخ م دا بابا وه
 واره ديرش زره ختك وو
 په لنگر به خما خرخ وه
 که خما کره به سل وو
 درست ختك خما په دوري
 که ختك په زمکه پروت وه
 که خه عيش که عشرت وه

کشت دَ باغ و دَ بوستان
 لکه خاوری دَ بیابان
 په درست عمر نه قربان
 زر به خوار کا هغه خوان
 تاؤ دَ بند و دَ زندان
 په هند و په مسلمان
 مگر نور یی کها بیان
 پلار نیکه خانان لو میران
 سر په غره په بیابان
 دوي نیولی مغلان
 دَ مغل په آش و نان
 په دا ماہ رمضان

که اسونه که بازونه
 زر و ماته هسي خوار ُو
 نه زکوة په ما واجب شه
 چه یی خپل عزت پکاروی
 تراورنگ بادشاه مِرویست
 نقش مِ کبیبوه دَ توری
 دَ خپل خان صفت به خه کرم
 هی هی ناوي په کور راغلي
 زه غلیم دَ اورنگزیب یم
 زه په ننگ دَ پینتانه یم
 لکه سپی هسي جارووزي
 دَ اویا کالونو اوس یم

لوئی پریبوه ونیوله کمَ ما
 چه که واخست انتقام له کرمَ ما
 په ژرانه کری یو دم بی نمَ ما
 استاده کره په ساحل له یمَ ما
 په ناکام کره و مغل وته خمَ ما
 په مغل کر خکه منع له همَ ما
 دَ مغل په لوري دوه قدمَ ما
 چه خبره ورته نه کره سمَ ما
 که هر خواته خپل خان له ذمَ ما
 چه هر چا وته یستي له فمَ ما
 چه به خان ساته همیش له ذمَ ما

دَ بی ننگو پینتو له غمَ ما
 دا هم ببه که په دا کارکبی همراه کاردي
 چه دَ ننگ گوهرم مات شه دواه سترکی
 هغه دُرم په لاس نه راخی بیوی
 هغه ملا مِ چه په هود سره لوی غر وَه
 هم دَ تخت وما ته شا شوه هم دَ خلقو
 که مِ لاس وي په رضام به کبی نه رسول
 دَ هغو دَ خولی کری خبری اورم
 ذم دَ خپل دَ پردیو را معلوم شه
 په هغو لویو خبرو شهمسار یم
 سل غندني پیغورونه را دوخار شول

دا الم م هیش الم سره سه دی
مگر بخت را سره بیا مدد آغاز کا
که لیدلی دی هزار الم ما
چه فارغ کا د اندوه له سه ما
هاتی خکه په سر لونی دا خاوری
چه خبر کرو خوشحال له غم ما

د ده به مسلمانی به اعتکاف
پلار په بند کنی آچولی په مصاف
یا په صوم ترشمشی و روای ناف
عبادت طاعت د واره دی خلاف
په چاره یی شه جگر شکاف شکاف
ولی تن یی اندرون لری ناصاف
د نامرد لب عمل و په دیر یی لاف
که دلی د خوشحال لاس په ظالم نشته
د قیامت په ورخ یی خدای مه کره معاف

را معلوم شه د اورنگ عدل و انصاف
سکه ورونره یی وار په وارواره وژلي
که هزار خله خوک سروهی په مزکه
خونیت د بهه عمل سره جورنه شي
چه د زبی لار یوه د زره یی بله
مارد تن د پاسه بهه بنايسته روغ دی
هزني په کرده دیر ويل یی لب و پ
که دلی د خوشحال لاس په ظالم نشته
د قیامت په ورخ یی خدای مه کره معاف

خنی خه چاري پیدا په دا جهان شي
اوسم گشت د افريديو په ميدان شي
بيا نظر خماد سوات په کوهستان شي
لكه خلاص لوپی د بند بندیوان شي
لا عجب که بل پیدا هسي افغان شي
پري به لري دا خماد زره ارمان شي
چه راضي راخنه روح د فريد خان شي
په دا کار کنی که خوک ماوتہ شيطان شي
که اغزي و په هغه کار ورته ریحان شي

چه په خوا په خاطرنه هسي عيان شي
په لاجي په چو تره و گرزیدم
لكه باز په يو غر گرزي په بل لوري
د مغل منصب م پریبند هسي خویشيم
دا نادره عقيدة لکه خاما ده
که م چري ننگيالي په لاسو کنېيوزي
و مغلو ته به هسي کار بسکاره کرم
په اعوذ به یی فتح کرم که خدای کا
په هر کار چه همت و تری له دل

چه قرین ورسه هر کله بدان شي
 چه دَبل سري په پند پسي روان شي
 که دَکانده دَرَوندون سري ضمان شي
 دَنادانو ياري سود گمنه زيان شي
 په یوه خبره لاره واره ايمان شي
 گوره گانده به خوک وران خوک به ودان شي
 دَعالِم قولي په خلق په احسان شي
 هره ورش پيري خوشان دَاسمان شي
 گانده ستا وسته کبنيني غليمان شي
 يا به وحوري کكري يا به کامران شي
 تر دَهیش به يي دَوينورد روان شي

گه فوشته وي بي بدی به پاتونه شي
 چه بي خپله پوهه نه وي بهه هغه دي
 زد به نن غرغ و گانده ته پري نه ردم
 چه خندا په خوب کبني وويني وزاري
 په یود بخري وسizi درست کلي
 ساقی نن خما په دور جام گردان کره
 اوونکنېپ باشا زره دك په لاھور راغي
 لکه کبته لره باران او باد پکاردي
 درومه هسيج دَماه و سال خبره مه کره
 دنير و تا وتد نن لافي دَياري کره
 په جهان دَننكپالي دې دا دوه کار
 د بازونو دَzagano هصف ويسم

په خاطرکبي لرم خورنگ غمونه
 اوں هغه خما په سر بدی قدمونه
 باروي په ما هست په کرموفه
 هم هغه خاندي خما په مرهمونه
 په اور وسیجه دا تور قلمونه
 پېښانه دیر دې په غرونه په سهونه
 يا به زه هم په لاس واخلم درمونه
 دَسکانو په خوله خه آخلم نومونه
 وار په واري په کور وشه ما تمونه
 يا پري بشوي دا دَننكې شيمونه
 چه خپل هم را لاندي باسي ارمونه

خبر مه شي دَفلک په ستمونه
 چه هېش به يي سرپروت خما په پښووه
 چه به تل خما کرم ته په اميد وه
 چه خما په هر هم روغ په دنيا پائي
 زد پېي چا لره وهم قدر يي چا زده
 خه پواخي ننگ په ما راغلي نه دي
 په به واره دَمغلو درم پري بدې
 چه بدوروا خوري دَمغلو واره سپې دې
 که ختک دې که بنګښ دې که وركزي دې
 يا خپل قهر ارمان تر هر چا وکبني
 له پدېونه به خه لره مانه کرم *

نا خلف زوي د چا کره لوی مه شه
 چه شاعر په خپل غلط شعر خبر شي
 چه خمسه يي کا پوري حيران يم
 چه و پلار وته گوندي کا قسمونه
 پري خكه وي د غلطني رقمونه
 خپل پردي فن و فنون سحر دهونه
 گور به هم په ژرا سرکرم که يي ورويم
 ره خوشحال د زره دا همسره المسوونه

کله باز کا و مردارو ته هوس
 و گفتار وته يي مه غروه سترگي
 که يي سر په لکئي آروي هغه دي
 په ظاهر شماره که لس سره دوه پنج وي
 دوه سري په باع کبني گدوشي يو گل گوري
 زه دا يم په بيلانه کبني له هغو يم
 که هر خوبنایسته روغ دی خوک يي خه کا
 ده کله باز کا و مردارو ته هوس
 په کرده په عمل گوره کس ناکس
 په هیچ رنگ به نورخه نه شي سگ مگس
 ده اجده په حساب نوي و گنره بس
 دويم گرزي په طلب ده خار و خس
 چه ده يار بي يادو نه دي يو نفس
 ده طوطي له مخنه به به شي قفس
 خوار خوشحال به خني خوشري په جور
 که سري شوندي ده شکر دی دي مگس

همرهانو د کوچ وکره واره لارل تر منزل
له نیستی و هستی ته له هستی و نیستی ته
لاری واره گل ولای ده ته په سهل تقوسونه
د دنیا په دریاب دوبه د پایاب یې طمع مه کره
و کنارتنه به ونه ووزی له دی هسي شان دریاب
د دنیا حاصل یې واره نا کامي و رنخوری ده
په قضایي رضا و روره هرجه ستا په باب یې کري
خپلو لاسو خپلو پېمو وته وکوره نظر وکره
هميشه وايبي چه خداي م پېژندلي په يکي دی
بي له خداي راته وايه بل یوکوم دی چه پیدا کا
په خوردن و په خفتون کښي له چارپاي برابره شه
د دنیا په کار و بار کښي په خو بیحد بیداري
په خپل حسن غرة مه شه که په حسن لکه گل یې
له بدانو د هشیوک د نیکی اميد و نه کا
د هغه عالم خبره چه عمل په ده کښي نه وې
هغه عالم چه عمل نه لري په مثل لکه خردی
چه ګفتار کردار یې دواړه موافق سره یکرنګه شي

په زیبا گفتار د هیش تقصیر ونه کړ خوشحال
که کردار د هم زیبا وي چار به ولی وه مشکل

هم هغه شي چه تقدير
 ستاپه مرگشی خلق خير
 نه په توره نه په تير
 تیغ وله مه کره تقصیر
 هسى کار نه دی دا پير
 پروا نشه دا سعير
 که کابل دی که کشمیر
 په سندرو هم په وير
 کان په کان خلق خمير
 واره هره په تیغ و تير
 حقیقت وايم په خير

خه سري خه یي تدبیر
 که جهان شې تیره توره
 بې تقدیر به و نه مري
 بې اجل مرگي نشه
 لکه کار دا مرني دی
 د غازيانو شاهيدانو
 ګل ګتنه ده دا بور
 مرني دی چه یاديري
 توره بخه دا خوشحال ده
 تر اوه پيريو پوري
 دا د خان ستاینه نه ده

چه وتلي یي دا دی خونی له ويش
 په غوبستونی باندي نه ده جفا پیش
 بلکه لا تر طلب بخه موهي بيش
 چه حذر کا دا هچي له بدہ نيش
 خو لا پائي په دنیا دا زره له ریش
 خبردار یم دا هر چا له دین و کیش
 هغه غشي وه په تن خما له کیش
 خود پا نه خي بلا له خانه خويش

په پیغام دا بوسی هود نه شي خوشحاله
 چه خما په خوله همین یي را نزدی شه

په طلب کبی د سستی وینم درویشن
 ٻعهستونه رنگارنگ دی په هر لوري
 خو طلب همسره هوندل دی په دا دور
 د عسلو خواره کله هغه موهي
 لا د وقت دا طبیب طلب بایده دی
 په هیڅ دین کبی ما وفا لیدلی نه ده
 په هرغشي چه زهمي شوم بیا مرکوت
 هیڅ پروا اندوه دا بل دا بدو نه کرم

په راحت کښي په دولت کښي یاري ډيري
 نه به هر کله بھار نه به خزان وي
 دا ڈستوريو چاري ونيسه په تيري
 له یوي فتنې يې خان په دعا خلاص کرم
 فلک بیا نوي فتنې کا را برسيري
 ڈ دي دور په یارانو باور نشته
 په زمان ورته اغيار شي یار ڈغويري
 چه به ما ورته کاته له جاهه نه کړ
 له هغو خبرې آورم تير و بيري
 پرورش يې که په شهد و په شکر کړي
 ڈخروما تربوند به و نه رسپري بيري
 ڈ دستار تر مرتبې به نه رسپري
 که په لعلو مکلل کړي پاي زيري

په ڙونڊون يې ڈخوشحال له زرهه وباسي
 ستا کردي به يې په گورکښي نه شي هيري

رانۍ تير شه لکه باد	ډير عالم خاما په ياد
په خای نه لري استاد	هم ڈا هسي راشي تيرشي
چه پيدا کړه لوړ استاد	عجب لویه کار خانه ڈه
څه حباب خه یې بنیاد	وحباب وته نظر کړه
بنه مثال شه درته زباد	هسي ته يې که پوهېږي
هي فرياد فرياد فرياد	هشيخ خبر نه شوي له خانه
بيا پسي شه هسي شاد	غمژن والي ڈ په خه شي
خه سختي لري خوشحاله	
دا ڈ زرهه دي که فولاد	

په یوہ یی شل بدی یی کړه تر شا
 په ربستینو باندی عفو ده روا
 په خطا د یکانه غلطی نه ده
 که له یاره نه ترخی خبری واوري
 د کمذات سري یاري آشنائي مه کړه
 رخنه ګر د ملک هرگز د پرېښو نه دی
 مرد به خپله وینا ژغوري خوژوندي وي
 د چارپایو په حساب دی سري نه دی
 چه ستا عیب تا ته وائي یار هغه دی
 بازاری سري بهتر تر وروستائي دی
 که سري پيري د وزني و به نه هري
 بند خما په رضا یو نشته یاران م
 چه خما په هرگ مشتاق وو هغه هريل
 هرني په خپلي توری نظر نه کا
 شناخت ادب شرم سري وته بایده دی
 چه یی موړو پلار سخنی سخنی زولی
 چه د سپی په پیولوی کا خوک ورغومي
 دا خبره و هر چا وته بشکاره ده
 عاقل دیر عیب د خان په عقل پت کا
 په ویل بسیل به هیڅکله بشه نه شي
 چه خپل بار په هیچانه ردی بار د بل وری
 چه په زړه کښی یی چراغ د عقل بل شي
 سجنجل د خپل اسټاد لري په منځ کښي

چه ګویا شه د خوشحال د زړه طوطا

چه مـ کري دـي له وارو شـرمسـاريـم
کـه پـه تـورـه بـيرـه هـر خـو بـزـه کـارـيـم
سـتا و فـضـل و کـرم تـه اـميـدـوارـيـم
زـه دـخـپـلو شـامـتـونـو نـه پـه دـارـيـم
زـه پـخـپـله خـبـرـدارـپـه خـپـل کـرـدارـيـم
لـکـه زـه پـه خـپـل عـمـل کـشـبي خـوارـو زـارـيـم
تـر هـنـدو نـه دـعـمـل پـه کـارـلا خـوارـيـم
هـمـكـيـي عـمـرـدا هـسـي نـماـزـگـذـارـيـم
پـه قـضا نـمـونـخـونـو هـم لا تـاـوان دـارـيـم
پـه بـزـه دـلـقـمـي کـلـه پـروـ دـارـيـم *
لا دـنـورـو و کـشـتن تـه پـه تـلـوارـيـم
تل دـدـه تـر فـرـمـودـه پـورـي فـا چـارـيـم
پـه ظـاهـر دـمـؤـمنـانـو پـه قـطـارـيـم
دـحـرـص پـه حـصـارـونـو کـشـبي حـصـارـيـم
سـنـخـما دـمـسـلـمـانـو سـرـه شـمـارـيـم
تـر وـرـسـتـي سـاـهـ زـه خـنـي پـه دـارـيـم
تـورـي خـاوـري مـپـه سـرـدي کـه زـرـدارـيـم
کـه زـه هـرـخـو پـه عـمـل کـشـبي شـرـمـسـارـيـم
پـه هـمـه پـيـغـمـبـرـانـو پـه اـقـرارـيـم
پـه دـا هـمـره اـعـتـقـاد کـشـبي اـسـتـوارـيـم
نيـکـ وـبـدـ وـارـهـ لـهـ تـاـ دـيـ خـبـرـدارـيـم
پـه دـا وـارـوـ کـشـبيـ لـهـ شـرـکـ نـهـ بـيـزارـيـم
مـيـنهـ دـارـيـي پـهـ اـصـحـابـ وـپـهـ چـهـارـيـم
تـرـهـمـهـديـيـ پـورـيـ دـاـ وـارـوـ خـدـهـتـگـارـيـم

زه په خپلو گناهونو توبه کار یه
په دا سپینه بیره ما فتحیت هه کره
اوسم و ما توان توفیق د طاعت راکره
ستا له لوریه همکنی فضل و کرم دی
عام عالم مر په کردار خبردار نه دی
په عمل به هسی کبر و جبود نه و پی
هندوهم پاخی په نیمه شپی خپل جپ کا
فرزه په زرو فکرو ولار په سجده سربدم
نه ثواب د جماعت نه سود د نفلو
که حلال دی که حرام هزد یه بويه
خلقی خما په فعل کور ته لاري
نفس وما ته حق نا حق کانا حق حق کا
راکنېي خوي خصلت د دورو اویه فرقودی
د هوا په دریابونو کنېي غوطی خورم
که په رسم په تقليد مسلمانی شي
نفس شيطان راته په هره ساد پخودی
حمسیده م لکه زر ذمیمه شکی
اعتقاد ئی د خاصانو و ما راکره
که فربستی که کتابونه د آسمان دی
د کونین پیدا کونکی لاشریک دی
د قیامت په ورخ قایل یم بی گمانه
پس له مرک بیا ژوندون د خلائق دی
پیغمبر مر محمد د عبد الله دی *
امامان یی د اولاد واره برحق دی

په وکیسهه یی دَ بیسنه و دَ تبار یم
حنفی سُنی مذہب دَ دین په کاریم
و درگاه لره دَ درغلم طیار یم
زه خوشحال هغه بنده دَ خپل غفاریم

چه دبننه یی دَ اصحاب و دَ اولاد دی
دَ مذہب خبیثن خلور دی پشته نه دی
دَ عذاب طاقت مَ هیش نشته بخنه مَ
چه هم دَک له گناهونو هم مغرور دی

بد مَ مَه کره و عالم وته بشکاره
په هغه لار مَ بیایه همواره
همیشه مَ په هغه چاري وکماره
پریشانی دَ خنی اوسي کناره
راپیکاره لره دا دواره هکاره
په توبه سره یی ته کره آواره
چه توبه مَ ماته نه شي دوباره
صغریه کره راته غوبی دَ فاره
چه په زره کبیي ذمیمه دی خونخواره
زه خاکی بنده عاجز یم بیچاره
ما یکلخته خپل کرم ته وسپاره
نور مَ بیایه دَ جنت په ننداره
هسي رنگ مَ گورستان وته وسپاره
په طمع مَ زیره مه کره رخساره
سلامت یی وساته برج و باره
آل اولاد مَ پیدا مه کره هیچکاره

وقت آخر شه غافل مه اوشه خوشحال
يو خورخي شپی باقی دی په شماره

خدای ته خما پرده مه کره پاره *
هغه لار چه دَ نیکی دَ نیکنامی ده
چه دَ دین دَ دنیا هی چاري په کبیي وي
په دنیا کبیي مَ همیش لره زره جمع
نفس شیطان دواره قرین دی په شماره کبیي
که هر خو مَ لوی گناه له لاسه وشي
په توبه کبیي هسي رنگه ثبات راکره
كبیره راته گنده غوبی دَ خوک کره
ذمیمه مَ وار په وار له دل واخلم
توان توفیق دَ عبادت و طاعت راکره
په حساب کتاب مَ رنگ دَ خلاصی نشته
چه ارواح مَ له قالب نه جدا شي *

چه کراماً کاتبین راخنه خوبی خی
من مَ سور لره همیش په استغنا کبیي
تر ایمان چه مَ چاپیر دَ یقین کوت دی
په دنیا کبیي مَ عزیز لره تر تله

زه مدد غواړم له تا نه ای یوه خدايَ احَدَ
 زه عاجز بنده دَ تايم تا به ستایم ستا په فضل
 ستا ثنا ده ترحد تیره دَ بیابان تر شکو دیره
 نه ته زوري نه ته خوان يې لکه وي هسي يکسان يې
 زمه سبع سماوات دواړه کونه کاینات
 دا همه واره ملکونه تا وزَول له کاف و نون
 که سفید دَي که سیاه دَي په وحدة ستاګواه دَي
 دَ ستاکار واره خوبې دَي په خوبې او په نیکې دَي
 داشامت څمونږه خپل دَي چه موکاره هسي مشکل دَي
 ته پښته کړي له حال چه يې حال بهه ده ترقاَل
 دَ خوشحال ويَل اومه دَي لايق ستادَ صفت نه دَي
 ستا په فضل به پخیرې دا اومه ويَل احَدَ

توع خرگند کا زهستان
 چه بسکاره شي په آسمان
 بیا تندرست شي دا جهان
 او به ولبی په خان
 لب په لب شي مشتاقان
 زین قبول کا عراقیان
 نه آس دروند په برگستان
 پری بیادی شي دا اوان
 په جنوب شي را روان
 لکه بشه سیلی جوگیان
 ژغ کا زانری په آسمان
 مرغایوی صه چندان
 په دانه دا دهقانان
 رایی واخلي میر شکاریان
 په رنگ بشه وي تر زعفران
 خوک په سیریي دا بوستان
 سپین او زیر وي ارغوان
 دا هر بوقی تر گریوان
 لا په تیره دا ریحان
 هره ونه شي شان شان
 لور په لور کاندي فغان

چه تحويل شي دا میزان
 توع بی خه دا سهیل ستوري
 د غارمه په رنځ رنڅور وي
 د خورو لذت پیدا شي
 غیږ په غیږ سره نهاستي شي
 د جامي قدر خرگند شي
 نه په زغره خوان خبر وي
 چه د بسکار هوسناکي کا
 د شمال مرغونه واره
 نوي باز راشي له سوات
 د مهتاب په شعله یون کا
 قاز و بطي راخوري شي
 زركي کوزي شي و سمي ته
 که شاهين که چرغ که باز دي
 د صدبرگ ګلونه وا شي
 خوک د بسکار په هوس ګرزي
 عباسی په دوه دري رنگه
 د چنبي د ګلو بوي خي
 د سبزي يې تمasha شي
 په تنکي تنکي بساخونو
 که بلبلی که طوطيان دي

مکر موسي په جنان
په پسرلي لري رجحان
دا پسرلي په منع زندان
يماني ستوري خان خان
دا دي هسي وقت هوس به
كه ربستا وايم دا وقت مـ
دا دي وقت په منع خلاصي دـ
په خوشحال دـ قدر دير دـ
چـه ديدن دـ وربـكاره شي
نور پـه دـ کـري حـظ پـريـوان

پـه خـان وـه جـهـان كـبـني ما دـوـه خـيـزـه دـي وـكـبـلي پـه خـان كـبـني دـواـره سـتـركـي پـه جـهـان كـبـني وـارـه كـبـليـي
دا زـلـفوـپـه هـواـيـي بـيـ خـودـي خـمـماـ نـصـيبـ شـوـهـ لـهـ خـانـهـ لـهـ جـهـانـهـ تـلـ بـيـخـودـ وـيـ مـارـ خـورـليـي
دا كـبـليـوـ دـ جـمـالـ پـهـ نـسـدارـهـ كـبـنيـ ماـخـدـايـ بـيـامـونـدـ لـبـرـ نـهـ دـيـ لـهـ مـجاـزـ حـقـيقـتـ تـهـ رسـيدـليـي
بيـهـ منـعـ وـتـهـ چـهـ گـورـمـ پـهـ دـوـهـ سـتـركـوـ نـهـ مـرـيـبـمـ دـ تـنـ وـيـبـتـهـ مـ وـارـهـ وـارـيـ سـتـركـيـ دـيـ خـتـليـي
سيـهـ دـلـ دـ محـبتـ لـهـ سـوـزـ وـسـازـهـ خـبـرـنـهـ شـولـ پـهـ کـارـ دـ پـتنـگـانـوـ مـكـسـ نـهـ دـيـ پـوهـيدـليـي
دا هـغـهـ خـونـيـ لـهـ تـيـعـ دـ خـلاـصـيـ فـكـرـوـ مـهـ کـرـهـ چـهـ دـيـ لـهـ نـاـ تـرـسـيـ زـرـهـ وـکـاريـ لـهـ وـژـليـي
دا خـدـايـ مـلاـمـتـونـهـ گـوبـيـ گـوبـيـ تـهـمـتـونـهـ پـهـ عـشـقـ كـبـنيـ لـهـ وـکـريـ ماـخـهـ لـبـرـ نـهـ دـيـ زـغمـليـي
بيـهـ منـعـ پـهـ مـثـالـ کـلـ شـهـ زـرـهـ خـمـالـکـهـ بـلـبـلـ شـهـ شـيـداـ بـلـبـلـهـ هـرـ چـريـ چـهـ کـلـ وـيـ هـورـيـ زـغـليـي
مدـ وـکـرهـ دـ وـيـنـوـ دـ ژـراـ پـهـ وقتـ اـيـ دـلـ نـورـ اوـبـيـ پـاتـونـهـ شـوـلـ چـهـ دـيرـ دـيـ ژـلـيـي

دا شـعـرـ خـهـ ثـناـ کـرمـ چـهـ دـيـ حـيـضـ الرـجـالـ دـيـ بـدـ کـرـکـاـ چـهـ لـهـ دـهـ نـهـ دـيرـ زـيـانـونـهـ دـيـ رسـيدـليـيـ
کـهـ شـعـرـتـهـ نـظـرـکـريـ پـهـ خـپـلـ اـصـلـ کـبـنيـ بـدـ نـهـ دـيـ بـدـ دـاـ چـهـ خـوـکـ پـهـ شـعـرـکـبـنيـ وـيلـ کـاـ نـاـپـسـنـدـليـيـ
چـهـ چـاـ دـيـ شـعـرـکـريـ بـيـ مـيـزانـهـ بـيـ عـروـضـهـ دـاـ هـيـشـ شـاعـريـ نـهـ دـاـ يـوـ خـوـسـپـيـ دـيـ تمـيـدـليـيـ
فارـسيـ شـعـرـ مـ هـمـ زـدـهـ سـليـقهـ لـرـمـ دـاـ وـارـهـ پـيـنـتـوـ شـعـرـمـ جـوشـ شـهـ هـرـ خـوـکـ خـپـلـ کـنـزـيـ بـيـمـاغـليـيـ
پـهـ وزـنـ پـهـ مـضـمـونـ پـهـ نـزاـكـتـ هـمـ پـهـ تـشـبـيهـ کـبـنيـ پـيـنـتـوـ وـيلـ مـ عـينـ تـرـ فـارـسيـ دـيـ رسـوـليـيـ
پـيـنـتـوـ زـيـهـ دـاـ مشـكـلهـ دـاـ دـهـ بـحـرـ مـونـدـهـ نـهـ شـيـ هـمـ ماـ لـرـهـ خـوـ بـحـرـهـ پـهـ دـيرـ مـبـسـودـ دـيـ رـاغـليـيـ

له چانه په پښتو کبېي ما میزان موندلی نه دی مرزا په دا زبان که ویل کري دی تللي
 مخزن مـ دـ اخوند په تمامی په نظر کبېیوټ په دـ کبېي نه عروض شته نه یې بحر ما موندلی
 دانا به پري پوهېږي دـ نادنوا کارپري نشته دـ درـ چـه دـ بـیان پـه تـارـ خـوشـحالـ خـتـکـ پـیـليـ
 کـذـابـ دـیـ کـهـ دـاـ شـعـرـ لـکـهـ دـاـ پـښـتوـ بـیـانـ کـرـ کـهـ هـسـیـ وـیـلـ اوـسـ شـیـ یـاـ پـهـ خـواـ وـیـ چـاـ وـیـليـ
 دـ شـعـرـ پـهـ وـیـلوـ دـیرـ خـوـبـ نـهـ یـمـ وـلـیـ خـهـ کـرمـ چـهـ زـرـهـ مـ بـیـ اـخـتـیـاـرـ کـلـهـ کـلـهـ وـرـتـهـ زـغـلـیـ
 پـهـ شـلـ کـالـهـ کـبـېـ دـیـگـ خـمـاـ دـشـعـرـ پـهـ اـورـ بـارـ شـهـ پـهـ دـاـ دـوـرـیـ مـ پـوـخـ کـرـ چـهـ شـپـیـتـهـ کـالـهـ مـ تـلـلـیـ
 حـاسـدـ مـ کـهـ پـهـ شـعـرـ لـهـ حـسـدـ گـوـتـهـ کـیـرـدـیـ چـهـ دـیـ موـهـیـ لـهـ شـعـرـ وـارـهـ دـهـ وـتـهـ بـخـبـلـیـ
 دـ شـعـرـ پـهـ وـیـلـ کـبـېـ کـهـ مـقـصـودـ لـرـیـ هـمـ دـیـ پـهـ دـاـ بـهـانـهـ یـیـ کـونـدـیـ چـرـیـ یـادـ کـاـ نـازـوـلـیـ
 پـهـ تـورـ کـسـوتـ کـبـېـ پـتـهـ رـنـگـیـنـهـ معـنـیـ وـگـورـهـ زـرـ شـوـئـیـ مـ سـرـهـ زـرـ لـهـ تـورـوـ شـگـوـ دـیـ یـسـتـایـ
 دـوـهـ بـحـرـهـ دـوـهـ مـطـلـعـ لـرـیـ کـهـ دـاـ قـصـیدـهـ گـورـیـ
 زـرـیـوـ اـتـیـاـ کـالـوـنـهـ پـهـ صـفـرـ کـبـېـ ماـ وـیـليـ

خار تـرـیـکـانـکـیـ چـهـ نـعـمـتـونـهـ رـاـ بـکـارـهـ کـاـ
 مـنـ چـهـ بـمـایـسـتـهـ وـیـ خـلـقـهـ یـیـ نـنـدارـهـ کـاـ
 زـرـسـازـیـ نـاسـازـیـ پـهـ دـنـیـاـ کـبـېـ آـوارـهـ کـاـ
 چـارـیـ پـهـ سـرـیـوـ وـارـهـ نـفـسـ اـمـارـهـ کـاـ
 دـوـهـ سـوـهـ دـ حـرـصـ لـهـ مـنـهـ نـورـ رـاـ اـجـارـهـ کـاـ
 چـهـ وـاـخـلـیـ خـپـلـیـ بـخـرـیـ نـورـخـانـونـهـ کـنـارـهـ کـاـ
 هـرـچـهـ دـوـهـ زـبـانـ وـیـ خـپـلـ غـمـونـهـ دـوـبـارـهـ کـاـ
 وـلـیـ بـادـشاـهـ نـهـ وـیـ چـهـ حاجـتـ یـیـ بـیـچـارـهـ کـاـ
 خـرـهـ غـوـایـهـ کـلـهـ نـظـرـ دـکـلـ پـهـ پـشتـارـهـ کـاـ

دـ خـوـشـحالـ دـ رـنـديـ جـالـ هـسـيـ بـکـارـهـ شـولـ
 لـکـهـ بـانـگـ چـهـ مـوـذـنـ پـهـ بـلـنـدـهـ مـنـارـهـ کـاـ

دوـهـ زـرـونـهـ چـهـ یـوـشـیـ غـرـبـهـ هـمـ پـارـهـ پـارـهـ کـاـ
 تـؤـرـیـ زـلـفـیـ بـوـیـهـ خـطـ وـ خـالـ زـرـوـ زـیـورـ هـمـ
 خـوـکـ چـهـ پـهـ اـخـلاـصـ وـبـلـهـ مـیـنـ شـیـ پـهـ دـنـیـاـ کـبـېـ
 خـطـلـقـ پـهـ شـیـطـانـ بـانـدـیـ لـعـنـتـ لـعـنـتـ وـائـیـنـهـ
 صـلـ رـنـکـهـ غـمـونـهـ لـورـ پـهـ لـورـ دـ نـفـسـ دـ لـاسـهـ
 چـهـ وـیـشـ وـیـ دـ شـکـرـوـ دـیرـ عـالـمـ وـرـ بـانـدـیـ تـوـلـ شـیـ
 چـارـ تـرـیـکـنـگـیـ چـهـ زـرـهـ یـیـ یـوـ یـوـ یـیـ اـقـرـارـ وـیـ
 هـرـ خـوـکـ دـ دـعـاـ کـانـدـیـ چـهـ حاجـتـ یـیـ چـاـتـهـ نـهـ شـیـ
 کـلـ وـسـرـیـ وـرـکـرـهـ چـهـ خـوـشـحالـ پـهـ یـوـهـ گـلـ شـیـ

دا خه بارخونه دی ستا د تورو زلفو لاندی
 پروت دی په گلنو د سنيلو پانري تاندي
 هسي يارم بيا موند چه عالم يي كيسى كاندي
 هر چه عاشقي کا صدر جت په وارو باندي
 هر چه په فاني دنيا ياديري وروستوراندي
 نوري كيسى خه دی و خپل خان ته نصيحت دی
 هر چه په چرته زه خوشحال په کوم ملکونو
 شمع ته نظر کره خود به وزاري چه خاندي
 ته گوره په چرته زه خوشحال په کوم ملکونو
 پاس په زره پرتی دی ستا د تور وريل پياندي

زور سري چه د خوانی هوس کاندي
 چه په کال کبیسي يي زور توب دی هم خوانی دی
 کله هسي په خوان موږ شي چه يي نه خوري
 په نیستونو په صورت ونونو په لاسونو
 اوں په سپین بیره خه له مرگه دار کرم
 چه د هزکي من يي لاندي وه تر حکم
 دا عالم ریگ روان دی که يي گوري
 د قضا تنور ما ولیده په ستر گو
 ما خوشحال چه په کبیسي سیزي وچی تاندي

شوه غمزه گره خنده رویه خود آرا *
 تلم په خپلي لاري را سره مله شوه نکارا
 رنگ يي د سري وه اما خوي د بنا پيريو
 تن يي لکه سيم وه په زره سخت سنج خارا
 راغلو په بنه راس په لاس شوه له ما ورکه
 کوي په کوي جاروزم پسی غوايم بخارا
 ديری لري نبي د صورت د زيبائي خه خود رته وايم يو خو نبي آشكارا
 دنکه تازه رنگه قد عرعره مو کمره بهه يي تر گلنو د گلاب وه عذارا
 غافل يي درگوهر په لب شکر ابرو کمانه تور بازره ناوکه په دوارو ستر گو خونخوارا

پوزه يي غنچه و دارنيق سيب يي سپينه زنه
 هار د جواهر و دوه لري د مرغلو
 واره يي د تن جامي گلگوني زرنگاري
 درسته سره لنبه ده چا ليدلي خدا را
 بيا هسي مدد كره چه خوشحال سره د تله كره
 بخت د دي وركي سراغ نبه وما را

و پ يي سكه هزار سر لري چه دا ويساکري
 و پ يي ته سكه خه لره بسامار وته ويساکري
 و پ يي چه كه سر لره تن بي تیغ جدا کري
 و پ يي چه په داعقل به لا خپل صورت رسوا کري
 و پ يي هغه خوک وو چه له تا سره خندا کري
 و پ يي که کبر کرم ستا خه دي چه غوغاكري
 و پ يي چه خدائي خه دا عاشقي هم و پيريا کري
 و پ يي دا خبره کره هاله که چا په تا کري
 و پ يي کاشکي خلاص له در د سرسپي خما کري
 و پ م رچه په خورنگه خوشحال په تا مين دي
 و پ يي د ختك سري د ميني خه ثنا کري

يون د دي د زركي دواره سترگي د دهور
 راز د کردگار دي دا گلونه طور طور
 باز خوري د زرده غوشى يايي ته خوري يايي بور
 عشق نه دي بلادي چه يي ونيوم په چور
 تل به بهار نه و پ چه تيريزي وقت د ثور
 عمر غوندي دروهي چه بشه وکرم باندي غور

و پ م که زه درشم ستا ترخاي خوله به راکري
 و پ م رچه په منج د توري زلفي تور بسامار دي
 و پ م رچه کوم توکي به تا وته نژدي شم
 و پ م رچه زه تا پسي هرگوره ليوني شوم
 و پ م رچه ما تا سره خندا په یوه وقت کره
 و پ م رچه هرگوره کيريا شوي خدای د ويسني
 و پ م رچه د سپين زينا خولي د عاشق زه يم
 و پ م رچه له نته د چارگل په پوزه زيب کا
 و پ م که زه ستا په کوي کبني و هرم ستارضا ده
 و پ م رچه په خورنگه خوشحال په تا مين دي
 و پ يي د ختك سري د ميني خه ثنا کري

تا غوندي به نه و پ يوه کبني په دا دور
 وقت د نوبهار دي راغ و باع واره گلزار دي
 باز د باندي هه وزه هم زره لرم ويريريم
 نور عالم بي غم زه دائم په درد و غم کبني
 هي شته چنگ و نئي شته ساقي راشه باده راکره
 کبنيم و روبار ته چه روانی او به گورم

یار د که دکور دین قبول کا په دا خه شی
 شرط د محبت دی ته هم واخله دین دکور
 مینه د مجنون به په ليلي وشوه لا دیره
 خوبه چه عالم ورباندي وکړ شور و زور
 طمع د خوشحال وه لکه بنه باغبان په باغ کښې
 ګل و هر چا ورکا چه یې زړه وي علی الفور

راشه که یې آوري دا خبره ده نادره
 چه ووتل له سترکو هغه وزی له خاطره
 همه درومه له ما نه راته قل او سه حاضره
 بخت راته ناظر شي چه وما ته شي ناظره
 زه چه د مجنون کرم په چشمانيسي ساحره
 تا غوندي به نه وي شوخ و شنگ دلاوره
 درسته د دا تنگه خوله حقه د جواهره
 تل سکر و کاره چه شکري خوري شاکره
 تا دا قدرت ورکر و دلبرو ته قادره
 چه ووتل له سترکو هغه وزی له خاطره
 مرم چه جدا کېږي ته مرود یې که پوهېږي
 بخت مرور شي چه په نورو د نظر شي
 هر حسن د دیر دی د ليلي تر حسن تير دی
 ديرې دی نگاري آهو چشمې پري واري
 شوندي دياقوت دی غابې د دردزرونو قوت دی
 لام و بي یې خبيښه چه بند کښلي شي در پښه
 دير دملک شاهان دی چه د کښليو غلامان دی
 تل له دیره خiale خوبه پېښه کړي له خوشحاله
 هم صلح کړي هم جنگ کړي مهراجنه هم قاهره

د ريزی وکړه خپل یارتہ
 زړه م نه کېږي ګلزار ته
 چه نظر کا ستا رخسار ته
 منتظر یم وخپل وارتہ
 چه خير خير ګوري وخار ته
 یار دم مه وله اغيار ته
 که د مینه شي ګلزار ته
 دواره شوندي کړه په بیارتہ
 زه چه ستا و منج ته گورم
 ګل له شرم خولي پرېږدې
 که مردار باندي جور شي
 ګل دا در باندي پسائي
 که وفا کا که جفا کا
 آئيني وته نظر کړه
 زار و چا ته کړي خوشحال
 چه د نه ګوري خوک زارتہ

زه به نه کرم هیر نوري سترگي ستا
 يا د تور هوسي که گوري سترگي ستا
 د خواره وريل ترسوري سترگي ستا
 دا اورده بازره پري پوري سترگي ستا
 زه چه ووينم هي خوري سترگي ستا
 د هر چا د زرونو چوري سترگي ستا

چه موليدي دا توري سترگي ستا
 يا د باز يا د طاؤس يا د شاهين دي
 لکه وزغوري کبلي په مرغزار کبني
 لکه پت سواره د جنگ نيزه په غاره
 لکه خوک په میومست شي هسي مستشم
 که شيخان که زاهدان که عابدان دي

چه د غوبت هغه دیدن دي ورته گوره
 که خوشحال نه وي کوري سترگي ستا

بخاري ازلي دي کاشکي ما د خان په رنگ کري
 بهه يي په ويلود د درياب او به کرنگ کري
 لارل و دوزخ ته چه يي لافي د فرهنگ کري
 خوک به يي صيقل کاچه يي خدای آئينه زنگ کري
 ملي په خپل خان هسي ارت جهان تنگ کري
 تا زده دا خبری چه نقلونه رنگا رنگ کري
 بېي نغمي دلسوزي په رباب په نې وچنگ کري
 بي گلدار بد کري که و بل لوري ته آهنگ کري
 خنو مصلی د بي ننگي در پسي لنگ کري
 هوم په رقيبانو په عاشق باندي زره سنگ کري

زه خوشرابي يم شيخه خه راسره جنگ کري
 بهه وايي ناصح برکت شه ستا په ژبه
 لارل و جنت ته چه په پوهه خبر نه وو
 پند د محمد د ابوجهل پکارنه شه
 کبنيي په خلوت کبني شيخه سود يي راته وايه
 زه خود زره دردغوارم په هريوه منه هب کبني
 قز راشه مطرب د نوروز سرود آغاز کره
 هر لوري ته گل دي شقايق نرگس سنبل دي
 چا در پسي ديري توبسي و اخستي طلب کا
 مکاشکي د عمل درنه پښته د په قيامت شي

مرگ لره يي واره د دهلي لبکري راغلي
 ته لا د خوشحال په مرگ خان روغ نه گنري ننگ کري

په نغمه کبی نوی نوی حکایت کا
 د بهار گلونه ما ته هدایت کا
 بادشاہان ډ غم د ملک ولایت کا
 په جفا کبی چه دا همراه عنایت کا
 لکه خوک چه له چا شکرو شکایت کا
 له رقیب چه شکوه په دا غایت کا
 بیا ریاب د مغئی پنه سرایت کا
 شیخ ډ ګنج د صومعی زه به ګلکشت کرم
 ګدایانو لره غم د ګیدی ډیر دی
 د وفا مهر کرم به یی لا خه وی
 په مانوی یی هم خوشحال شم هم ډلکیرشم
 دا خما د بخت اثر نه دی نور خه دی
 که د پسلیو د دیدن مینه گناه ده
 سکه خوشحال ختمک درست عمر جنایت کا

یکباره یی د عالم مینی په چج کړي
 دا زنڅیر په لاسو ونیسه که حج کړي
 همیشه به دخپل زره په حال فرج کړي
 که د ګیری اندېښی له زره خرج کړي
 ته به خو خما د کار دپاره بچ کړي
 خوبوسي که له دشنام سره هزج کړي
 په خه شان یی دواره زلفی کچ په کچ کړي
 توړی زلفی یی زنڅیر منځ یی کعبه دی
 که یو دم ډ دا زنڅیر په لاسو کښیوزی
 بیا هاله د یکانکی له حال لاف کړه
 زه تر نام ننګ تیر شوم ستا دپاره
 قند و ګل چه یادوم مقصود م دا دی
 ما خوشحال له خپله خانه خاطر مور کړ
 چه دا هسی د غمزی په تیغ حرج کړي

دَخْدَاءِي مَنْتَ رَا بَانْدِي چَهِ يِي هَسْتَ كَرْمَ لَهْ عَدْمَ
 پَشْتَ پَهْ پَشْتَ رَاغْلِي مَسْلَهَمَانْ مَحَمَّدِي يِمْ
 درست په دا پوهیم چه چار مذہب حق دی
 مینه يي په زره داعلماء راکره دیره
 نه خراباتي نه قمار باز يم نه زنا کار يم
 بخره يي ذاتیخ راکره په اصل کنبي پیشتوں يم
 پلارم سورکفن و گورته لار نیکونه واره
 پلارم شهباز خان په سخاوت لکه حاتم وه
 تینک ولار په شرع قل بئی کار وه په ریستا کنبي
 خوبه نیکه ستایم یحیی خان جنت يي خای شه
 بل سری که سوره دی پیاده ور سره به سه وه
 بل نیکه خما ملک اکوچه په ختم کنبي
 دیرش کالونه وشول چه م پلار دی شهید شوی
 نور پیشتناهه دیر دی خویوزه په کنبي تؤره يم
 دیرو اولسونو غلیمسی راسره وکره
 يو یوسفزی دی چه په ما يي منت بار کر
 زه چه داغد په کال په بند دا اورنگزیب شوم
 خوکاله بندی کرم اورنگزیب په هندستان کنبي
 هر چه زه يي وژلم په زندان کنبي هغه واره
 زه لکه یوسف له بند خلاص شوم کامرانی کرم
 زوي م اشرف خان دی چه خورشوي کورپري تول شه
 خلیلیشت زوي نور لرم یو دی په کنبي چه لوی ذی

بل خلقت يي نه کرم را پیدا شوم له آدم
 چار د چار یارانو سره واره منم سه
 زه د خفي مذہب دعوي لرم مسکم
 مینه يي د دور د شیخانورا کرد کم
 نه قاضی مفتی چه يي نظر په یو خود را هم
 پلار په نیکه نه يم بی دولت بی حشم
 دیر خلق پري و هر خون يي لار شد تر عالم
 زره يي د هزري په تؤره تیر شه تر رستم
 خط سواد يي نه وه نور دانا وه له افهم
 روغ لکه یوسف وه درست له سر تر قدم
 قد قامت يي همه د همانی چار پري تم
 ده را وره دا بخره د لوي متقدم
 هر کر یوسفزيو ما هم او رکره باندي سه
 وا خلم ور کرم بند کرم په پيردم و وژنم تر دم
 سري ي راته کوز کر هاله خلاص شول له ماتم
 لا په اکوز یو د ننگ چار ده مسلم
 کور و خيلخانه م په کنبي ديره وه بی دم
 روغ را غلم تر کوز بيا ي خلاص شوم له ستم
 و هر خوارشول و رکشول خالي نه دی لدالم
 پاک پاکيزه زروم او رم نه کره بیا کم
 زه چه په بند لارم خيلخانه م شود برهم
 واره بر خوردار شه خدای يي و ساته له غم

خداي يي بـرخوردار كـره طـمع دـيره تـري لـرم
 دـوه وـروـنـه مـنـورـه يـوـنـومـري بـلـبـي نـمـ
 قـامـ اـولـسـ مـپـرـوـتـ دـيـ قـرـلـكـيـ پـهـ غـرـهـ پـهـ سـمـ
 وـارـهـ يـكـانـهـ شـاـ پـهـ خـدـمـتـ كـبـيـ رـاـ تـهـ خـمـ
 ماـ وـتـهـ هـشـيـخـ نـهـ دـيـ مـكـرـبـيـ اوـمـهـ شـلـغـمـ
 خـهـ مـجـالـ دـكـهـ چـهـ بـهـ سـيـالـيـ کـاـلـهـ ضـيـغـمـ
 اوـسـ کـهـ بـيـکـارـدـ باـزـ کـانـدـيـ هـيـلـيـ نـهـ دـهـ گـرـمـ
 چـارـمـ اوـرـنـگـرـنـيـبـ پـهـ نـادـانـيـ کـرـهـ بـرـهـمـ
 دـاغـ لـرمـ پـهـ زـرـهـ کـبـيـ بـيـ طـبـيـبـ بـيـ مـرـهـمـ
 زـهـ کـهـ پـهـ زـرـهـ روـغـ وـيـ چـارـبـهـ وـلـيـ وـهـ دـرـهـمـ
 دـاـ رـنـگـ چـهـ کـيـرـيـ گـورـهـ خـهـ وـشـيـ لـهـ هـمـ
 ماـ بـهـ پـهـ خـوـمـيـاشـتـيـ وـارـهـ کـارـکـرـهـ مـسـتـحـكـمـ
 کـلـهـ دـاـ دـهـرـدـ دـيـ دـاـ دـشـيـ دـيـ عـلـمـ
 بشـهـ دـخـانـيـ پـهـ خـطـابـ کـانـدـيـ مـكـرـمـ
 تـلـ بـانـدـيـ نـفـرـيـنـ وـاـرـيـ لـهـ لـوحـ وـلـهـ قـلـمـ

حال حقيقـتـ واـيمـ چـهـ هـرـچـاـ وـتـهـ مـعـلـومـ شـيـ
 زـهـ خـهـ شـاعـرـ نـهـ يـمـ هـيـ تـوبـهـ لـهـ مـدـحـ وـذـمـ

چـهـ پـهـ هـرـلـوريـ يـيـ مـلـكـ کـرـ يـوـگـلـزارـ
 يـاسـمـنـ دـيـ نـسـتـرـنـ نـرـگـسـ گـلـنـارـ
 وـلـيـ سـرـهـ لـالـهـ دـيـ لـاـ پـهـ کـبـيـ اوـخـارـ
 دـخـوانـاـنـوـ گـلـدـسـتـيـ دـيـ پـهـ دـسـتـارـ
 پـهـ نـغـمـوـ پـهـ پـرـدوـ وـغـورـوـهـ هـرـ تـارـ
 چـهـ دـاـ مـيـوـ پـهـ هـسـتـيـ کـبـيـ شـمـ سـرـشـارـ

اوـسـ پـيـنـجـهـ نـهـسـيـ لـرمـ اـفـضـلـ دـاـشـرـفـ خـانـ دـيـ
 يـوـمـ سـكـهـ وـرـرـدـيـ چـهـ يـيـ لـارـدـ حـقـ نـيـولـيـ
 خـاـيـ مـمـلـكـپـورـ دـيـ چـهـ يـيـ سـرـايـ بـولـيـ وـگـرـيـ
 شـلـ زـرـهـ خـوـانـانـ لـرمـ تـولـ لـهـ يـوـهـ ذـاتـ
 خـهـ شـوـشـمـشـيـرـخـانـ کـهـ پـوـخـ پـنـجـهـزـاريـ دـيـ
 خـوـبـهـ دـاـ منـصـبـ پـهـ زـورـخـماـ بـرـاـبـرـيـ کـاـ
 خـوارـدـ يـوسـفـزـيـ شـيـ چـهـ تـريـنـ يـيـ حـاـكـمـيـ کـاـ
 زـهـ دـاـشـاهـجـهـانـ بـادـشـاهـ دـنـنـهـ دـاـ زـرـهـ سـرـ وـمـ
 دـمـ وـهـلـيـ نـهـ شـمـ خـوـكـ مـ دـادـ دـلاـسـانـهـ کـاـ
 خـوـزـرـهـ سـوـارـهـ دـيـ سـرـگـرـدانـ پـهـ خـوـكـالـونـوـ
 سـلـ کـاـلـهـ کـهـ تـيـرـشـيـ دـاـ مـهـمـ بـهـ فـيـصـلـ نـهـ شـيـ
 خـهـ چـهـ پـهـ خـوـکـالـهـ شـمـشـيـرـخـانـ تـريـنـ يـوـکـارـکـرـ
 دـاـ مـكـرـفـرـيـبـ چـهـ دـاـ حـيـاتـ تـريـنـ هـنـرـدـيـ
 پـوـهـهـ تـهـمـيـزـنـشـتـهـ دـاـ جـهـانـ پـهـ سـتـرـگـوـرـونـدـ دـيـ
 دـاـ اـنـشـاـ وـ دـاـ اـمـلـاـ چـهـ دـيـ شـيـطـانـيـ بـولـيـ

بيـاـ لـهـ کـوـمـ رـاـ پـيـداـ شـهـ دـاـ بـهـارـ
 اـرـغـوانـ دـيـ ضـمـمـيـنـ سـوـسـنـ رـيـحـانـ دـيـ
 دـاـبـهـارـگـلـونـهـ دـيـرـدـيـ پـهـ کـبـيـ هـرـنـگـ شـتـهـ
 جـونـهـ موـتـيـ گـلـ بـدـيـ پـهـ گـرـيـوـانـ کـبـيـ
 مـغـنـيـ پـهـ چـغـانـهـ لـيـنـدـيـ کـبـيـرـدـهـ
 سـاقـيـ رـاـشـهـ دـكـيـ دـكـيـ پـيـالـيـ رـاـکـرـهـ

لکه باز مُنگلی سری کا په خپل بیکار
 په اهار کبی شگفتہ شه لاله زار
 هیش تقسیر دوازو و نه کروار په وار
 په کرپه یی هم روان کره دوندوکار
 په لرزه په زلزله شول په بار بار
 هرہ ورخ دا سپینو تو رو خرپهار
 چه خلویست زرہ مغل شول تار په تار
 آس اویان هاتیان اوچه قطار قطار
 چه یی و تکیده سر لکه دهار
 چه م وکیبیں تر مغلو خپل خمار
 چه ایمل یی په گنداب ویوست دهار
 چه ایمل کرپه خاپس کبی تار په تار
 دهلكو په هر لوری نشته شمار
 پس له دا ده بیا تکیه په کردگار
 په صورت حیران پریشان په زرہ افکار
 چه طوفان یی شوی لبکری کوم یی شمار
 سره مهران دی نسوتی په کوهسار
 په بد نیت یی آزار واخت دخپل پلاو
 یا مغل ده مینشه ورگشی یا پښتون خوار
 بی د توری خلاصی نشته په بل کار
 که په پوهه پښتانه وی خه هوښیار
 بادشاهان ورته سجود کاندی اختیار
 یوسفزی دی فراغت په کشت وکار
 ده مغلو لبکر پروت په ننگرهار

پښتنو زلمیو بیا لاسونه سره کړل
 سپینی توری یی ګلکونی کری په وینو
 ایمل خان دریا خان دواڑه هرگئ یی مه وی
 ده خیبر دره یی سره کړل په وینو
 تر کرپه تر باجوره سمه غروفه
 په هغه لوری چه کیری پېشم کال دی
 اول جنک د لوز شا د تهترو وہ
 خویندي لوړه یی بندی د پښتو شوی
 دویم جنک ده میرحسني وہ په دوابه کبی
 بیا له پسہ د نوبهړه د کوت جنک وہ
 بیا له پسہ جسونت سنه شجاعت خان وہ
 شپږم جنک مکرم خان شمشیرخان دواڑه
 چه خما په یاد دی لوی جنکونه دا دی
 همیشه فتح و نصرت دی لا تراویه
 اورنگزیب راته یو کال وشه چه پروت دی
 کال په کال یی امرایان دی چه پریوزی
 خزانی ده هندوستان دی راخوری شوی
 ده بادشاہ د بد نیتی کمی نشته
 بل هیش لیدلی نه شي په دا مینځ کبی
 پښتانه چه نور خه فکر کا نابود دی
 تر مغلو پښتانه په توره نبہ دی
 اول سونه چه سندہ وبله وکا
 زه تنها په کبی په غم د ننگه و نام یم
 افریدی مهمنډ شواری گوره خه کا

دا کانره راته نه مهيرک وايي نه خار
سره يو دَننگ په کار پت و اشکار
هرگ خما په پوهه به تردا ژوندون دي
هميشه به په جهان کبی ژوندي نه وي
درست پېستون ترقندهار قراتک
دَعْزت سره چه نه وي زیست روزگار
دَخوشحال ختمک به پاتو شي يادگار

مرد نه خوب کانه خوراک کانه آرام
دَهْغه سري به نه وي احترام
تر خبستان نه بھتر گنره غلام
په یوه خله خوک نه خيزي په بام
دَرُوندون او به به بيا موسي په کام
کله درد کله دارو کاندي ايم
تفاوت يي په زره دي يا په گام
مرد پخپله لري دَخپل فكر زمام
پري جوري يي کار دَتوري دَصمصام
خداي چه راکر په دوده دَفتح کام
په هر خاي دَخپل بابا کا تازه نام
په غليم د يي لاس بر اوسي مدام
تيره تيغ يي اژدها دي خون آشام
پري د فخر کا همه ورونه مدام
چه په هر سري به موسي انتظام
دَهْغه په من ظفر درومي مدام
دَهْغه دَواراني سرکبردي انام
گيدر تروري يي مريري په لام
په لېکر لېکر ناري شوم دوي ته ستري
که همت و حميّت غيرت په کبی وي
په ورۇورۇپرى قدم پىدىي ورباندي خيزي
په طلب کبی کە سستي نه وي باور كره
واره ورخي سره نه وي برابري
دَمردي دَنامري تر مىنچ ميل نه دي
چه دَبل ترلاسه ورغىي دَبل شه
چه په ذات پلار نىكە تۈري وھلى
دَگىنېت غصه مِ وۇته له دل
چه په من يي فتح درومي عابد خان دي
خداي يي عمر دَخپل پلار كره کام ونام هم
غليمان د تري حذر خوري کە پوهيري
چه دا هسي تۈرۈن ورورىي خدai پيدا كر
دَلېکرو کارخە هسي آسان نه دي
چه دَبخت يو خو وېنسته لري په سركبىي
چه رېستىنى ترس تير بخېل خورول کا
دَمزري بخرا ورمىر دَنيله گاو دي

دوډي غپ په کلي گرزي ډير انعام
 په دوده باندي چه وشه قتل عام
 چه يي فتح تيريدله په اوهام
 د کوهات تركوت يي بهه وه استحکام
 چه يي کارشه په ده دوه ورخو سراجام
 وار په وارشه په هفته کببي انصرام
 چه د تورو خريپا واوريده د بهرام
 بل آسمان اتم پيدا شه کبود فام
 لکه ستن په خيمه دروهي د خيام
 د بنگبسو د سوارو فوجي تمام
 کم تقصیر نه وه د تورو د سهام
 په دا جنگ يي نيزه سره کره په خصم
 که شکست وه که پرهار وه که دشنام
 چه ريز ريز شو په دوده کببي په حسام
 نور د ننه باسي توره په نیام
 ترهغه نه به بل نه وي عقل خام
 چه په سر و خوري خپيره د ضيغام
 ما د ده له دکه باع يو بادام
 چه په گوهي ميري د د و دام
 د عمل سزا به موهي په انجام
 رفرا ورخ شوه د کوهات په عالم شام
 په گنبت کببي چه خالي وه هغه جام
 د بشو جونو بشو آسونو د انعام
 په وسلو سره همه مورشه هر کدام

د میدان هوسي يويوتازی نيسني
 د دوده حصار يي درست په وينو سورکر
 د دوده حصار خه هسي آسان نه وه
 پاس په غره باندي محکم وه چا وهلي
 د خاوند په حکم هسي فتح وشوه
 د اووه کوتونو کار د خدای په حکم
 له هي بت په آسمان کببي يي لزره شوه
 د توپکو د ويشتلو په لوکيو
 د ختنکونيزي هسي تلي په زعرو
 د ختنکونيزه بازو سوارو توی کري
 ديرخوانان غاره غري شول په دا جنگ کببي
 صدرخان لا چري جنگ ليدلي نه وه
 د گنبت درست ارمان له دل ووت
 په بد بوی د کشتگانو مزکه سخا شوه
 د بنگبشن بخره د پالي خوکي ده
 خوک چه خپل کسب پرېردي بل کسب نيسني
 که گاوز په جنگ با توردي جنگ اي هير وي
 د بنگبسو شامت خپل سزا يي دا وه
 هر که هتر چه د مهتر سره ستيره کا
 هسي غم الم ماقم ورباندي راغي
 د دوده په جنگ کببي بيا له ميو دک شه
 په دا کار کببي اوچي وشولي بي شماره
 قوري زغري که ليندي وي که دستي وي

شپړ اوه زړه خټک وه په دا جنګ کښي په اولجه سره خوشنود شه هر انام
 ډ دی جنګ ناري به درومي تر ملکونو پري خوښېږي به همه پښتون په نام
 چه ډ دی صوبې آواز وشي په هند کښي ډی جنګ نامي پښتون غوڅېږي پري خوښېږي
 چه په نام پښتون ډ د اسلام اوښکزېب هسي بادشاهه دی ډ اسلام د اسد تھویل زړيو نوي سن رجب وه
 په کاغذ کښلي خيري پاتوکېږي دا یان په بیاض خکه شه ارقام

په غلیم باندي ډ هسي فتح تل وي
 لکه دا فتح چه وشهه والسلام

چه ډ نس دپاره خه کا دا سکان
 چه په فکر ذکر نه وي ډ شیطان
 ولی همیشہ عمل یې نه وي په قرآن
 ڈ کیمیا گوندي نایاب شوئ دانایان
 لکه تورکانري لبرنه دې ناکسان
 ولی بشه سري به کم وي افغانستان
 ډ پلار پند یې هم بهه نه لکي په خان
 اتفاق ورخخه نشته دیر ارمان
 چه په هند کښي پښتنه وو بادشاھان
 چه په دوي پوري درست خلق وو حیران
 يا ډ خدائي دي اوں دا هسي شان فرمان

په کاته شوم و عالم وته حیران
 هسي چاري یې پیدا شي له وجود
 تل قران ډ وراندي اينېي قران لولي
 په کوم لوري پسي خم چرته یې غواړم
 بشه سري لعل وياقت دی موندي نه شي
 که په نورو خلقو کښي بشه سري موندي شي
 که هر خو ورته ډ پند خبره واي
 هرہ چار ډ پښتو تر مغل بهه ده
 ډ بهلول او ډ شير شاه خبری آورم
 شپړ اوه پېږي یې هسي بادشاهي وه
 يا هغه پښتنه نور وو دا خه نور شوئ

که توفيق ډ اتفاق پښتنه موسي
 زور خوشحال به دوباره شي په دا خوان

نورخه نه دی روغ صورت دی
 سر تر پای عنایت دی
 روغ صورت لوی غنیمت دی
 تر جهان لوی قیمت دی
 په عدم یی اشارت دی
 ستا وجود یی عبارت دی
 دَ معنو همراه قوت دی
 مدار واره په صحت دی
 ورته خس مال و دولت دی
 لا خه نور چه په غربت دی
 چه تیریزی یو ساعت دی
 پریواته خنی آفت دی
 دا لا خیر خیریت دی
 یو تر بیل بترازحمت دی
 لا خه پاتی مصیبت دی
 لا یی ما سره شدت دی
 که په نور عالم جنت دی
 دا یو خو میاشتی فرحت دی
 تری مِ لا تیری محنت دی
 گوره دا خه مشقت دی
 چه په خپل حکم عادت دی
 نه له چا سره صحبت دی
 نه خپل حکم حکومت دی
 نه دَ نور خه مصلحت دی

چه بهتر تر هر نعمت دی
 چه یی دا نعمت روزی و پی
 که یی نه پیژنی قدر
 ستا په تن کبی خان یواخی
 که د خان نه وی جهان وی
 دا جهان لکه معنی ده
 چه یی په خای عبارت و پی
 دَ صورت دَ خوشحالی
 چه صحت دَ صورت نه و پی
 رنخ په کور کبی هم بلا دی
 پینه مِ هسی رنگ په درد شوه
 آس چه ورو درومی په لاری
 چه دَ سر بلا په پینو شوه
 په دا هم شکر بایده دی
 ما و پی تیرشه ولی پوہ شوم
 ما و پی اوں خو مهربان شه
 هند په ما باندی دوزخ شه
 بنديوان ورلره راغلم
 هغه شان لکه بندي و م
 هره ورخ ورتللم دربار ته
 دَ بل حکم پری زندان شی
 نه شیرین شیرین یاران شته
 نه خپل ورگول را نیول شته
 نه دَ بسکارهوا هَوس شته

هسي بسهر بد خصلت دي
 چه يي جور را سره نيت دي
 هغه هم په خپل عشرت دي
 را بسکاره يي حال حالت دي
 خان خاني شوه قيامت دي
 په ديلي ماقامت دي
 زر اوه اويا هجرت دي

يوپه بل پښته نشته
 په شماره يو خو سري دي
 يو اکبر په غم شريک وہ
 که بادشاهه دي که خanan دي
 دهیچا برکت نشته
 ما چه دا قصيدة وُوي
 خلورمه د رجب وہ

نور خه مه وايه خوشحال که خه وايي قباحت دي

زا خود ژوندي کرم که دروغ کري که ربستيا
 که داعيب دنه وي چه په زره سخته يي بلا
 عجب دي که پيدا شي يوه تا غوندي زينا
 که سل خونونه وکره د جlad پري خه پروا
 که خس راعنيات کري هم په کل نيولي ما
 چه تل يي سل سل زرونه په هرتاري په
 په بسهر کببي هيشوک نشته چه مين نه دي په تا
 چه و خوخي په باع کببي ته په دا قد و بالا

تا وي چه غم مه کره نور زه ستايم ته خاما
 خه بلا زينا يي بي نظيره محبوه يي
 که کل جهان خوبه شي لور په لور محبوبه شي
 په همره دير مقتوله ته لا هميشنه يي ملوه
 چه گل غوارم له تانه ستا له باع له بوستانه
 خوره بنده زنده يم د هغو زلفو بنده يم
 که لووي دي که هلك دي واره ستا په لوري ورک دي
 د سروي ونه گوره په ساعت شي نا منظورة

نسيءه جنت بشادي ده د زاهد و د ملا
 په لاس جنت موندي نې خوشحال دي ستا لقا

دریغه دریغه دریغه چه بی له یاره خی بهار
 سیل ڈاورو نه دی چه دادرومی له کوهسار
 شنی ڈدوزی خیزی له نبسته له چنار
 گوره هغه زانره چه جدا شی له قطار
 راشه که یی اوري ڈرباب له هره تار
 زر راشه طبیب گنڑه هرم ڈخداي ڈپار
 خدای روپه هنکام ڈوصل کیری دادوه کار
 رنج چه لا دوا شی طمع پری کره له بیمار
 خکه یی ویره نه شی له دردمنو له آزار

هسی خوار زار شوم زه خوشحال په عاشقی کبی
 خپل دی که پردي دی راته نه گوري له عار

وقت ڈا نوبهار دی زه جدا له خپله یاره
 ڈاري غاري غرونه په احوال ڈاعشقانو
 اور ڈخُوبو زرونو چه ڈغره په ونو بل شه
 غواري چه احوال ڈفراچجنو در معلوم شي
 نوري ناري نشته خو ناري ڈا بیلثانه دی
 رنج م نه کھمیری په زمان زمان زیاتیری
 مرگ ڈرقيبانو بل ڈوندون ڈحبیبانو
 خه شه چه لادم وهی په شمار دی ڈرونديو
 پاتوسري نه شول دا چه گرزی دام و دددي

وايم چه زه باغ و بهار لره ور دروم
 اوسم به له دی پسہ خه عطار لره ور دروم
 سودی ڈجمال کرم چه گلزار لره ور دروم
 غم اندوه م دا دی چه خپل زار لره ور دروم
 خکه په دا طمع هر هر خار لره ور دروم
 مرگ وته م فاست هغه خونخوار لره ور دروم
 بیا له ناچاری ست مگار لره ور دروم

بنه شپرین یاران چه ما خوشحال لیدل په ستگو
 اوسم یی په ڈرا ڈرا مزار لره ور دروم

بنه به هغه وقت وي چه خپل یار لره ور دروم
 زلفی یتی بسکاره کری مسک عنبر یی په ما توی کر
 یارم په بشایست کبی لکه گل ڈا نوبهار دی
 ڈار ڈخُوبو زرونو خوب خورم زرونه آزار کا
 هر چرتہ چه خار وی هغه خای موہی گلونه
 کوم سحری وکر په ما خوار باندی حیران یم
 هم یی په ما وکل خو خونگ ستمنه

چه موسم شه د گلونو گلزار راغي
و بلبلو ته و وايه بهار راغي
د مطرب د ساز آواز م پکار راغي
چه گلونو ته طوطي په چغار راغي
بيا م سخ دي چه عشرت د ديدار راغي
په ما دازمان اختر شه چه يار راغي

غم آخر شه د بيلادي روزگار راغي
په تلواري تياري د سيل کانري
په دا هسي خاصه وقت د سرو گلونو
دا يي واره له خزان نه فرياد شي
دهجران مشقت ديروه خدای آسان کر
كه په نورو باندي نور کله اختر دي

لون لون کالي بيا پيري خواجه شه
چه خوشحال د يار د منع په بازار راغي

په زره مهر رنگ رنگ کا هغه يار
خکه لري م له زره زنگ کا هغه يار
که م مرگ وته آهنگ کا هغه يار
بيا په ما باندي پتنگ کا هغه يار
که خما له ياري ننگ کا هغه يار
خوپه ما باندي زره تنگ کا هغه يار
اكتفا په تور لونگ کا هغه يار

که په خوله راسرة جنگ کا هغه يار
چه به ما لره راخي غاره غري
هيش حاجت د توري نشته مانري بس دي
چه مشعل يي د جمال راته بسكاره کر
زه فقير يم دي بادشاهه دي باندي بشائي
له هرجا سره خندا په ارت زره کا
مرصع پيزوان دور نه لري په پوزه

رقیبانو وته فرم شي تر موم
و خوشحال وته زره سنگ کا هغه يار

خدای را کره په غیر گبني د ریبار خه منت را باندي سپينه خوله سري شوندي توري زلفي آويزاندي
ياره راسره يار ده د هر غم م غمگساره د غم اندوه م نشته که رقيب راخي خه وکابندي
پرپرده چه پري سوخي ستا د منع بلا د آخلي عشق د لکه اور دي عاشقان دي لکه سپاندي

دا خه بارخونه دي نه پريشاني توري زلفي پروت دي په گلونو د سنبلو پانري تاندي
 زه ورپسي درومم د يوه نظر دپاره بيتره نظر نه کا هسي درومي من په وراندي
 بخت نه دي نور خه دي ستاسو همراه ديره هينه
 ژاري رخه کرونکي چه خوشحال وته ته خاندي

لبر د مهر په ما خوار وي خه به بنه واه
 که د غور خما په زار وي خه به بنه واه
 ستا له حسن خبردار وي خه به بنه واه
 په ديدن د پرهيزگار وي خه به بنه واه
 چه پري تل د بسکليو لاروي خه به بنه واه
 زه هم گه د دوي په شماروي خه به بنه واه

ستا په غم به په دا لبر عمر مورنه شي
 د خوشحال عمر بسيار وي خه به بنه واه

كه د زره خو خه ٿرسدار وي خه به بنه واه
 زه چه ستا له غم زار ڪرم ستا په در ڪبني
 چه په ما باندي پيغور کا ستا په عشق ڪبني
 هر چه ذن د زهد لاف کا په جهان ڪبني
 پس له مرگ م په هسي مكان گور شوي
 ستا په در ڪبني دير كوته تازی پراته دي

د پهايسن نامه به واخلي له افتاب
 په زلفينو به سنبل کاندي بي تاب
 په چشمانيو يي دنيا گرله خراب
 که چا بي وقت بيداره کره له خواب
 بيا يي نقل هم د زرونوله کباب
 چه جنت لره به درومي بي حساب
 و بل لور ته ستاد و رو خوله محراب

كه يو خله من بشكاره کا تر نقاب
 لاله گل به يي له منه خوبی وام کا
 خلق خه لره تهمت په زمانه بدی
 د خمار په علامت يي سترگي سري دي
 د خاطر ويني نوشی په خاي د ميو
 خاصه مرگ د معشوقي د مقتولانو
 خما زره قبله نما شي نه جاروزي

په وعده يي خوشحال هه شه خوشحال
 د وفا طمع خوک نه کاندي له حباب

زلفي چه ولو شي خو خپل يار لره که نه
 سترگي چه پيدا شوي خود ديدار لره که نه
 هر سري پيدا دي خو خپل کار لره که نه
 غوارم دا دارو د زره پرهار لره که نه
 زره خما پيدا دي تا خونخوار لره که نه
 ته ورتلي يي پخپله دي توره مار لره که نه
 کل و لاله دوازه خپل رخسار لره که نه

اوسي خپل يار لره خوشحال
 خپل بياض په لاس کبني خه گلزار لره که نه

هميشه د په خيال يم
 همین ستا په زلف و خال يم
 دا په تا پسي بي حال يم
 ته ریحان يي زه سفال يم
 آرزومند د د وصال يم

لا د مهر ويل پرېرده
 په بنسکنخلو د خوشحال يم

جفا کار يي دل آزار يي
 ته لا خوش خما په کاري يي
 که خبر په خپل گذاري يي
 ته م مالکه د پرهار يي
 که ته خوبش خما په زاري يي
 د هغو چه ته دلدار يي

توره چه تيريري خو گذار لره که نه
 ولبي راته وايسی چه په بشكليو نظرمه کره
 شينچ د نمونه روزه کا رينددکي پيالي آخلى
 تا ويل خما د خولي بوسه لكه دارو ده
 ويسي م د زره خوري ولبي فورخه لره نه دي
 خه ژيلا فرياد کري د شاهدي د تورو زلفو
 خود به ستاد منج پوري گياه غوندي خرگندشي
 هي شته چنگ و نئي شته اوسي خپل يار لره خوشحال
 خپل بياض په لاس کبني خه گلزار لره که نه

آشفته د جمال يم
 نورو هينو ته م شاکره
 چه م اوسي په گريبان خي
 خاي م ته يي په خاطر کبني
 نور م هر خه فراموش دي

په زه سخت بي مهر ياري يي
 که هر خو په گوكو ژارم
 تا ويشتلي يم فرياد کرم
 زه مرهم کرم له تا طمع
 زه به تل ژارم و تا ته
 زره د وسپاري و غم ته

چه بيو خه رنگ نکاري
 هم يي ويرکري په چغار يي
 چه يي خيرة په ناتاري
 کله خارکله گلزار يي
 په خوشحال د غم فازل کر
 چه اغيار سره کناري

خوک به خه وايي و ما ته
 چه پخپله عاشق و زني
 کوم گناه دي عاشق کري
 کله درد کله دوا شي

لکه زه پسي غمجن يم بل به نه وي غمجن هسي
 خه بشه ياردي بشه يي مينه کشن هسي شيون هسي
 تفرج د بهار وکره گاهي نشته گلشن هسي
 هشیخ شهید نه دي راوري له ازل کفن هسي
 د جهان په باع کبني نشته سنبل هسي سمن هسي
 دا نازك بدن چه ستا دي د چا نشته بدن هسي
 خوار مجنون نهود ليدلي په درست عمر ديدن هسي
 چه له يار سره کبني خوک به خه کاسوختن هسي
 دا زوندون دي مرگ نه دي که دوشی مردن هسي
 خوبیں له بخت ولہ قسمت چه يي وکروطن هسي

چه خوشحال ختك يي وايي په پیشو زبه خبری
 په فارسي زبه به نه وي که پوهيري سخن هسي

له زلفينو يي د چين د مبنکو نسک دي
 د عاشق تر زره يي تللي هر خدنگ دي
 هميشه يي د عاشق له دل جنگ دي
 هغه خال يي چدد دوو شوندو تر خنگ دي

لکه زه په خپل يار میں يم بل به نه وي میں هسي
 چه مر و زني پخپله بيا په ما باندي ژرا کره
 سخن يي درست سره گلزار دی زنگار نگ لري گلونه
 زره داغدار غرقاب په وینواله گل و ته نظر کره
 تورو زلفو ته يي گوره بنایسته دوا ره رخساره
 که د گل پانزوي کري خته لابه هم باندي خرخيزي
 لکه زه يي ننداره کرم و رخ و شپه په خپله خونه
 که يي رسم يا يي دود شي هم وفا د هندوگي
 چه خوک تاب در پسي و کاسرتک وهي لاسونه
 دارم آرام مر بیا موند ستا په غولي کبني خوشحال

لاله گل يي ترجمال پوري بد رنگ دي
 توري و روخي يي ليندي بانره يي غشي
 دوا ره سترگي يي په تن توري بلا شوي
 ته به وايي حبشي شكري پيري

تجلی یې ڈَ جمال لکه مشعل شوہ خوار عاشق په دا جمال باندي پتنگ دې
 چه له غَربو یې مقصود موهي لبستي ڈَ چه له پوزي یې مراد موهي لوونگ دې
 په نمایست کنېي یې تقصیر ڈَ صورت نشته خه خودايو عيب لري چه په زري سنگ دې
 ڈَ هر چا په خپل غرض پسي کوشش دې
 ڈَ خوشحال یې په جمال پسي آهنگ دې

په خبرو ڈَ اغيار شه دريغه دريغه یارم بيا ڈَ رقيب یار شه دريغه دريغه
 بيا بي مهر ستمکار شه دريغه دريغه يوخو روخي یې په زره کنېي مهر خاي شه
 هله گل چه م ساته ڈَ زره په وينو هله گل چه م ساته ڈَ زره په وينو
 و قصد منو ته کاته خما په قصد کا دَ کشن م روا دار شه دريغه دريغه
 بي له تا م ڈَ جگرويني خوراک شوي تيرم عمر په دا کار شه دريغه دريغه
 بیچاره خوشحال په طمع ڈَ وصال وہ
 ڈَ هجران په غم گرفتار شه دريغه دريغه

يا ڈَ چين يا ڈَ ماچين يا ڈَ تاتار دې ڈَ حسن ڈَ کشمیر خوبان اوخار دې
 هله گل واره خجل ڈَ دوي ترکار دې پُښتنې جونه چه ما په ستر گو خير گري
 چه په اصل ڈَ يعقوب قوم و تبار دې په نمایست باندي یې ختمه ڈا وينا ده
 په پنځه وقت نمانشه عطر ڈَ عطار دې هشيخ حاجت نشته ڈَ مېکو ڈَ ګلابو
 ڈا همه تر تورو زلفو پوري خوار دې که تیکه که کتماله که نور سنگار دې
 ڈا همه واره تر سپين پروني خار دې که اوډنري مقيش دوزي دې که سالودي
 تر ظاهري ڈَ باطن خواره بسيار دې تر صورت یې ڈَ سيرت خوبي افضل ده
 نه گريوان تر فاما خيري په بازار دې کل روزگاري سر تر پايه پرده پوش دې
 نه آموخته په نيسکنخلو په پايزار دې له حيا به پورته غت کتلې نه شي
 ما خوشحال له دېرو لړ دې خه ويلى له دې حال گوي مه گوي ويلى بسيار دې

په کبی شته دی پایسته په رنگ رنگینی
 شکر لبی گلرخساری مه جبینی
 سریبی گرد په تزوو ژلفو عنبرینی
 پنبی کمکی غوندی پندی پهن سرینی
 قدیبی سم لکه الف په تن سیمینی
 بشکارم هم شوی پایسته زرکی سهینی
 لا تر چوزه وی ڈَکرچ غوتی همهینی
 چه په خوله مِترشربت لکی شیرینی
 په خاته خاته ویلیزی باندی سپینی
 رخصتم ورکی په خوری په زرک خورینی

مینه واره کارڈ اور لری خوشحال

که لنبه یی پنه وی لوگی یی وینی

آدمخیلی افریدی دی سری و سپینی
 غتی سترگی لوی بانره فراخی و روئی
 تنگه خوله لکه غنچه هموار غاببوونه
 په وجود کبی لکه هاله ویبتو خلاصی
 ترنشی گیدی سینه وری ملا باریکی
 که دَبازغوندی مِگشت په غرونو کپری
 باز که چوزوپی که کرچ طلب دَبُشکار کا
 یا او به دَلندي سیند یا دَباری دی
 دَمانtri غابی نیغ درومی ترآسمان
 آدم خیلو سره زه په تیراه راغلم

یا دِگشت وشی دَسرای دَسیند په سیمَ
 ورسه خه ما له لوریه خو تسلیمَ
 ولندي وته وینا وواهه حلیمَ
 په گنگا جمنا به مومنه نه یوُ تر قدیمَ
 دَ او بو بلا یی لا بدہ عظیمَ
 هم دَ هر کوھی او به نه دی بی بیمَ
 تری توبه که واره دک دی له نعیمَ
 عاقبت پری کرم کپری له کریمَ
 دَ پرها رچه خه کمی وشی له ریمَ
 دا چه اوُس ورخنی لری دی دوه نیمَ
 هر افعال چه صادر کپری له حکیمَ

که گذر په خیراباد وکری نسیمَ
 په بار بار سلام خه ما ورته عرضه کره
 اپاستیند وته ناره وکره په زوره
 گندی وی چه بیامِستاسی جام نصیب شی
 که دَهند دَ هوا زارکرم خو به زارکرم
 که دَنهر او به خبی کلمی پری باسی
 چه سری او به دَغره نشته په هند کمی
 تل به هیشوک نا امید په جهان نه وی
 دَویشتليو و صحت وته امید شی
 خدای زرہ مِپه وصال دَهله خویش کره
 عاقلان به هیچه انکار ورخنی نه کا

ههیشه به په هند نه اوسي خوشحال
عاقبت به عاصي ووزي له جحيم

چه بهه فکرم وکرکه باورکري خاي دي خابي
نيلاب ولندي دواره عجب سراينبي په پابي
گذرريي ذاتک دي تري ترس کا شاه گداي
که ملک يي باراني دي خه بهارلري هاي هابي
رجوع لري وده ته فيض وردرومي د هرخابي
واه واه كاله پانري چه خه بشكار يي دلربابي
خوش چشم وسپين وسره بلند بالادي په نهابي
چه خوک په کبني هيشته دي په امان اوسي دخداي

آسمان خني جدا کر لاس د چا رسی آسمان ته
خوشحال له سرای نه دی جدا شوي په خپل راي

رحمت په اکوري شه چه نیوه يي خاي سرای
غور غوري د هودي دي تر تيراه پوري سم تلي
بروي سازد لويه لاو د هندستان و خراسان ده
هر فني د جهان چه خه يادبروي ورلره رادرومي
که سوت که اشنغر که پسماوردي د مسلكونو
په هر لوري يي بشكار شته د شاهين د باز د هر خه
خواندن يي چاق تند است چست و چالاک دي په هر خه کبني
نه زومي که هر نهسي که خيلخانه که مر اواس دي

يو خو جام پياپي
چه بي هيو خي پسرلي
ورع خه کاندي سري
چه آواز کا چنگ و نی
آه ارمان ارمان هي هي
که تر تله و هميش وي
نور يي وکنره لا شي
فلک نه لري زره سوي

ساقي راکره و ما مي
دا هم ظلم دي که گوري
لغه خاي چه گل و مل وي
گوره خه وايي پري غورکره
بيا به تير ساعت رانه شي
دادنيا ژوندون هم بهه دي
چه تر تله و هميش نه دي
دیر همین يي وبله تيرکول

لکه ویرشی هسی تیرشی
گونا گون د دور پیرشی
هسی چاری په تا دیرشی

غم بادی چه په چا ویرشی
سررسته یی مونده نه شي
چه په خوا په خاطرنه وي

په هجران کبی غم د یار دی
چه همیش له زره چا پیرشی

مبارک شه بادشاهی لري په زره کبی
خه عجب آگاهی لري په زره کبی
چه دَسعي کوتاهی لري په زره کبی
چه هر چاسره سیاهی لري په زره کبی
بد بختان به گمراهی لري په زره کبی
هر سری چه تباھی لري په زره کبی

چه دَخلقونیک خواهی لري په زره کبی
که یی غور دَدانشمند په نصیحت دی
دَمندانو په معراج به ورتلي نه شي
مختورن دَدوارو کونونه دی څه دی
نیک بختان به اندیښنه لري دَنیکو
دَناصح په نصیحت به اصلاح نه شي

په هغه هنر کبی تینک او سه خوشحال
هر هنر چه سپاهی لري په زره کبی

چه توان لري دَتوري خان هغه
چه احسان تري پیدا کيږي کان هغه
دَ مجلس سره چه خورشی خوان هغه
چه یي توان دَ چا پکارشي توان هغه
چه دَ خدای په يادو درومي آن هغه
په تنها وجود چه شان دي شان هغه
چه یي قول و عهد وران دي وران هغه

چه ګتل خورل بخبل کاخوان هغه
کان دَ لعل دَ یاقوت دَ گوهر خه دی
چه یي ته په ګيده و خوري حبطه شي
که دَ مال دي که دَ ملک دی که دَ لیچو
په تمame شپه و ورڅ په مه و سال کبی
چه دَ خوک دَوراندي ورستوخي داخله شو
و نور چا وته وران مه وايه خوشحال

دَ عَالَم سَرَه خُورُ پَه زِيَست و ژواك
 نَه دَرُوغ نَه يَي فَرِيب نَه تَش تَاپَاك
 دَغْنَچَه غُونَدي خولَه پُوري سِينَه چَاك
 پَه لَوَي لَكَه آسَمان پَه پَستَي خَاك
 پَه هَر لَوري يَي خانَكَي زِنگَولي لَكَه تَاك
 هَمِيشَه دَبَسو بَلَبلُو پَري بلغاك
 مَرَد هَعَد چَه هَمَتناك و بِرَكتَناك
 مَن يَي هَنَه قول يَي قول عَهَد يَي عَهَد
 اپَكَسْتار دَير يَي تَدار پَه خَامَوشَي كَبَني
 چَه خَبَري دَبلَندَي و دَپَستَي شَي
 پَه تَه كِين كَبَني لَكَه سَرو پَه سَخَاكَبَني
 لَكَه گَل شَكَنَتَه روَي تَازَه پَه باَغ كَبَني
 چَه هَسَي شَان وَيل كَازَه حَيَران يَم
 چَه خَوشَحال رَاورَله كَوم دَادِراك

دَخَوانَي پَه خَوبَي كَبَني يَي خَهشَك دَي
 پَه دَارَونَه مِرپَه زَرَه تَازَه تَازَه شَي
 نَه بَهادَي درَبَانَدي درَشَي پَري خَوَقْه مَهَشه
 پَه بَهادَي پُوري يَي هَر كَله غَم لَكَه دَي
 لَشيَع فَرِيد دَچَادَ ظَلَم و جَوَره مَه كَره
 شَم يَي بَي حَكمَت نَه دَي پَيدَاه كَري
 خَوَچَه دَير دَير لَذَتَونَه دَير غَمَونَه بَهه هَغَه
 تَوَرَه جَاهَتَه تَرِم چَه زَه مَلَنكَ شَوَم بَهه خَوَدا چَه مِرپَه غَارَه يَوْكَوتَك دَي
 تَفَحَص كَه خَوَك دَخَورُو زَرَونَو كَانَدَي
 دَخَپَل قَوم دَلاَسَه وَركَ خَوشَحال خَتَك دَي

پَه هَر خَاي پَه هَر مَكان دَمَرَگ لَه لَاسَه
 خَرابَي شَوهَه پَه جَهَان دَمَرَگ لَه لَاسَه
 دَوي پَه زَمَكي شَول نَهَان دَمَرَگ لَه لَاسَه
 دَا وَدان كَزَرونَه وَرَان دَمَرَگ لَه لَاسَه
 كَارَوَانَونَه شَول رَوان دَمَرَگ لَه لَاسَه
 پَه هَر لَوري دَي فَغان دَمَرَگ لَه لَاسَه
 دَآدم صَورَت يَي مَرَگ لَره پَيدَاه كَر
 هَمَسَكَي پَيغَمَبرَان كَه اوَليَا وَو
 شَاقِبَت بَه شَي بَي شَكَه بَي كَمانَه
 رَاشَه تَه هَم دَتَونَي پَه سَرَانجَام شَه
 اي خَوشَحال كَه پَه تَن شَاهِيجَهَان شَي
 هَم بَه درَوَهَي پَه اَرْمان دَمَرَگ لَه لَاسَه

حیران یم نه پوهیرم چه زه خه یم خه به شم
 خبر ده غو تلليو بيا په بیرته چا رانهور
 دلي چه خوک لیده شي نن يي شپه په دابانده کبني
 جهان يو کتوری شه زه په مثل ده مسوي یم
 دنيا وته چه گورم کار و بارتہ ده وگري
 چه ته پري مبتلا یي که ده مال ده که ده ملك ده
 چه تور وينته ده سپين شول خوي ده نور نه شه خوشحال
 باور کره اوس ناحق ده سري نوم در باندي زدم

پښتنه په عقل پوهه چه ناکس ده
 بادشاهي یي ده مغل په زرو بايله
 اوش له باره په خپل کورکبني ورغلی
 ده نفرین لايق په نام سربني ده
 بي ننگان ده بي ننکي کار و بار کا
 کوتله سپي ده قصابانو ده جوس ده
 ده مغل ده منصبونو په هوس ده
 په او لجه ده او بش ده غاري ده جرس ده
 له اول که دا نور ورپسي پس ده
 ننکيالي دننگ په کارکبني هرنفس ده
 سر یي هوري قندھار بل یي ده مغار ده
 تر دا ميئنځ همه ميشته واره عبث ده

کور په کور کاندي غورزی
 بل یي و وهی مغزی
 اي خوشحال نن اغزی

پښتنه واره بد خوي ده
 یو چه سر کاندي په پورته
 ده مغل ده سترګو ته یي

چه خون په غاره کېږي له ده کارخه خوغم ده
 چه همره بنه مخونه په داخاورو کبني په گوردي
 چه زه کرم هغه نه شي هغه ملک هغه عالم ده
 پيری راغله چه زبون شوم که خه نور علامت وشه

يا بخت دئي دا مغلو يا خما خه عقل کم دئي
 داکل واره پيري ده چه مکار برهم درهم دئي
 د تئرو واري تيرشه اوس ورپاتو یو قلم دئي
 په ما یي اثرنه شي لا په ما د خدای کرم دئي
 يابازيم ياشاهين یم په خپل بشکارم زره خورم دئي
 چه ماغوندي خوک نشته خکه پرژت راباندي غم دئي

ايمل دريا خان دواړه په به شان تيرشول په ننګ کبېي
 د دواړو په فراق کبېي د خوشحال تل آه و ماتم دئي

چه بشدوايم و چاته هم یي بد نيسی په زره کبېي
 نه بخت دئي دا مغلو نه زه په عقل کم یم
 مغلو ته چه گورم هغه هسي مغل نشته
 پښتون په زرو نيسی په فريپ په تيټالونو
 نه هچ یم نه قارکه یم چه په گرو هرو گرزم
 که هاغوندي نورهم وي په دا کار به دير خوشحال و م

درسته و تري په کونه
 په تندی کبېي اوږده پلنہ
 د خپل آس په قریونه
 په فساد کاندي جستنه
 د سري په ورکونه
 حاسد شنه کا خپله ینه

ختک چه په آس سورشي
 شمه له د دستار پرېږدي
 سايه د شملى گوري
 دعوي د خاني واخلي
 حسد بدنه بلا ده
 د هیجا خه و نه کا

قلash و قلندر شه که شته شته که نشته نشته
 په خوي د پغېه مېرشه که شته شته که نشته نشته
 ژوندي ترکوره ورشه که شته شته که نشته نشته
 د دهر سکندر شه که شته شته که نشته نشته
 له وارو بي خبر شه که شته شته که نشته نشته
 په صبر توانکر شه که شته شته که نشته نشته
 واقف په دا اسرا شه که شته شته که نشته نشته
 فارغ له سيم وزر شه که شته شته که نشته نشته

له حال یي خبر شه که شته شته که نشته نشته
 که لړه ده که دیره واره و نيسه په تيره
 د عمر خه اندوه کړي خه اندوه دی که خان پوه کړي
 ته بلا شاهه د بھرو بریسي که قانع په خشك و تريبي
 که در دې که گوهر دې که ګلونه که شجر دې
 بي وقت غواري بد کړي بېھوده رخه حسد کړي
 هه ژاره هه پري ويارة غم بسادي پرېډه دواړه
 بلا دې چه تولیږي په هیجا فه پاتو کيرې

له خپل یاره مهرغواري که یې نه مومي نو ژاري
که وصل که هجران دې دواره ما وته يکسان دې
خه سعي خه طلب کري اندې بېسني په روز و شب کري
لو عمر دېر غمونه په زړه همراه ستمونه

دَيار په رضا سره شه که شتَه شتَه که نشته نشته
آرام په خپل مقره شه که شتَه شتَه که نشته نشته
په وارد برابر شد که شتَه شتَه که نشته نشته
قافع په خشك و ترشه که شتَه شتَه که نشته نشته

په خپل هنر نظر کره خو ژوندي یې خپل هنر کرد
خوشحال شير نرسه که شتَه شتَه که نشته نشته

په اعجاز يي که راند بینا گول
کار د چا دی د زلان د ز کول
په خضاب سره زاره بردا کول

عیسیٰ یو نادان ہوشیار نہ کر په عمر
خوک چه خدای په ازل نه وی بینا کری
چه نادان په سبق زدہ حال به یی خه و پی

هغه خه دي روغ صورت دي
د دنيا دولت كه بنه دي
چه دير بنه دي تر توقيره
چه سري له غم خلاص کا
په طاعت که ته لوئي کري
چه فايده لري بي شماره
په منت چه ورکول کا
چه دوزخ دي په دنياکښي
خپل نيت بنه لره خوشحال
كه خه بنه دي خو بنه نيت دي

تا هنر د سرداری نه زده بهرام سرداری د په خپل دوری کرد بد نم هم تمامی خیلخانی لره بلا شوی هم خپل خان لره بلا شوی بد فرجام

اوں فارغ شوی ڈاھر له انتقام
خیلخانه ڈپه بد خوئی کره بی آرام
چه لانه یی ڈخونی هاتی تر ژام
دا خانی ڈشه په خان پوری حرام
لا خایدہ ڈستا زره اندیبمنه خام

تا طاهر ڈکم عقلی په جرگو مر کر
تا خپل خان لره ڈمرگ رخنه پیدا کرہ
په دا هسی بد خوئی بی بخت نه ئی
مشرورور ڈپه زندان کرتہ خانی کری
چه خانی ته ڈھوس ڈزره په زور کری

نور ڈنوم خاما ڈزویو په شمارمه شه
ڈخوشاں ختک وینا په دا تمام

په دل نه لري بندونه
سره بیل لري سندونه
نه باور په سوگندونه
نه سزاد ڈکردار شي
ڈاونگ په ظلم مات شول
بر سیر شول پیوندونه
که پدر دی که پسر دی
نه اهید شه سره پاتو
نه ڈغلہ خی مروندونه
ڈاپر ڈوقت بندونه

په دا هسی وقت خوشحاله

مرگ بهتر دی له ڙوندنہ

همره چری قرار پری سمي غروفه
يا ڈستاله لاس ویرا ڈچا په وروفه
په حکمت په زرو زور په لبکرو فه
صد چندان شي په تدبیر په هنرونہ
ذور په وارو باندي جور شول محضروفه
چه جنگجوی سره ساره کا تقوفه
په لیرشنو ڈاعدا کا ٿمرونہ

خو ڈملک وارت و نه وهی سرونہ
يا به ستا په وره ناري وي تا به ڙاري
رخنه گردملک پری مه ڈد په خپل ملک کبني
خو په تؤرو په توپریو په نیزو شي
ورؤر و زوي ڈملک په کار کبني قتل پری
بي ڈتیغ له آب نوري او به نشته
ڈ سردار ڈرياست ونہ په وينو

په میدان کبی توي پبی دی دسر وینی نه چه دکه سینه وری له جکر خونه
 یاد مرد غوندي شمله د دستار پری پدہ یا په سرکره لکه بشخه هیزروفه
 خدای چا وته کبسم خوک به پری پود شی
 ما ولی هریو بیت دی دفترونه

دا هم خای د تعجب دی که یی وینی	را بسکاره شوی کج فهمی د جهان
دا هم خای د تعجب دی گه یی وینی	دا هم خای د تعجب دی که یی وینی
دا هم خای د تعجب دی که یی وینی	دا هم خای د تعجب دی که یی وینی
دا هم خای د تعجب دی که یی وینی	دا هم خای د تعجب دی که یی وینی
دا هم خای د تعجب دی که یی وینی	دا هم خای د تعجب دی که یی وینی
دا هم خای د تعجب دی که یی وینی	دا هم خای د تعجب دی که یی وینی
چه لبکري په خوشحال کا بهرام خان	چه لبکري په خوشحال کا بهرام خان

ننداره د ابا سیند له هیر کلانه لا منت لرم په دا هم له آسمان
 بیا م کوم لوری ته ته بیا پ آسمانه په تیرا په سوات په خوره در په درشوم
 درست وجود پهار پهار یم له چوکانه لکه گوی هسي په حکم د چوکان یم
 زه به خه لره مانه کوم له چانه سرنوشت م له ازل هکردا وه
 اوں په طمع د حرص دروهي له هیانه قدیمهی د پیشتو جهل و خرتوب وه
 لکه موئره یو پیدا له کوشتانه که ربستیا وايم شیرشاه دا هسي نه وه
 گورستان لره به درو هوله اړه مانه پیشتانه چه بی ننگی کاخوک یی خه کا
 یا چه غم لرم له خپله خاندانه د ختکو د نفاق له ناپوهی
 چه تمام شي په مذکور سرد له هنه چاته وايم خوبه کبسم خه همرا نه دی

دا داغونه چه خوشحال لري په زره کبني
 رغيدل به یی په تاکی په سبانه

چه خه وو درخنه لارل په هرخه پوري کرياب شوي
 چه نوم دَ شباب وَه په نامَ دَ شيخ شاب شوي
 په حزن په حسرت دَ هر دُر ناياب شوي
 يوه بليله نشه اوس پري چغي دَ غراب شوي
 غوطي خوري په کنبي گرزي اوس خسرى دَ درياب شوي
 نژدي درته ويغ ويغ کا له گيدرو لا خواب شوي
 بد بوپ چار چوبئي دَ زمانی په انقلاب شوي
 هي هي دَ خوشحال بخت ولی دا رنگه په خواب شوي

پيري لري خوشحال دَ آسمان ننداره وکره
 چه خه وي په کوم شماروي دا زمان په خه حساب شوي

خدائي ما وزغوري له هسي غضبونو
 لکه خوک لولي قرآن په مكتبونو
 خبرداريم دَ هر چا په مشربونو
 چه نازيربي دَ مغل په لقبونو
 خرويل کا دَ منصب دَ ذهبونو
 که کيدي چري په نورو سببونو
 نه بشيء دَ نوكري په قصبونو
 چه تمامه شپه مـ تله په ياربونو
 هر ختمک نيوں مغل تر جلبونو

دَ ختمک دَ ننگ جرگه نشه خوشحال
 را وتلي دي له کومو نسبونو

خما خراب دَ ته يو خه رنگه خراب شوي
 دَ مبنکو دور دَ تيرشه دَ كافورو دور دَ راغي
 دَ خولي حقه دَ دكه په گوهر وَه خالي شوه
 په باع به دَ چه کبلو بنايسنو بلبلو زغ کر
 بيرئي دَ دَ سيني په زور چه پاس تللي په غرونو
 مزري چه دَ له ترس په هيبيت وَه په کوهسار کنبي
 چه دَ کي په بنو هبنکو په عنبر ويَ هغه خوني
 په عمر چري ويبيش ويَ بيا به هم چري ويبيشري

ليوني شول پينستانه په منصبونو
 دَ کنگاش علم دَ چا دَي دَ تورزنو
 دَ کنگاش له علم هيشوک خبرنه دَي
 پينستانه لره لوپ عيب دَي که يي گوري
 شرم ننگ نام و ناموس يي په يادنه دَي
 دَ مغل سره دیدن په طمع هه کره
 ختمک والله بلخشنه بشه خما تر ملا ده
 دَ بادشاهه دَ زفدان شپه خما په ياد ده
 پينستانه چه جنگ مغل سره په تيغ کر

خُورَي خُورَي خُبْرِي دَزِّرَه حَال وَبَلَه وَايَو
 تَا خَنْخَه مِينَا دَه دَكْلَزَرَ پَه تَمَاشَا يَو
 خَپَلَه خُوْخَالِي هَوَا هَوَسَ كَرُو پَه خَنْدَا يَو
 دَشُونَدو بُوسَه رَاكَرِي بِيا پَه تُورَه تَقَاضَايَو
 پَه بَم پَه زِيرَجَارَزَو مُونَبَرَ بَيِّ مَحْوَبَه نَوَا يَو
 شَادِي تَه مَخَامِنْ غَم وَانْدُوه تَه شَاهَه شَا يَو
 نَه تَه وَيَ نَه دَوْصَل زَه دَا كَار سَرَه جَدَا يَو
 يُوزَه يَم يُودَغَم دَي سَرَه دَوَارَه خَوا پَه خَوَا يَو

خُوشَحَال خَتَكَ يَا خَيِّي نَه دَي خَوَه يَه دَي
 پَه خَوبَه بَيِّدَارِي كَبِيِّي سَرَه وَارَه بَاد پَيِّما يَو

مَلْخَوب لَيَدَه پَه خَدَاهِي روْجَهْ زَه تَه سَرَه بَخَوْلَاه يَو
 ما خَخَه كَتَاب دَيِي پَه كَبِيِّي وَارَه غَزَلَونَه
 لَاس تَرَلاس نَيَولِي سَرَه كَرْزَو كَبِيِّنَو پَا خَو
 تَه پَيَالَه كَرِي رَاهَه دَكَه زَه يَيِّي سَتَالَه لَاسَه وَاخَلَم
 مَطَرب رَاهَه لَه وَرَاهِيَه پَه تَارَونَو لَيَنَدَه اِيَبِيِّي
 تَه كَل وَارَه خَوبَيِّي لَرِي زَه وَارَه كَامَرَانِي
 نَاكَاه لَه دَي خَوبَه دَسَحَرَه پَه وقت بَيِّدَار شَوَّم
 خَوَه يَمِّي دَي دَنِيَا كَبِيِّي دَيْ چَا كَار رَاسَرَه نَشَتَه

خُوشَحَال خَتَكَ يَا خَيِّي نَه دَي خَوَه يَه دَي

پَه خَوبَه بَيِّدَارِي كَبِيِّي سَرَه وَارَه بَاد پَيِّما يَو

وَدَ نَه وَيِّنَم زَه سَتا وَصال پَه سَتَرَگَو
 كَه بَيِّ تَا رَا درَوَمِي بَل جَمَال پَه سَتَرَگَو
 چَه مَهْمَان مِشَه دَيَار خَيَال پَه سَتَرَگَو
 خَوَچَه رَاغِي سَتا دَوَرَوْخَو خَال پَه سَتَرَگَو
 دَمِينَو سَرَه قَيَيل وَقال پَه سَتَرَگَو
 نَن دَنَه وَيِّنَم پَه مَلَك كَبِيِّي سَيَال پَه سَتَرَگَو
 چَه يَيِّي نَه رَاخِي دَخَلَقَو مَال پَه سَتَرَگَو
 ما چَه وَليَدَه دَا سَتا دَيَوال پَه سَتَرَگَو
 زَه لَه مَيِّنَيِّي هَبِرم سَتا رَومَال پَه سَتَرَگَو
 چَه يَيِّي نَه وَيِّنَم مَاهَه وَسَال پَه سَتَرَگَو
 زَه بَه چَري كَبِيِّرَدَم دَا وَبَال پَه سَتَرَگَو
 لَكَه وَوِينَيِّي لَوْغَسَتَيِّي نَهَال پَه سَتَرَگَو

نَورِ عَالَم خَوَدَيَارَنَو فَازَه پَه سَرَه وَرِيِّي
 تَل نَازَونَه وَرِيِّي دَيَار خُوشَحَال پَه سَتَرَگَو

وَدَ نَه وَيِّنَم زَه سَتا وَصال پَه سَتَرَگَو
 مَهْمَانِي دَزِّرَه وَيِّنَمِي وَرَتَه كَبِيِّنَو يِي
 هَغَه دَم دَزِّرَه دَاغَ لَه دَل دَورَ شَه
 چَه دَيَر خَلَق سَرَه نَاست وَيِّ عَجَب بَهَه شَيِّي
 پَهَه غَمَزَو پَه كَرَشَهْوَه مَكِيزَنَو
 عَارِفَان دَقَنَاعَت پَه گَنْجَه تَوانَگَر دَي
 دَمَكَى دَيَوال بَه نَورِه خَوَلَه يَاد نَه كَرِم
 سَتا پَه گَوَتو كَشِيدَه رَومَال چَه رَاغِي
 هَغَه مَنَعَه چَه مِبه تَل لَيَدَه اوَس كَورَه
 چَه بَيِّ سَتا لَه زَيَبا مَنَعَه بَل مَنَعَه كَورَه
 وَبَهَه مَنَعَه وَتَه لَه وَرَاهِيَه خَلَبَلَانَه شَم

خپل پردي ته نصیحت شته
 کله خیر و برکت شته
 چه په زره کبی یې همت شته
 مهیا ورته نکبت شته
 که د سر سره عشت شته
 د روندون یې خه لذت شته
 د هر چا چه قناعت شته
 که په تن کبی د صحت شته
 خه پکار که د دولت شته
 که دانا د هبارک شه

اوسياري مه کره خوشحاله
 د ياري سره آفت شته

په هر کار کبی مصلحت شته
 چه لربر له مصلحت شي
 د سري همراه بسادي ده
 چه همت د سري نه وي
 سرهاله په تنه بهه دي
 د سري چه عزت نه وي
 په صحیح غنی هغه دی
 د نیستی اندوه مه کره
 چه صحت د صورت نه وي
 دین دنيا د هبارک شه

نه زده چا چه قراری یې په کوم خای ده
 ننداره م په هر بیه په هر سرای ده
 په لیده م د هر چا ژرا های های چه
 د هند و د مسلمان ناري واي واي ده
 چه د او رو اندیښنه راته نمای ده
 زمانه دا هسي تل کا په خپل راي ده
 د بدبه م د مزري يا د همای ده
 او چه پریوزی په دوہ غرونو لوای ده
 محرومی د دیدن بدہ غم فزای ده
 همگی عالم ویل کا چه اوسي باي ده
 غیب نشته په دا کار کبی یې جلای ده

د آسمان په حکم خه فتنه بر پای ده
 بندیوان یې اور نگزیب لره روان کرم
 پستانه م چه حال ووینی کباب شي
 لوی هلک م نندارو لره را درومي
 زه هر چا وته موسيرم تري تيريريم
 نه یواخي په ما ظلم و ستم وشه
 په هر خای م په خوکي راخي فوخونه
 په ولاره کبی هاتي شمار په یوه غردی
 زره م درست سوری سوری لکه غلبيل شه
 گوندي وي چه بازي بيا را وجاروزي
 که په اور کبی د سرو زرو ونبي پریوزي

نوري واره تکيي تار په تار خوري شوي
د خوشحال ختک تکيه په یوه خداي ده

د احد بادشاهه په حکم شوم زه آگاه
يا مهددي يي يا عيسى چه رابسکاره شوي
په جهان د غلغله ونشوه ناگاه
د مهددي او د عيسى د وراني خه دي
هم دجال هم د دجال واره سپاه
چه خيبر لره ما بولي قضا کسيري
دير کارونه پا دا ملک د خير خواه
دریا خان درویزه دواره په حضور یم د درگاه
خواه نا خواه که امردا دي چه را درومه دا بنده به درروان شي خواه ناخواه
دارنده د عريضي خما له لوريه
زبانی خبری هم لري همراه

ما په ننگ د پستانه خوانان قربان کره
ليوني کوته سپي هرمه گوره شيران کره
د سري د لاسه هرمه وي خه به بنه وو
همره کوتی کوتی کوتی ارمانونه
هر نفس خي په ارمان ارمان کره
په لحظه لحظه تيريري د آسمان کره
په صبا يي له ما واره خان په خان کره
چه شاهان خوانان م وهرل هاله مرديم
په دشمن باندي وشوي په داشان کره
چني هرمه خني ژوندي له ما جدا شول
په يوه ساعت بسادي په بل غمونه
چه سره را سره قول وو په زرگونه
که د هر يوه م ساري سل دهان کره
چه نوبهار م واهه کوهات م پريبنو
په د مهلك بند بهرونونه سوي
په د هرمه خه سود د احسان کره
چه بد اصل سره بنه کا کله بنه کا
په خودا په خوشحال وشو بيا ترکا
گوره خه رنگ بشکاره شي د سبحان کره

که ڏ زوي که ڏ پلار دي
يا ڏ هر چا ڏا روزگار دي
خبرنه یم ڏا خه کار دي
هغه کس کله هوبياري دي
اولاد واره لرم مار دي
ڏ نهسيو ڦ خه شمار دي
هر يو جنگ وته طيار دي
چه يوخه خوني خونخوار دي
بادشاهي کا شهرپيار دي
لا منت ڏ كردگار دي

اوں خوکار ڏ وار ڏ پاردي
يا ڏا زوي ڦ ڏا شان دي
نه په حق نه په ادب دي
چه په خپل اولاد نازيري
ڏ اولاد په حال خبر شوم
ديرش ڦ زوي په شماره دي
لوی هلك واره خبر دي
اورنگ شاه وته نظر کره
وروزه پلاريي وبله کبنيمول
چه ڙوندي گرزي خوشحال

زه هم پهه یم خاما هم برغو ترخنگ دي
غوري خيل را سره هم ولار په ننگ دي
ڏا په کوم توکي له ما سره په جنگ دي
خوار هغه چه له ما سره یي آهنگ دي
چه په ڏا هنرکبني سرېندی پتنگ دي
چا چه ما سره وهلي سرپه سنگ دي
که ليدي چا خاما ڏ بسکار تفنگ دي
چه ڏا چا تر غور خماد توري شرنگ دي
چه ڦ داغ په خاطر ايسي ڏ اورنگ دي
خاي په خاي یي پښستانه وته قلنگ دي
ولي خه کرم چه پښتون واره بي ننگ دي
گنزا تيرم ٿر فريدون ڊير فرهنگ دي

په ڏا خه که ڏ بنسکيش راته ڏنگ ڏنگ دي
عقل زور ڏ غوري خيلو تر بنسکيش زياد دي
ڏ بنسکيش نه همره زور وينم نه توره
که زه کور درد آشام ورسه شمار یم
هر ملخي ڏ سر بازي هنر خه زده
لا تراوسه یي ماغزا په قرار نه دي
ڏ گينديو په جمکر کبني یي گولي وي
لا په خوب کبني په لرزه پريوزي له کته
که په ڏا دوري ڦ گوري هغه زه یم
درست جهان ڦ و مغلو ته خيبر ڪر
خني خولوي دعوي لرم په زره کبني
خو طالع را سره هسي مدد نه کا

د خوشحال د زیره د حال ننداره وکره
که په تخت د پاسه کبیسيي هم ملنگ دي

دَعَاقِ زُويِ خَايِ دوزخِ په اتفاق دَي
چَهِ فَرِزَندِ خَنْيِ زَوْلَيِ بَدِ اخْلَاقِ دَي
چَهِ بَسِكَارَهِ يَيِّ دَخْپَلِ پَلَارِ سَرَهِ نَفَاقِ دَي
چَهِ هَرْ زَويِ دَخْپَلِ پَلَارِ دَسَرِ مَشْتَاقِ دَي
چَهِ كَوَاهِ يَيِّ دَعَاقِ وَالِيِّ درست آفاقِ دَي
هَرِ پَدَرِ چَهِ دَسَرِ په اشتياقِ دَي
را وَبَسِيهِ چَهِ كَومِ په كَبَنيِ تَفَجَّاقِ دَي
كَهِ الْغَيْرِ يَيِّ دَعَربِ يَا دَعَراقِ دَي

چه هور پلا خنی آزار شي هغه عاق دي
هغه هور و پلار به خلاص نه وي له غم
هغه زوي به آخر په خواري خوار شي
د اورنگ بادشاهه په دورى رسم دا شه
نن هغه قطب افاق گنزي خپل خان
نا خلف زوي په گور خلف د غواري
دا خما همه گله د تموانو
د تمو نه همه تموگي زيردي

د هغه اسلام اسلام نه دي خوشحال
چه بيهتر و رختني گبر په مي شاق دي

نه مزره دبهرام خان په سرداری باندی خوشحال دي نه خماد خيلخاني داتفاق خه حال احوال دي
په ختنکو ۳وس هم په ننگ په شرم نه پوهېږي کاريبي درست د نادیده ټه په خصال دي
پښستانه لکه مګس ورباندي گرزې ورته ايسېسي د مغل د حلوا قال دي
نوري واره تکيي تار په تار خوري شوي اوس په مېيښ کښې يو کرم د ذوالجلال دي
ایمېل خان دريا خان دواره خور دبین لارل
اوسم خو پاتو و مغل ته يو خوشحال دي

یو مغل دویم پبتوں
چه خوک صاف کا خپل لرمون
هم بیچون و بیچکون

سره ورغلل دوه غروننه
رنجه شدت يي هسي نه دي
خدائي ته دانا بينا يي

زه پري نه پوهيرم چون
که گندون دي که شلون
که له ملک شي بیرون
غم لري په کبی زرغون
سبر د ویسو دی جیحون
تبه بشه ده نه طاعون

ته حکیم یی پري پوهیری
واره ستا په حکم کیږی
دا غمونه ته توانیوری
که بیرون نه شي له ملک
که رودونه پار پراب وو
په هر حال شکر بایده دی

چرته ونه شه په غره په سمه کبی باران
خای په خای شول دا غلي نرخونه گران
فتح الباب وه په تحویل کبی دا سرطان
په باران سره نهال شه درست جهان
صلح وشه دا مغل و د افغان
په وکری مبارک دی په هرشان
چه هلک په کشی له نونو شول طوفان
داغ د زره دی عبدالله د یحیی خان
په نیکنام پسی که زره د رانری چوې
په هاکو خاطر خوشحال شه په کامران

شپړ اوه میاشتی په هند په خراسان
ڈ او بو ڈ وبو دیر کمامت وشه
چه باران په جهان وشه پس له یاس
دا اسد ترنه ویشتمی ورڅ په ورڅ بشه
په دا کال چه شاه عالم راغی له هند
۱۰۸
دا سبر کال چه یی تاریخ رحمت اتم دی
یو دا کار هرگوره سخت په کسی پیدا شه
دیر خمونږ د خیلخانی هلکان ومرل
په نیکنام پسی که زره د رانری چوې

يو وركزئي دويم بنګیں دریم بولاق
يو انصاف دويم حکمت بل اتفاق
يو بد جهل بل بد فیت دریم نفاق
يو همت دويم توره بل اخلاق
يو روزگار دويم لعنت دریم فراق

ذکشن دی د زدن دی ذ تاختن دی
ذ وركزئي ذ بنګیں دا بولاق نشته
خدای د ورک ذ پېښنو کا دا دری خیزی
سرداری لره بويه دا دری توکة
خودا زمکه د آسمان شته دا به هم وې

په بد قام ڊ نن خاما له لوريه تل وي پونفرين دويه لعنت دريمه طلاق
 ڏ تيراه په ملك چه راغلم دا م بويء يو دير عزم بل ايلاق دريمه قشلاق
 په صورت په تيراه ناست زره م په یون دي
 یو په ذكر بل په ياد دريم مشتاق

تفاوت ڏ خپل پردي ورباندي نسته که یي گوري اورنگزيب هسي که راد دي
 مستجاب غريب یي ووژله په ظلم ڏ خوشحال منصب یي واخست کوم گندادي
 ڏ منصب په آخسته څه ډلکيرنه شه ڏ خوشحال خاطر خوشحال دي خدائي کو ادادي
 په منصب پوري خوشحال ختيک نوكروه چه منصب ورخني لارشه اوس بادشاد دي
 اوه مياشتني ڊي چه لارډ كابل بند شوه حال احوال ڏ خلائق وارد تباد دي
 ډا لا خه په هندستان توره تيارة ډه په هر خاي ڏ ډه ڏ خوي نوي آد دي
 ڏ اورنگ بادشاه په دوري آرام نسته چا ويل چه جهان خاي ڏ آرامکاد دي
 لکه یي من ڏ پاسه تور سياه ليده شي اندرون یي هغه هسي تور سيد دي
 که نيت وته یي گوري یو یزيد دي که طاعت وته یي گوري اهل الله دي
 ڏ ډه خير به واره ډه وته بخبلسي
 خوله شره به یي دار کا چه آگاهه دي

يا صرفه کاندي په زر	چه صرفه کاندي په سر
نه به خان نه به سلطان شي	نه به خان نه به سلطان شي
ڏ شاهانو خاي مقر	يا تخت دي یاتخته ڏه
هر فتوب نه کا لېسکر	چه په خان مرني نه وي

چه مکه کاندي ویرانه
 تار په تار لارل له هیانه
 عرب سلوم شول په هرانه
 نور خه مه وايه اي خوانه
 گرانه چارشي پري آسانه
 فتح یوسی له میدانه

حبش په مکه راغي
 قریشو جنگ و نه کر
 چه وقت دا محمد شه
 مدار په به سردار دی
 چه امیر دا لیکر مرد وي
 که یي صبر که همت وي

بخل غني لره فخش نسا لره
 فکر چه راغي په زره کبی ما لره

غضب ملوك لره دروغ ملا لره
 دا خلور توکه هرگوره بد دي

د ګښت په جنگ م ماتی آسماني واه
 د میکو د سپیو شیطاني واه
 د خینی تنبه له خای نقصاني واه
 هم په دا سبب را پیبه پیسماني واه
 همکي د حسن خیلو ناداني واه
 چه د دوي چار له ما سره جاني واه
 په مردي د هریوه جانفشاني واه
 په میدان د عابد خان پهلواني واه
 په دا هسي رنگ چاري حیراني واه
 و خپل پلار وته یي بهه ارمغانی واه
 په سرو ویسنوئی چهره ارغوانی واه
 په دا کار باندي سزا د ثنا خوانی واه

د بیکش په توره مات نه یم باور کره
 نه بیکش واه نه یي توره نه یي زور واه
 چه وغره وته یي تیبسته وکره بي جنگ
 چه مینه سواره دخان دوراندي نه کړل
 چه مړول دوراندي نه تلل په جلب کبی
 صد رحمت د مهمندیو په تنبه شه
 تورزنو توري لروني په وهل کري
 چه په توره یي شیرخان پریوست له آس
 چه سردار د بیکش پریووت ختک مات شه
 عابد خان چه په مردي راغي له جنگ
 پروکي پروکي یي د سر شالونه ولارل
 لاس په لاس یي انتقام د بابا واختست

نور د وارو بخرا تېبىت قىن آسانى وە
 پە يوه جلو ئى تېبىت خان خانى وە
 پە سورو كېي چار داخىت داشتەمانى وە
 دا هرخوان پە زىزە كېي نىڭ افغانى وە
 پە كېي بىلە داعبدل تىندى خوانى وە
 داعبدل دەرىنتوب بىزىدەنلىقى وە
 خوم عمر خوتىك خوم خانى وە
 پە يوه لحظە لەسەھەرتى آنى وە
 دا لېكىرم سر داشتە المانى وە
 خىما دا تولە دانىك نە وە زىنلىقى وە
 پە يوه ساعت ئى خىكە پېيشلىقى وە
 مىكىر سەل جانبازى جانباستۇنى وە
 دەھغۇ لېكىرو كىلە ودانلىقى وە
 پېرى يېكارە دە فلکە مېرىپانى وە
 هغە هسى دە غليم پە افسانى وە
 دا پەھار پە كار مە درستە وپرانى وە
 توجىھ ئى پە ما دىرىد نېتىقى وە
 دە غليم كە مە خۇ ورخى بىلاھانى وە
 داخىما دانىك پە كار كېي بېھمانى وە
 پە هر توکىي مە حاصلە كاھرانى وە
 چە فاسدە اندىپىستە ئى وجدانى وە
 دا اختر پە عرفە كېي قۇپانى وە
 پە غە واوري ورېدىلىقى نىسانى وە
 زە زەمىن لارم دخان نىكەمانى وە

چە ئى جىنگ پە ميدان كەرە يو خوشوارە وو
 دا خىتكو پە سۆرۇ باندى لەنەت شە
 چە اول ماتىي ئى كەدە پە سۆرۇ كەرە
 بېتە خوانان چە دەكىنېت پە ميدان وەريل
 هەمگىي خوانان خىما دا زە ارمان دىي
 دا غليم سەرە پە آس غارە غري شە
 ما دا هسىي جىنگ هەركىز لىدىلى نە وە
 خوانان جىنگ تەماھىي ورخ کانە ماتىپىي
 نە پە طمع نە اميد نە شرم ترس وە
 يا لېكىرم دا نام و نىڭ وي يا دا زرو
 هەمگىي پە يوه سير راسە قول وو
 چە نە دىن وي نە دنيا جىنگونە خۈك كا
 چە پە خواتىت او پە ضرور سەرە تولىپىي
 چە مە دا خىلە غليم لە دەكىي خلاص شە
 لە زانپىي چە و باز وته خان خىر گا
 بە زە روغ پە خاي ولار وي غليم خە وە
 كە طالع مە پە ظاهر مدد و نە كەر
 زە دە عمر دەپادى دوازە اميد كرم
 داخىمە خىما خوانان نەدىي پە جىنگ كېي
 كە مە دوست كە مە دېپەمن مەرى پە دا كار كېي
 مخالف مە پە دا كار كېي پاتۇ نە شە
 سل خلوييېت خوانان مە قىتل پە ميدان شۆل
 دەھجىرت دە كال غفو وە پە حساب كېي
 چە بى زەم لە ميدان خى نا مرد وي

و دانا وته دا دواهه عياني واه
 نه مـ ياد دـ دنيا زندگاني واه
 دـ مزري دـ تيبيت خه بدـ گهانى واه
 و كافرته ئـ پـ زرهـ كبنيـ تـ يـ رـ اـ نـ يـ وـ هـ
 چـ دـ پـ لـ اـ رـ نـ يـ كـهـ مـ بـ خـ رـ مـ يـ دـ اـ نـ يـ وـ هـ
 چـ پـ تـ يـ غـ مـ خـ هـ وـ رـ اـ نـ يـ خـ وـ دـ اـ نـ يـ وـ هـ

دـ خـ وـ شـ حـ الـ اـ خـ تـ يـ اـ تـ رـ وـ اـ رـ هـ بـ نـ كـ بـ يـ تـ يـ رـ دـ يـ

كـهـ خـهـ نـ كـهـ دـ خـتـكـ دـ كـرـلـانـيـ وـ هـ

كارـ وـ بـارـ بـهـ ئـ بـسـكارـهـ شـيـ پـهـ دـوـهـ رـنـكـ
 يـاـ بـهـ مـلـكـ وـ مـغـلـ وـ رـكـانـديـ بـيـ جـنـكـ
 پـيـنبـويـ هـغـهـ اوـلـسـ وـتـهـ بـياـ نـنـكـ
 كـهـ ئـ زـرـ كـاـ خـدـاـيـ چـهـرـهـ پـهـ مـرـكـ بـدـ رـنـكـ
 وـرـانـدـيـ وـرـسـتوـپـرـيـ پـرـيـ کـاـ لـهـ غـورـزـنـكـ
 چـ چـهـرـهـ پـهـ كـبنيـ لـيـدـيـ شـيـ رـنـكـ رـنـكـ
 لوـيـ چـاريـيـ خـولـكـهـ دـچـرـكـ پـهـ هـويـوـکـونـبـكـ
 دـ مـرـدارـوـ بـوـيـ ئـ خـيـ لـهـ دـواـهـهـ چـنـكـ
 سـكـ لـاهـوـغـونـدـيـ خـانـ ژـغـوريـ لـهـ نـهـنـكـ
 چـ ئـ وـارـهـ مـلـكـانـ وـيـنـمـ بـيـ نـنـكـ
 پـهـ دـوـدـيـوـ پـسـيـ درـوـهيـ خـوـ فـرـسـنـكـ
 دـ خـتـكـوـ لـبـسـكـرـ نـهـ لـرـيـ دـ خـنـكـ
 خـهـ لـهـ نـورـوـ سـرـهـ سـرـوـهـيـ لـهـ سـنـكـ
 اوـ كـهـ نـهـ وـرـخـبـنـيـ تـيـبـتـهـ پـهـ فـرـسـنـكـ
 دـ سـوـاتـ زـلـمـيـ ئـ نـهـ بـيـلـيـرـيـ لـهـ پـالـنـكـ

يـوـهـ تـيـبـتـهـ نـامـرـديـ بـلـهـ مـرـديـ وـيـ
 اـنـقـامـ وـتـهـ مـ تـيـبـتـ وـهـ لـهـ مـيـدانـ
 تـلـ خـونـيـ مـزـرـيـ هـمـ جـنـكـ کـاـھـمـ خـانـ ژـغـوريـ
 پـيـغمـبـرـ چـهـ لـهـ کـافـرـوـ نـهـ فـرـارـ کـرـ
 کـهـ ظـفـرـ کـهـ هـزـيـمـتـ بـياـ مـ مـيـدانـ دـيـ
 کـهـ ژـوـنـدـيـ پـهـ دـنـيـاـ پـايـمـ خـودـ بـهـ گـورـمـ

دـ خـ وـ شـ حـ الـ اـ خـ تـ يـ اـ تـ رـ وـ اـ رـ هـ بـ نـ كـ بـ يـ تـ يـ رـ دـ يـ

حقـيقـتـ دـ يـوسـفـزـيـ رـاتـهـ مـعـلـومـ شـهـ
 يـاـ بـهـ کـوـرـ پـهـ کـوـرـ اـخـتـهـ شـيـ پـهـ مـيـشـيوـ
 خـدـايـ چـهـورـكـ کـاـبـهـ مـرـونـهـ پـهـ اوـلـسـ كـبنيـ
 اوـلـسـ پـهـ دـرـسـتـ اوـلـسـ كـبنيـ بـهـ مـلـكـ عـادـلـ دـيـ
 حـمـزـهـ خـانـ هـغـهـ چـمـسـنـدـ دـيـ پـهـ جـلـگـوـكـبنيـ
 دـ طـالـيـ مـلـكـيـ تـيـتـهـ آـئـيـنـهـ دـهـ
 طـالـيـ چـرـكـهـ نـرـشـيـ دـيـ پـهـ دـيـدـنـ كـبنيـ
 الـلـهـدادـ لـكـهـ لـهـشـيـ پـهـ جـيـفـهـ گـرـزـيـ
 مـصـرـيـ خـانـ مـنـدـنـرـ دـغـارـيـ مـاهـيـ آـخـليـ
 نـومـ ئـ خـهـ دـ كـشـرانـوـ پـهـ خـولـهـ آـخـلمـ
 مـخـتـصـرـهـ وـينـاـ دـاـ دـ باـزارـ سـپـيـ دـيـ
 بـسـ دـاـ هـمـسـرـهـ نـورـخـهـ مـهـ واـيـهـ خـوـشـحـالـ
 نـهـ حـمـيدـ شـتـهـ نـهـ کـجـيـ شـتـهـ نـهـ کـاـچـوـشـتـهـ
 کـهـ دـسـوـاتـ پـهـ هـواـخـوبـنـيـ پـهـ كـبنيـ بـسـكارـکـرـهـ
 دـ بـيـ بـيـ پـهـ کـورـيـ وـاـورـهـ کـتـ کـتـ کـتـ کـانـرـيـ

لس به مله سره و نه ويني په ننگ کنبي
که درست ملك سره پره کري تر تور سنگ

نن مهممند بنگیں ورکزئی افریدی دی
که هزار خله مهممند بترا تر سپی دی
افریدی که همه واره چوھری دی
هغوندو ته ئی خوک وائی سرپی دی
هرچه بنه وو هغه کل دکور بندی دی
هغه هم د واره خلقو ته خرگند دی
نور حرام شه که په خپله گنه بند دی

چه دروه په ملك کنبي بنه پښتون يادپري
د مهممندو سپی بهتر دی تر بنگیں
چوھری د افریدیو نه ورکزئی دی
هرچه بنه د پښتنخواه دی حال ئی دا دی
له ژونديو پښتو بشیگره نشته
نن د واره پښتو بهتر مهممند دی
چه مغل ورته ووائی دولتخواه است

پښتنه د ننگ وباسي له دله
اوسملي د مغل د آش په پوند دی

مکر چارئي آسماني ده کم و گوزه
چه کاره دی د بد بختو خو و ریوزه
د فساد په اور کنبي سیشی وابهه دروزه
د هوپیارو په مذہب ده لایجوزه
د بې ننگو پښتو له مینځه ووزه
تر خوشاب پوري ملك کره شنه دوزه
يا هکي لوه خه بس دا دري رهوزه

لویه چار د پښتنه له لاسه نه شي
که هر خوي سهوم را نه سهيری
په فساد کنبي هیڅنځی فایده نشته خوشحال
هغه چار چه عاقبت لوه بنه نه وي
یوسف زئی ننگیالي پښتنه ذه دی
يا د بنو په لور درومه توله وکړه
نيا په ګنج کنبي د عزلت کښینه طاعت کړه

هغه هینه کا په بسکار
 چه په زره نه وي بیدار
 د بازونو دي پسکار
 که هیدان وي که کوهسار
 که باتور وي په گذار
 که پري ته وکړي تلوار
 په جهان کېښي دي اوخار
 هم په دا دي هینه دار

چه زره د چا ژوندي دي
 له بسکاره ئي خه کار دي
 که بسکار کا د مرغونو
 د سپي په بسکار هم درومه
 د غشي بسکار پيرښه دي
 که بسکار دي د توپک دي
 په دا دوه کار خوشحال
 د باز د توپک دواړه

و چنار ته ئي آغاز کړ دا مقال
 راته و وايه خپل عمر خپل احوال
 په حساب کېښي ګوندي کم وي یونیم کال
 دا یم زه درسره سمه شوم دم در حال
 زه او ته به سره زده کړو هاله حال

کدو د چنار په ونه وخوت
 چه ته د خو کلونو ئي چناره
 چنار ووې چه د دوه سو کالو زه یم
 کدو ووې هي خوته په هوده لوې شوي
 چنار ووې پنه چه وقت سخت د چلي راشي

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